



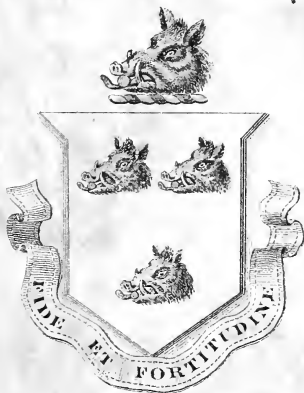
Accessions

157.356

Shelf No.

G. 4045.1

Barton Library.

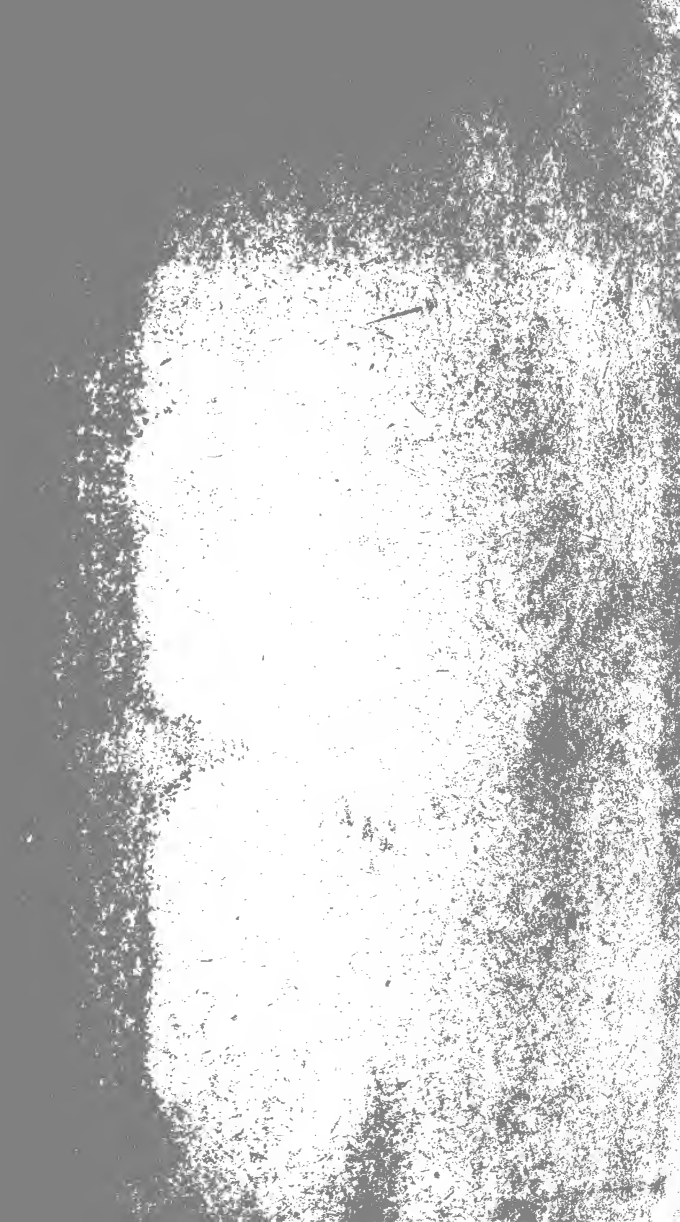


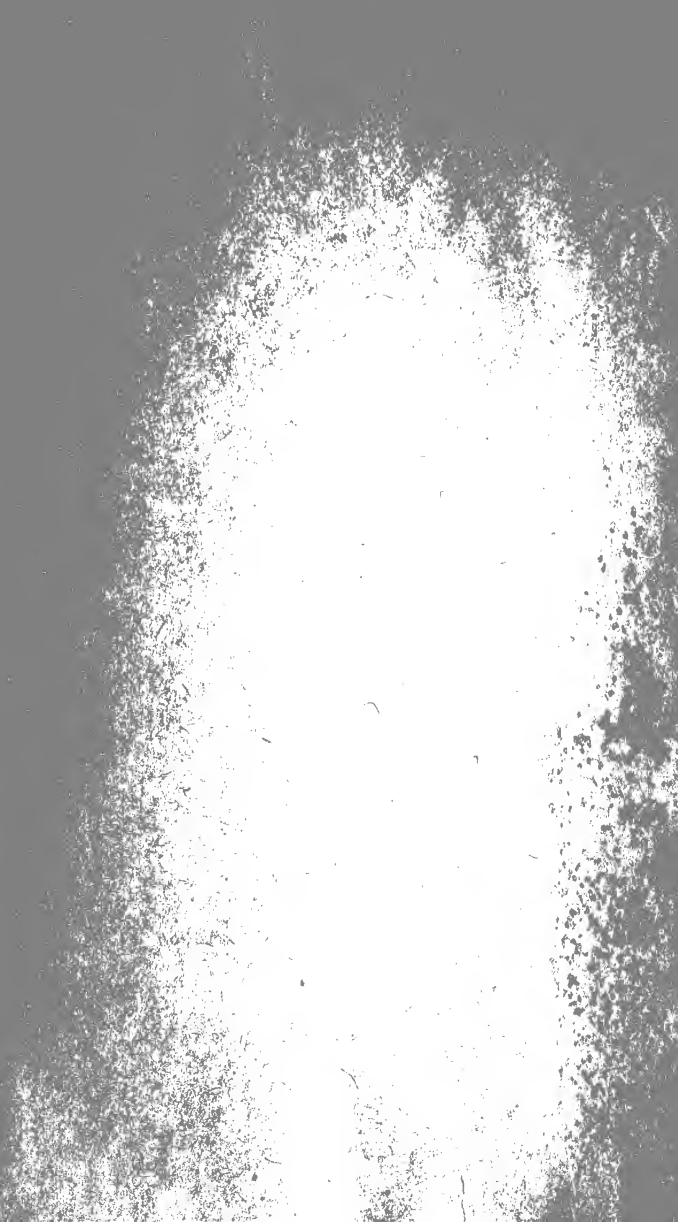
Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

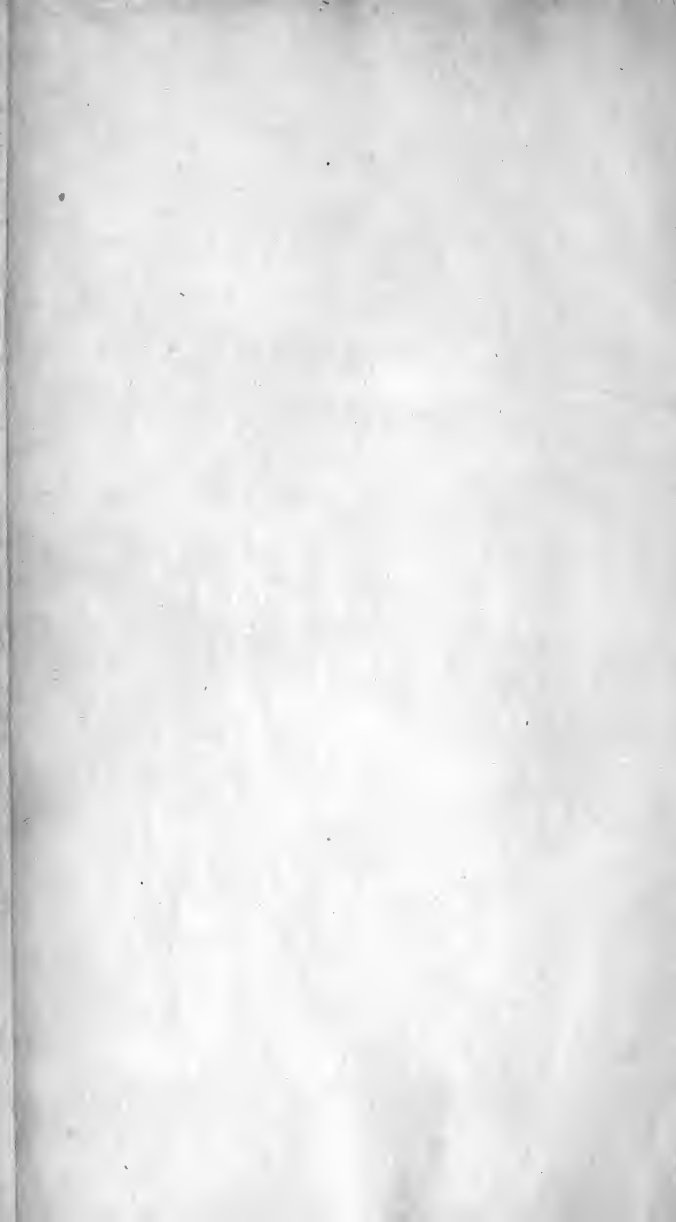
Not to be taken from the Library.





P. A. Hawroth Esq.
One of only Copies with the Publisher's
on India Paper. respectful acknowledg^t.







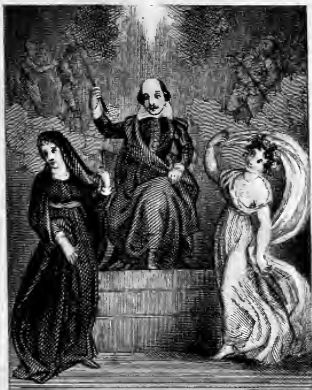


Shakespeare.

Engraved by Augustus Fox.
from a Picture painted by T. Stothard R.A.
from the rare Print by Droeshout.

Published by William Pickering 1825.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE



T. Stothard RA.

Aug. Fox sc.

LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING,
MDCCXXVI.



THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.



LONDON.
WILLIAM PICKERING.
M.DCCC.XXVI.

2 5038

G-4045

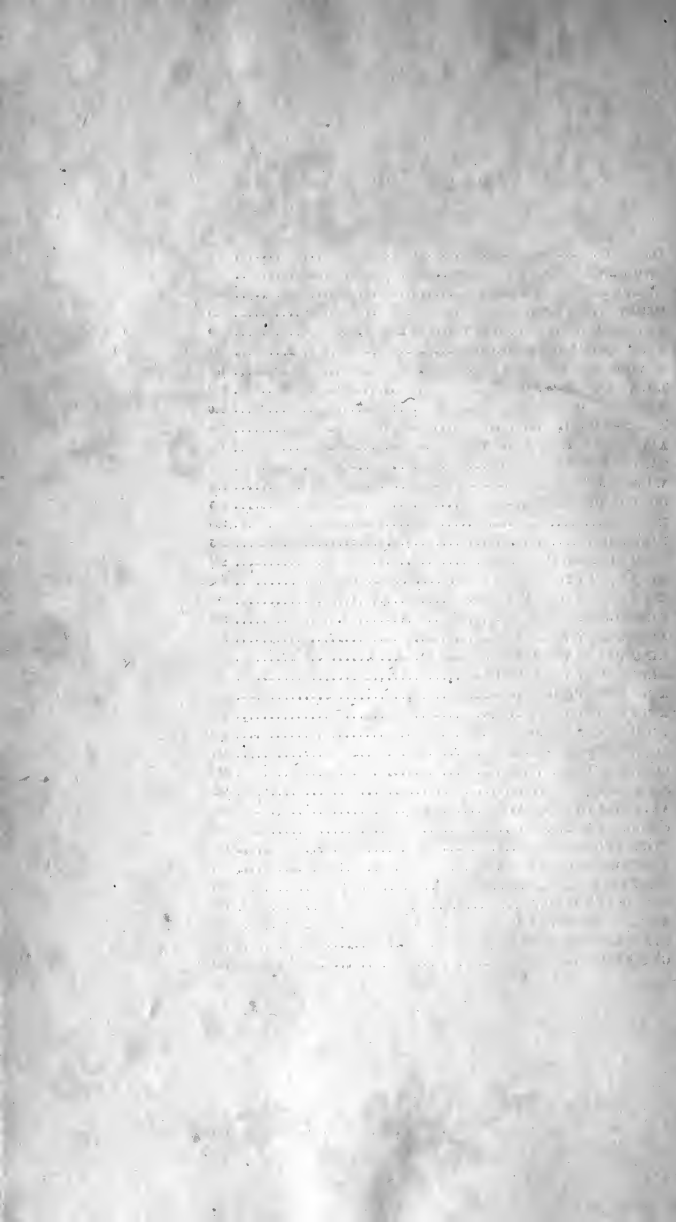
Boston

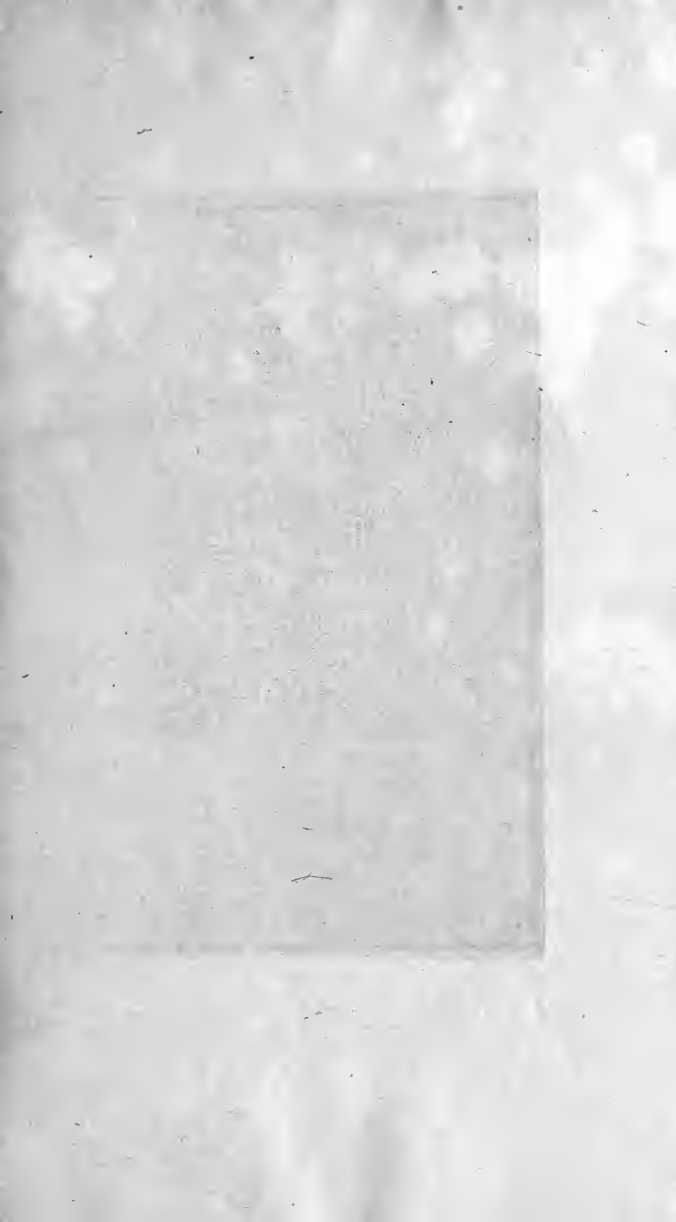
157.350

May, 1873.

CONTENTS.

	Page
TEMPEST.....	1
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.....	17
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.....	33
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.....	49
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.....	69
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.....	87
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.....	106
LOVÉ'S LABOUR'S LOST.....	126
MERCHANT OF VENICE.....	146
AS YOU LIKE IT.....	164
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.....	183
TAMING OF THE SHREW.....	204
WINTER'S TALE.....	223
COMEDY OF ERRORS.....	245
MACBETH.....	258
KING JOHN.....	275
KING RICHARD II.....	294
KING HENRY IV. PART I.....	314
KING HENRY IV. PART II.....	335
KING HENRY V.....	358
KING HENRY VI. PART I.....	381
KING HENRY VI. PART II.....	401
KING HENRY VI. PART III.....	424
KING RICHARD III.....	446
KING HENRY VIII.....	473
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.....	496
TIMON OF ATHENS.....	521
CORIOLANUS.....	539
JULIUS CÆSAR.....	565
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.....	583
CYMBELINE.....	608
TITUS ANDRONICUS.....	633
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.....	651
KING LEAR.....	669
ROMEO AND JULIET.....	694
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.....	716
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.....	744
GLOSSARY.....	769







T. Steward RA.

W. H. Worthington sc.

THE TEMPEST.

Act 1. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1823.

TEMPEST.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ALONSO, king of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, } lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.
TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO, } spirits.
Nymphs,
Reapers,

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

Scene,—The sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

On a ship at sea.

A storm with thunder and lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—

Boats.—Here, master: What cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Oat of our way, I say. [Exit.]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exit.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lover, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstaunch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-board, a-board; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*]

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!

—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.]

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and

The freighting souls within her.

A

Pro. Be collected ;
No more amazement : tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day !

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one ! thee, my daughter !) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So ;
[Lays down his mantle.]
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down ;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition ;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou can'st ; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
Of any thing the image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off ;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Four or five women once, that tendered me ?

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda : But how
is it,

That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time ?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not
Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
since,

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father ?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was duke of Milan ; and his only heir
A princess ;—no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't, we did ?

Pro. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious !—he, whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state ; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me ?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,

How to deny them ; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping ; new created
The creatures that were mine ; I say, or chang'd them
Or else new form'd them : having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not
I pray thee, mark me.

Mira. O good sir, I do,
Pro. I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicat
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature : and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falshood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He, being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who, having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was the duke ; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative :—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear ?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan : Me, poor man !—my library
Was dukedom large enough ; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable : confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan !)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens !

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event ; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother :
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearsken my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom ; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother : Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity !

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again ; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon us ; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

Pro. Well demanded, wench ;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not ;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark ;
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it : there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea, that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wring.

Mira. Alack ! what trouble

Was I then to you !

Pro. O ! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Faster of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou can'st not choose.—
[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; he't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beach,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.*

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left, cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,

And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vev'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six
and now,

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st
It much, to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born?
speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine: within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master :
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so ; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master !
What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea ;
Be subject to no sight but mine ; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't : hence, with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]
Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off : Come on ;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood ; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say ; there's other business for
thee :
Come forth, thou tortoise ! when ?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.
Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]
Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth !

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er !

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou earnest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me ; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't ; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night ; and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile ;
Cursed be I that did so !—All the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness : I have us'd
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho !—'wou'd it had been done !
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave ;
Which any print of goodness will not take ;
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known : But thy vile
race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't, which good
natures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit on'
Is, I know how to curse : The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language !

Pro. Hag-seed, hence
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps :
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee !—
I must obey : his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave ; hence !
[*Exit Caliban.*]

Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing ;
FERDINAND following him.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it feathery here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark !
Burden. Bough, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*]
The watch-dogs bark :
Bar. Bough, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*]
Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be ? 't the air, or
the earth ?

It sounds no more :—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters ;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather :—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
[*Burden.* Ding-dong.]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father :—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes :—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't ? a spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench ; it eats and sleeps, and hath such
senses

As we have, such : This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, [*Aside.*]
As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll
free thee

Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess,

to whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
I may know, if you remain upon this island;
and that you will some good instruction give,
how I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
but, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
to hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
and that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
and his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
and his more braver daughter, could control thee,
if now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*]
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
if fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
is the third man, that e'er I saw; the first,
that e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
and your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir: one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift bu-
siness

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*]
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.— [*To Ferd.*]
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*]

Mira. O, dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To Ferd.*]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To Ferd. and Mir.*]

Mira. Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then, exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GON-
ZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One:———Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed; you have
spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and deli-
cate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly de-
livered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow? a pox o'that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!
Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!
Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
Adr. Carthage?
Gon. I assure you, Carthage.
Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.
Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
Gon. Ay?
Ant. Why, in good time.
Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.
Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.
Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live; I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt, He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss; That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.
Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Alon. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather with us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things: for no kind of traffick Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; no use of service, Of riches or of poverty; no contracts, Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none: No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too; but innocent and pure: No sovereignty:—
Seb. And yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying among his subjects?
Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir, To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—
Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you this laugh'd at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.
Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn musick.
Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, he not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[All sleep but Alon. Seb. and Ant.]
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow: when it doth, It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord, Will guard your person, while you take your rest, And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.—
[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; they dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, worthy Sebastian!—O, what might!—No more:—And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, what thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and my strong imagination sees a crown dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely, 't is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep with eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly: There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do, Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb, Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O, If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish, Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed, Most often do so near the bottom run, By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on: The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir: Although this lord of weak remembrance, this (Who shall be of as little memory, When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded (For he's a spirit of persuasion only,) The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible That he's undrown'd, as he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope, That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope, What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is Another way so high an hope, that even Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me, That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She, that is queen of Tunis; she, that dwells Ten leagues beyond man's life; she, that from Naples Can have no note, unless the sun were post, (The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins Be rough and razorable: she, from whom We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again; And by that destin'd to perform an act, Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come, In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
Ant. 'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; twixt which regions There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death, That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples, As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate As amply, and unnecessarily, As this Gonzalo; I myself could make A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore The mind that I do! what a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember, You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True: And, look, how well my garments sit upon me; Much feater than before: My brother's servants Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe, 'T would put me to my slipper; But I feel not This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences, That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they, And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon, If he were that, which now he's like; whom I With this obedient steel, three inches of it, Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus, To the perpetual wink for aye might put This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk; They'll tell the clock to any business, that We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan, I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st; And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together: And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*]

Musick. Re-enter ARIEL invisible.

Ant. My master through his art foresees the danger, That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth, (For else his project dies,) to keep them living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear; To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, And that a strange one too, which did awake me: I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd, I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise, That's verity: Best stand upon our guard; Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts! For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.
Ant. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [Aside.]

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections, that the sun sucks up From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and moult
Their prickles at my face-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pauls.
—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient
and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest,
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England
now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of
silver: there would this monster make a man; any
strange beast there makes a man: when they will
not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will
lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a
man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth!
I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer;
this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately
suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the
storm is come again: my best way is to creep under
his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout:
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Low'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, *Go, hang!*

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men
of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be
afear'd now of your four legs; for it hath been said,
As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot
make him give ground: and it shall be said so
again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four
legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where
the devil should he learn our language? I will give
him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can re-
cover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples
with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever
trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have
never drank wine afore, it will go sweet to remove
his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame,
I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for
him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: he
is that which will give language to you, cat; open
your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can
tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who
your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—
But he is drowned; and these are devils! O! de-
fend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices: a most delicate
monster! His forward voice now is to speak well
of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul
speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my
bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,
—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy!
mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will
leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch
me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not
afear'd;—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull
thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs,
these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed:
How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?
Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-
stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I
hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-
blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaber-
dine, for fear of the storm. And art thou living,
Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach
is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? how cam'st thou
hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st
hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the
sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I
made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands,
since I was east a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'd'st.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can
swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim
like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock
by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now,
moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was
the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will
furnish it anon with new contents: swear!

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow
monster:—I afear'd of him?—a very weak monster:
—the man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous
monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken
monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-
headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could
find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink:
An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck
thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a
wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
 And see thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
 Clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?
Ste. I pry thee now, lead the way, without any
 more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our com-
 any else being drowned, we will inherit here.—
 ere; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill
 my by and by again.

Cal. Farewell master; farewell, farewell.
[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring,
 Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
 'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
 Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
 hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; but their
 labour
 alight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
 are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
 oint to rich ends. This my mean task would be
 so heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
 he mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 and makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
 ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
 and he's composed of harshness. I must remove
 some thousand of these logs, and pile them up,
 upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
 weeps, when she sees me work; and says, such
 baseness
 had ne'er like executor. I forget:
 'tut these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
 'most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
 Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
 burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind' to pile!
 'ray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
 I'll weep for having wearied you: My father
 is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
 't is safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
 'he sun will set, before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
 'll bear your logs the while: Pray give me that;
 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
 had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
 than you should such dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
 As well as it does you: and I should do it
 With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
 and yours against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
 This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
 Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers.)

What is your name?
Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
 I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
 Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
 What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
 I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
 One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
 Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
 More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,
 I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
 (The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you;
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
 Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
 (I would, not so!) and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
 speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service; there resides,
 To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
 Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
 sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is bodied to me, to mischief! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
 To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
 On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
 What I desire to give; and much less take
 What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
 The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
 And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now
 farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!
[Exeunt Fer. and Mira.]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
 Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
 For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
 Much business appertaining. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN
 following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will
 drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up,
 and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
 They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are

three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster, indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable: Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee. *Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree.—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee Before, I am subject to a tyrant; A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath Cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest. *Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—

Proceeded. [To Caliban.]

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Can'st thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him these asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Strikes him.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him

Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,

First to possess his books: for, without them,

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: They all do hate him,

As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;

He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider, is

The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a non-pareil; I ne'er saw woman,

But only Sycorax my dam, and she;

But she as far surpasses Sycorax,

As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter

and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!

and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost

thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee

but, while thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,

any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.]

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and

flout 'em;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.]

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by

the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy

likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—

Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises;

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,

I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where

I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,

and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I

could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;

My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,

Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach'd with weariness
 o the dulling of my spirits : sit down and rest.
 ven here I will put off my hope, and keep it
 o longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,
 whom thus we stray to find ; and the sea mocks
 ur frustrate search on land : Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to Sebastian.*

o not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
 hat you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
 ill we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night ;
 or, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
 ill not, nor cannot use such vigilance,
 s when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night : no more.

*Nemo and strange musick ; and Prospero above,
 invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing
 in a banquet ; they dance about it with gentle
 actions of salutation ; and, inviting the king, &c.
 to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this ? my good friends,
 hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick !

Alon. Give us kind keeps, heavens ! What were
 these ?

Seb. A living drollery : Now I will believe,
 hat there are unicorns ; that, in Arabia
 here, is one tree, the phoenix' throne ; one phoenix
 t this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll helieve both ;
 nd what does else want credit, come to me,
 nd I'll be sworn 'tis true : Travellers ne'er did lie,
 hough fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
 should report this now, would they believe me ?
 I should say, I saw such islanders,
 or certes, these are people of the island,
 who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
 heir manners are more gentle-kind, than of
 ur human generation you shall find
 lany, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
 hou hast said well ; for some of you there present,
 re worse than devils. [*Aside.*

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
 uch shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
 Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
 of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
 hey have left their viands behind ; for we have
 stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear : When we
 were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
 ew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
 at them

Vallets of flesh ? or that there were such men,
 whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now
 we find,

Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us
 ood warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
 Although my last : no matter, since I feel
 he best is past :—Brother, my lord the duke,
 tand too, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy ;
 claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint
 device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
 (That hath to instrument this lower world,
 And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up ; and on this island
 Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;

[*Seeing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords.*

And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
 Their proper selves. You fools ! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of fate ; the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowe that's in my plume ; my fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable : if you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted : But, remember,
 (For that's my business to you,) that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero :
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child ; for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace : Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
 You, and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you
 from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing, hut heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder : then, to soft musick, enter
 the Shapes again, and dance with mops and moves,
 and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy
 hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done : my high charms

work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
 And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit Prospero from above.*
Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
 stand you

In this strange stare ?

Alon. O, it is monstrous ! monstrous !
 Methought, the hillows spoke, and told me of it ;
 The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper ; it did hiss my trespass.
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded ; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate ; their great
 guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits :—I do beseech you,
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy
 May now provoke them to.

Adr.

Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*Before Prospero's cell.**Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that, for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worsor genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meane fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go,*
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. *[Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. *[Soft musick.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turf mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lillied brims,

Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and th'
broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: thy peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd-green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate.
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring branches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]

Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,

With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [*aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is most strange: your father's in some
passion,
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy
pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpety in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glittering apparel, &c.
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. *Enter*
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played
the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak
softly;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have
bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Ste-
phano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to
a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,

And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:
now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and
prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excel-
lent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear
this away, where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.
Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape
of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and
ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*Cal. Ste. and Trin. are driven out.*]

Go, charge my goblins, that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,

Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO in his magick robes; and ARIEL

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?
Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his ?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them, sir ; all prisoners
In the lime-grove, which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay ; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo* ;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works
them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further : Go, release them, Ariel ;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves ;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the eve not bites ; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight musbrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war ; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar : graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers ; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art : But this rough magick
I here abjure : and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn musick.*]

Re-enter ARIEL : after him ALONSO, with a
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SE-
BASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner at-
tended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all
enter the circle which PROSPERO had made,
and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO
observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st ; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature ; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king ; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art !—Their understanding
Begins to swell : and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ; [*Exit Ariel.*
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan :—quickly, spirit ;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire
PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily ;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel : I shall miss
thee ;
But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I pry'these.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit Ariel.*
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here : Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Where's thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trife to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign ; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs :—But how should
Prospero

Be living, and be here ?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age ; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtillies o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain :—Welcome, my friends all :—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors ; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No:—
 For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation:
 How thou hast met us here, who, three hours since,
 Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
 My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
 Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
 You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
 For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
 And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me, as late; and, portable
 To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
 Than you may call to comfort you; for I
 Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
 O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
 The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
 Where my son lies. When did you lose your
 daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
 At this encounter do so much admire,
 That they devour their reason; and scarce think
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath: but, howsoever you have
 Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke,
 Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
 To be lord on't. No more yet of this;
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
 This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA, playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
 I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should
 wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
 A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
 I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. [Ferd. kneels to Alon.]
 Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father compass thee about!
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there here!
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
 That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
 at play?

Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours:
 Is she the goddess, that hath sever'd us,
 And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal:
 But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
 I chose her, when I could not ask my father
 For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
 Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before; of whom I have
 Received a second life, and second father
 This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
 But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
 Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, step;
 Let us not burden our remembrances
 With a heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
 For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
 Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
 Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
 Beyond a common joy; and set it down
 With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
 Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
 In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
 When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
 [To Fer. and Mira.]
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
 That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
 amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erheard, not an oath on shore?
 Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
 Our king, and company: the next our ship,—
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
 Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
 We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
 Have I done, since I went. } *Aside.*

Pro. My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
 From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you
 hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
 And (how, we know not), all clapp'd under hatches,
 Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal good, and gallant ship; our master
 Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? } *Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt
 be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of: some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
 Do not infect your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
 (Which to you shall seem probable,) of every
 These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
 And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
 [Aside.]

Set Caliban and his companions free:
 Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.] How fares my
 gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
 man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—
 Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed ! How fine my master is ! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha ;
What things are these, my lord Antonio ? Will money buy them ?

Ant. Very like ; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true :—This mis-shepen knave,——

His mother was a witch ; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command, without her power : These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil (For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them To take my life : two of these fellows you Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?
Seb. He is drunk now : where had he wine ?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : Where should they Find this grand liquor, that heth gilded them ?— How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano ?

Ste. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on
[*Pointing to Caliban.*]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners, As in his shape :—Go, sirrah, to my cell ; Take with you your companions ; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace : What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool !

Pro. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal. Ste. and Trin.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train, To my poor cell : where you shall take your rest For this one night ; which (part of it,) I'll waste With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it Go quick away : the story of my life, And the particular accidents, gone by, Since I came to this isle : And in the morn, I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd ; And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must Take the ear strangely.

Pro.

I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales, And sail so expeditious, that shall catch Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel ;—chick,— That is thy charge ; theu to the elements Be free, and fare thou well !—[*Aside.*] Please you draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE,

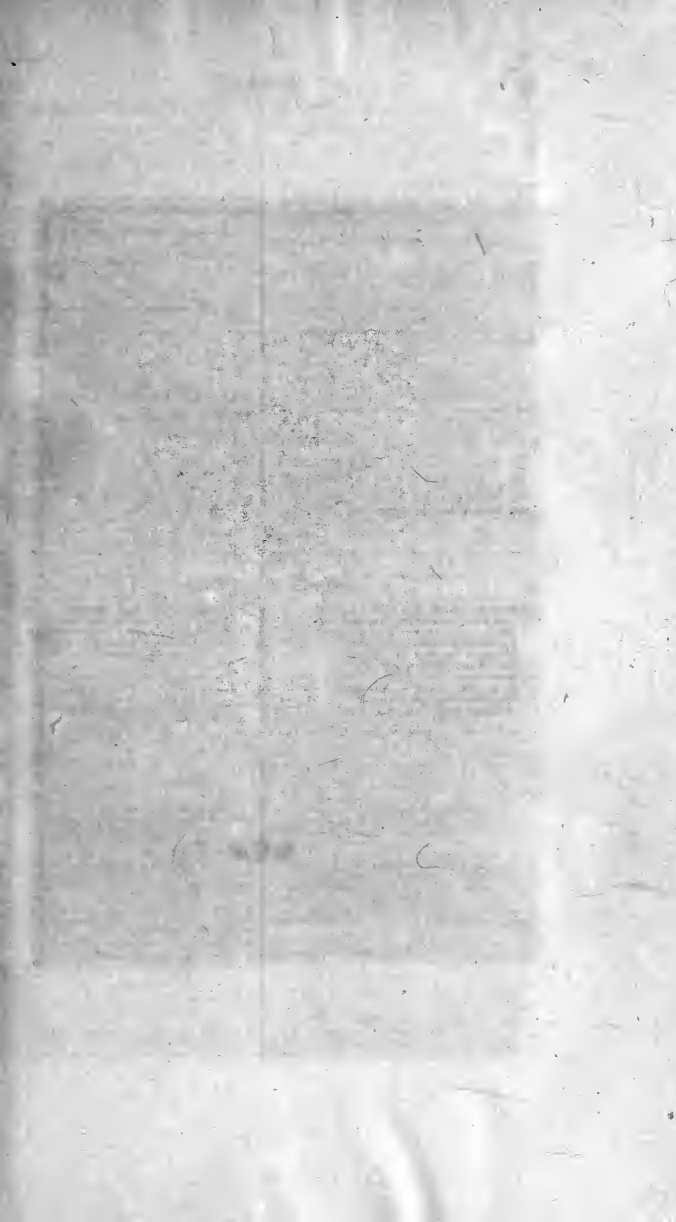
SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

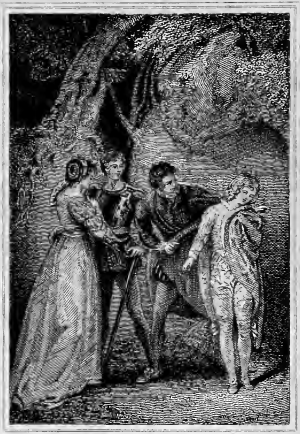
Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own ;
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples : Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell ;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please : Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.







T. Stothard R.A.

R. Crane sc.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act 5. Sc 3.

Published by W. Pickering, Lincoln's Inn Fields. 1823.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DUKE of MILAN, father to Silvia.
 VALENTINE, { gentlemen of Verona.
 PROTEUS, {
 ANTONIO, father to Proteus.
 THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
 EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia, in her escape.
 SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
 LAUNCE, servant to Proteus.

PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.
 Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.
 Outlaws.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.
 SILVIA, the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.
 LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

Scene,—Sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
 Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company,
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
 Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.
Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
 For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be

In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
 With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
 If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
 However, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
 And he, that is so yoked by a fool,
 Methinks, should not be chronicle for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
 That art a votary to fond desire?
 Once more adieu: my father at the road
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
 At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
 Of thy success in love, and what news else
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.
[Exit Valentine.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
 He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
 I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?
Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
 And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.
Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
 An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
 then, and I a sheep?
Pro. I do.
Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
 I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
 sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my
 master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd,
 the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou
 for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages
 follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.
Speed. Such another proof will make me cry ha.
Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter
 to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter
 to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton,
 gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store
 of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod? [*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddly.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddly.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddly, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have tern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck; Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—I must go send some better messenger; I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,

Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercutio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia,—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think,

from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ag-*

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—

What ho! Lucetta!

Re-*enter* LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up

So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,

Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:

Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I hid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This habble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!—

[*Tears the letter.*]

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
 To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
 O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
 O injurious wraps! to feed on such sweet honey,
 And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
 O! kiss each several paper for amends.
Luc. here is writ—*kind Julia*:—unkind Julia!
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
 Frampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Luc. here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—
 Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Luc. here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Antonio's house.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
 Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
 Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
 While other men, of slender reputation,
 Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
 Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
 Some, to discover islands far away;
 Some, to the studious universities.
 For any, or for all these exercises,
 He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
 And did request me, to importune you,
 To let him spend his time no more at home,
 Which would be great impeachment to his age,
 In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
 Whereon this month I have been hammering.
 I have consider'd well his loss of time;
 And how he cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
 Experience is by industry achiev'd,
 And perfected by the swift course of time:
 Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,

How his companion, youthful Valentine,
 Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
 him thither:
 There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
 Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
 And be in eye of every exercise,
 Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
 And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
 The execution of it shall make known;
 Even with the speediest expedition
 I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
 With other gentlemen of good esteem,
 Are journeying to salute the emperor,
 And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
 And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
 Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
 O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
 To seal our happiness with their consents!
 O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
 Of commendation sent from Valentine,
 Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
 How happily he lives, how well below'd,
 And daily graced by the emperor;
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
 And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end.
 I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
 With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
 To-morrow be in readiness to go:
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
 Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
 No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
 Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
 To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
 burning;
 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
 I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 O, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day;
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
 He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
 And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Milan. An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is
 but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
 Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah!

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She, that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C.; to weep, like a young weuch that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed?

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered?

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she give it him.

Val. As you enjoind me, I have writ your letter

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkl done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,

Please you command, a thousand times as much:

And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;

And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—

And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:

But since unwillingly, take them again;

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;

But I will none of them; they are for you:

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it

over:

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour

And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit Silvia]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on

steeples!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her

sutor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better

That my master, being scribe, to himself should

write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning

with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have

the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you

write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: but did you

perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and

there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind

discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her

lover.—

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the camelion

ove can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished
y my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be
t like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Verona. A room in Julia's house.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take
you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

and when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,

wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

the next ensuing hour some foul mischance

inherent me for my love's forgetfulness!

If thy father stays my coming; answer not;

if the tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;

but that tide will stay me longer than I should:

farewell.—What!—gone without a word!

Why, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

or truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

[*Exit Julia.*]

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come:—

alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done
weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very
ult: I have received my proportion, like the pro-
digious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the
nuptial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the
unrest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping,
my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid
wringing, our cat wringing her hands, and all our
joke in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-
hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very
humble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a
Jew would have wept to have seen our
suffering; why, my grandam having no eyes, look
up, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll
show you the manner of it: This shoe is my
father's;—no, this left shoe is my father's;—no, no,
this left shoe is my mother's;—nay, that cannot be
neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the wors-
er sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother's,
and this my father's; A vengeance on't! there 'tis:
Now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she
as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this
it is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog
himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me,
and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my
father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the
dog speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss
my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my
other, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood
oman;—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's
my mother's breath up and down: now come I to
my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog
I this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word;
and see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master
shipped, and thou art to post after with oars.
What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man?
way, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any
longer.

Laun. It is no matter, if the ty'd were lost; for
is the unkindest ty'd, that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood;

and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in
losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing
thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy
service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue?

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the
master, and the service? The tide!—Why, man, if
the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my
tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the
boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call
thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Milan. An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and
SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeiters.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of
cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood,
than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere
you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly
shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire:

sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's
looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your
company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me,
I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer
of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give
your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries,
that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes
my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:

What say you to a letter from your friends

Of such good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful

To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd, and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection; Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days; His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow,) He is complete in feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time awhile: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth; Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:— For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it: I'll send him hither to you presently. *[Exit Duke.]*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still. *Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself; Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his need: Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. *[Exit Servant.]*

Come, sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eye: And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow: O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord; And hath so humbled me, as, I confess, There is no woe to his correction, Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth! Now, no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye: Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine

Yet let her be a principality,

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—

To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth

Should from her venture chance to steal a kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud,

Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,

And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing

To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing

She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own

And I as rich in having such a jewel,

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou seemest me dote upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes,

Only for his possessions are so huge,

Is gone with her along; and I must after,

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd

Nay, more, our marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,

Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;

The ladder made of cords; and all the means

Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,

In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:

I must unto the road, to disembark

Some necessaries that I needs must use;

And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.— *[Exit Pro.]*

Even as one heat another heat expels,

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?

She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,

Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;

And that I love him not, as I was wont:

O! but I love his lady too, too much;

And that's the reason I love him so little.

How shall I dote on her with more advice,

That thus without advice begin to love her?

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,

And that hath dazzled my reason's light;

But when I look on her perfections,

There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my erring love, I will;

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

The same. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.
 Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I
 a not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man
 never undone, till he be hanged; nor never wel-
 me to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and
 e hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-
 use with you presently; where, for one shot of
 e pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes.
 at, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam
 lia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they
 ured very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with
 m, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not
 y staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but
 an, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he
 y, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say no-
 ing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from
 e, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce,
 w say'st thou, that my master is become a no-
 ble lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou wherson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy
 uester.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he
 urn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to
 e ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a
 w, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in
 ee, as to go to the ale with a Christian: Wilt
 ou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The same. An apartment in the palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
 love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
 wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
 id even that power, which gave me first my oath,
 vokes me to this threefold perjury.

ve bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
 sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
 ach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.

first I did adore a twinkling star,
 at now I worship a celestial sun.

heedful vows may heedfully be broken;
 id he wants wit, that wants resolved will
 learn his wit to exchange the bad for better,—
 e, fie, unreverend tongue; to call her bad,

hose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 ith twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 cannot leave to love, and yet I do;

at there I leave to love, where I should love.
 lia I lose, and Valentine I lose:

I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 I lose them, thus find I by their loss,

For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still more precious in itself:
 And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor:
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Verona. A room in Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
 Who art the talbe, wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pin'd in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
 The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men:
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceded true-love knots:
 To be fantastic may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
 breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
 "What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
 Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece,
 madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
 Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
 Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have

What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstead a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances as infinite of love,

Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart
His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come
him !

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To heat a hard opinion of his truth :
Only deserve my love, by loving him ;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence :
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;
I am impatient of my tardiance. [Exit

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Milan. An anti-room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;
We have some secrets to confer about.—

[Exit Thurio.]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal :

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that,

Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter ;

Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know, you have determin'd to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift,

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;

Which to requite, commend me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court :

But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,

And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,

(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)

I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept ;

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber window will ascend,

And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;

For which the youthful lover now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently ;

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,

That my discovery be not aimed at ;

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify

My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter ; stay with me a while

I am to break with thee of some affairs,

That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret

'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought

To match my friend, sir Thurio, to thy daughter

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the man

Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentler

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :

Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;

Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father :

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;

And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,

And turn her out to who will take her in :

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,

Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,

And nought esteems my aged eloquence :

Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,

(For long ago I have forgot to court :

Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd ;)

How, and which way, I may bestow myself,

To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not worth

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,

More than quick words, do move a woman's mind

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;

For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,

But rather to heget more love in you :

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,

For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;

For, get you gone, she doth not mean, away :

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces

Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces

That man, that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue, he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friend

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;

And kept severally from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it

Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cord

To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,

Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood, advise me when I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child, that longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone; how shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—

pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia?*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*]

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying;

Could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

Curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:

Is so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaeton, (for thou art Merops' son,)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

and with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

and think, my patience, more than thy desert,

a privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,

longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

by heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,

but, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit Duke.*]

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

and Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

is self from self; a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be, to think that she is by,

and feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

here is no music in the nightingale;

unless I look on Silvia in the day,

here is no day for me to look upon:

she is my essence; and I leave to be,

I be not by her fair influence

oster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:

arry I here, I but attend on death;

but, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, Isay, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!

What is your news?

Loun. Sir, there's a proclamation, that you are

vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, O, that's the news;

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,

And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,

(Which, unrevolv'd, stands in effectual force,)

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:

Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;

Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became

them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word, that thou

speak'st,

Have some malignant power upon my life:

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not

help,

And study help for that, which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

Loun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have

the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but

that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not

now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love;

but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me;

nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but that

woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-

maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips:

yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and

serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a

water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian.

Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her

conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.*

Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot

fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than

a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet

virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news

with your mastership?

Loun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What means then in your paper?

Loun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Loun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Loun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Loun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Loun. O illiterate loverer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Loun. There; and saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Loun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Loun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Loun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Loun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Loun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Loun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Loun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Loun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Loun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Loun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Loun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Loun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Loun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Loun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Loun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Loun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Loun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Loun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Loun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs,—*

Loun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —*And more wealth than faults.*

Loun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Loun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Loun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Loun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'twas your love-letters!

Loun. Now will he be swung for reading my letter: An unmanly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant, How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persists so.

What might we do, to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken

By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;

Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage

him,

Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,

It follows not, that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me:

Which must be done, by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;

Because we know, on Valentine's report,

You are already love's firm votary,

And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access,

Where you with Silvia may confer at large;

For she is lumpsich, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;

Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,

To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
at you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
ou must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
y wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
ould be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. So, that upon the altar of her beauty
ou sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
oist it again; and frame some feeling line,
hat may discover such integrity:—
or Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
fake tigers tame, and huge leviathans
orsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
fter your dire lamenting elegies,
isit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper:
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down
with 'em!

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have
about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
hat all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;

or he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;

man I am, cross'd with adversity:

My riches are these poor habiliments;

If which if you should here disfigure me,

on take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whether travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;

Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him: Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of un govern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd to the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)

And, partly, seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist; and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality much want:—

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parcelly to you:

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,

And shew thee all the treasure we have got;

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Milan. Court of the palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him

I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think, how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia, whom I lov'd:

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,

And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus? are you crept be-
fore us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're
allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick. [*Musick plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excellent;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

How do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Proteus that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead, that you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen: Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, you'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjurd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceited,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;

For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,

Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:

For, since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:

And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think,

'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night,

That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;

One, that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times goodmorrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose,

I am thus early come, to know what service

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,

(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not),

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will

I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.

Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,

No grief did ever come so near thy heart,

As when thy lady and thy true love died,

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.

Urged not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;

And on the justice of my flying hence,

To keep me from a most unholy match,

Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart

As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,

To hear me company, and go with me:

If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;

Which since I know thy virtuously are plac'd,

I give consent to go along with you;

Recking as little what becometh me,

as much I wish all good befurtime you.

When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell, Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter LAUNCE with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up for a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went for't! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and zeals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when our cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all times. If I had not had more wit than he, to take fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there less the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber melt him. *Out with the dog,* says one; *What cur's that?* says another; *Whip him out,* says the third; *Hang him up,* says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was rab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend,* quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? No, marry, do I,* quoth he. *You do him the more wrong,* quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this to their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for these he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: 'hon think'st not of this now?—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentleman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,

and will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whorson peasant?

[*To Launce.*]

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur;

and tells you, curish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place:

and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, or ne'er return again into my sight.

Laun. Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[*Exit Launce.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 'tis no trusting to you foolish lowt;

But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;

Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you loved her not, to leave her token:

She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Proteus.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs;

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:

And now am I (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Delivered you a paper that I should not;

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,

As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure:

Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do it him at his departure.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her;

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:

To think upon her woes, I do protest,

That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Believe, she thinks that Proteus hath forsok her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is: When she did think my master lov'd her well, She, in my judgment, was as fair as you; But since she did neglect her looking-glass, And threw her sun-expelling mask away, The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks, And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost, When all our pageants of delight were play'd, Our youth got me to play the woman's part, And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown; Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment, As if the garment had been made for me: Therefore, I know she is about my height.

And, at that time, I made her weep a good,

For I did play a lamentable part:

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her Farewell. [*Exit Silvia*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,

If I had such attire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers:

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:

If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,

But I can make respective in myself,

If this fond love were not a blinded god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd!

And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,

That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,

To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The same. An abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky; And now, it is about the very hour That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me. She will not fail; for lovers break not hours, Unless it be to come before their time; So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!

Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;

I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off; If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

The same. A apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spur'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside*]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside*]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio? Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Yes, my lord.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently; and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,

That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled

Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her:

I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,

Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit*]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit*]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit*]

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter SILVIA, and Outlaws.

Out. Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,

But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
So thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

I Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
I hey love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
[That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your
presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to
death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
To a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
'Till woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith
or love;

For such is a friend now, treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*]

Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is
the matter?

Look up; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.
[*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How! let me see:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
[*Shows another ring.*]

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my
depart,

I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her, that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their
minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'Tis true: O heaven!
were men

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE, and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl, that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions...
 Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
 I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
 And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
 Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
 Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
 happy.
 I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
 Are men endued with worthy qualities;
 Forgive them what they have committed here,
 And let them be recall'd from their exile:
 They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and
 thee;
 Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
 Come, let us go; we will include all jars
 With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
 With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
 What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
 blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
 That you will wonder what hath fortun'd...
 Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
 The story of your loves discovered:
 That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
 [Exeunt.]







MR. Joshua Reynolds.

A. Fox sc.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

Act 2 Sc. 2.

(from the Original Picture in the Collection of S. Rogers Esq.)

Published by W. Rowing, Luccombe Jan Foldis 1823.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

THESEUS, duke of Athens.
 EGEUS, father to Hermia.
 LYSANDER,
 DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.
 PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.
 QUINCE, the carpenter.
 SNUG, the joiner.
 BOTTOM, the weaver.
 FLUTE, the bellows-mender.
 SNOOT, the tinker.
 STARVELING, the tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
 HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
 HELENA, in love with Demetrius.
 OBERON, king of the fairies.
 PUCK, or Robin-goodfellow, a fairy.
 PEAS-BLOSSOM,
 COBWEB, } fairies.
 MOTH,
 MUSTARD-SEED, }
 TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, characters in the interlude performed by the clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

Scene,—Athens, and a wood not far from it.

ACT THE FIRST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. A room in the palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
 Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
 nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
 [Exit Philostrate.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and
 DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with
 thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 Stand forth, Demetrius:—My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—
 Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
 This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
 Thou, then, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchange'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweet-meats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
 To you your father should be as a god;
 One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or to disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is:
 But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
 look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold;
 Nor how it may concern my modesty
 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
 But I beseech your grace, that I may know
 The worst, that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
 For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a nun;
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,
 (The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,

For everlasting bond of fellowship,
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will:
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along.
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt The. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;

As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves
And by that fire, which burn'd the Carthage queen
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows, that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place, thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves you fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lodestars; and your tongue's sweet a
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear,
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye.
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody:
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my skill
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fate
were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see
face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.

To-morrow-night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal),
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet:
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Her.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit L.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpore to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hall some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:

en to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
resue her; and for this intelligence
I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
I herein mean I to enrich my pain,
have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A room in a cottage.

Enter **SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, QUINCE, and STARVELING.**

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man
man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play
our interlude before the duke and duchess, on
wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play
acts on; then read the names of the actors; and
grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable
tragedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and
Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and
merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your
ors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the
lover.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and
I'll be there.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly
for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true per-
forming of it: if I do it, let the audience look to
their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in
measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour
for a tyrant: I could play Hercules rarely, or a
tr to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
“With shivering shocks,
“Shall break the locks
“Of prison-gates:
“And Phibbus' car
“Shall shine from far,
“And make and mar
“The foolish fates.”

is was lofty!—Now name the rest of the play-
—This is Hercules' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover
more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus most love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I
ve a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a
mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby
too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisbe,*
Thisbe,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisbe
dear! and lady dear!

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and,
Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's
mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's
father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—
and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray
you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing
but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that
I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will
roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar*
again, Let him roar again.

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would
fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would
shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright
the ladies out of their wits, they would have no
more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate
my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any
sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any night-
ingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for
Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as
one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely,
gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play
Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What heard
were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-
coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your
purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour
beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair
at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But,
masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat
you, request you, and desire you, to con them by
to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood,
a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will
we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be
dog'd with company, and our devices known. In
the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,
such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse
more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains;
be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings. [Exit.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

Must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;

Oar queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night,

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;

But she, perforce, withholdeth the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her

joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,

But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making

quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he
were gone!

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train, and
TITANIA, at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania!

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know,
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love,
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskia'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How caust thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigene, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair *Aegle* break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiope?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flog;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,

The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gessid' by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's-yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
(Following her womb, then rich with my y
'quire,)

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.
Obe. How long within this wood intend you st

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding—
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with t
Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We shall hide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from
grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their sphere
To hear the sea maid's music.

Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee c
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit P.*
Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania, when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following I
Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me n
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?

The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Nay, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more,
Am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Love me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
Or I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
To the hands of one, that loves you not;
Or trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
Is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Or doth this wood lack worlds of company;
Or you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
Then cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Nay, if thou follow me, do not believe
That I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
Or do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Thou wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*]
Obc. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Is't not the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obc. I pray thee, give it me.
Crown ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Under the canopy with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
Where sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
I'll d in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
And eed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
The sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
If it do it, when the next thing he espies
Shall be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices; and let me rest.

SONG.

I Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel with melody, &c.

I Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON.

Obc. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*]
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. } [*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I find loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd! } [*They sleep.*]

D

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkest leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dessembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says, you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes: where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must frown my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,

Should, of another, therefore be abus'd!

[*Exit.*]

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou
there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit, of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most of me!

And all my powers, address your love and might

To honour Helen, and to be her knight!

[*Exit.*]

Her. [Starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me
do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—

Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone! no sound, no word!

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;

Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.

No?—then I will perceive you are not high:

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,
SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r-lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is no more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and himself must speak through, saying thus, or to some defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for you! If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light in a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moonlight.

Snug. Both the moon shine, that night we play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of great chamber window, where we play, open; let the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to figure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. On, there is another thing: we must have a wall the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, 's the story, did talk through the chink of a ll.

Saug. You never can bring in a wall.—What 's you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall: and him have some plaster, or some lome, or some high-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him d his fingers thus, and through that cranny ll Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, down, every mother's son, and rehearse your ts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken ur speech, enter into that brake; and so every 's according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-gering here, near the cradle of the fairy queen? hat, a play toward? I'll be an auditor; actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Py. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Py. — odours savours sweet:

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

It, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here!

[Aside.—Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must un-stand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, d is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

With brisly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as trust horse, that yet would never tire,

I meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man! Why you must not

sak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you

sak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus

er; your cue is past: it is, never tire.

Enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—As true as trust horse, that yet would

never tire.

Py. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

ay, masters! fly, masters! help! [Exit Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

through bog, through bush, through brake,

through brier;

metime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

d neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

ke horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery

them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I

on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of

ur own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art

unslated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass

me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not

r from this place, do what they can: I will walk

and down here, and I will sing, that they shall

ar I am not afraid. [Sings.

The onsel-cock, so black of hne,

With orange tawny bill,

The throistle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[Waking.

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me, On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go! Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit, of no common rate; The summer still doth tend upon my state, And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee; And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep; And I will purge thy mortal grossness so, That thou shalt live an airy spirit go.— Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I be-

seech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good

master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make

bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Pecs. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mrs. Squash,

your mother, and to master Peascod, your father.

Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more

acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your

patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-

beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your

house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my

eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaint-

ance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Another part of the wood.**Enter OBERON.*

Obc. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit ?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove ?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's howl I fixed on his head ;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes : When they him spy,
As well geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things
catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Obc. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obc. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me : Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be hor'd ; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murderer look ; so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look ; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander ? Where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?
Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past
the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then ?
Henceforth be never number'd among men !
O ! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake ;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch !
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ?
An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood :
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefor

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so :
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Obc. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistake
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that, one man holdin
troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obc. About the wood go swifter than the wind
And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear
By some illusion see thou bring her here :
I'll charm his eyes, against she does appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go ;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit*

Obc. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye !
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand ;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee ;
Shall we their fond pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !
Obc. Stand aside : the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one ;
That must needs be sport alone ;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should w
in scorn ?
Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and mo
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's : Will you give her o'e
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'e
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you
Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nym
perfect, divine !
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow ?
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow.
When thou hold'st up thy hand ; O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !
Hel. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls, to mock me too ?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so ;

o vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
Trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
O conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
Poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
or you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
And Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
Here to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know.
Est, to thy peril, thou abyt it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,
He ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
Pays the hearing double recompense:—
How art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
In ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
O why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my
side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Nor Helena; who more egg'ds the night
Than all you fiery ones and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
I hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
How I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Jurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
I have you with this foul derision?

All the counsel, that we two have shar'd,
In sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
I school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
O, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
You have with our needs created both one flower,
And on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
And warbling of one song, both in one key;
And if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together:
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
Or, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Or, of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Yet but to one, and crown'd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
And join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Nough I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
Scorn you not; it seems, that you scorn me.
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made you other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Scorn your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
And by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,

So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
prayers.—

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that, which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says, I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Æthiop!

Dem. No, no, sir:—he will

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;

But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let
loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this,

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me,
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, if' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive, that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my covardice;
Let her not strike me: Yon, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

D 2

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood :
He follow'd you ; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence ; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further : Let me go :
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone : Who is't, that hinders you ?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd :
She was a vixen, when she went to school ;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made ;
You bead, you acorn !

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf, that scorns your services.
Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;
Take not her part : for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt abyt it.

Lys. Now she holds me not ;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow ? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jole. *[Exeunt Lys. and Dem.]*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you :
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I ;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer, though, to run away. *[Exit.]*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. *[Exit, pursuing Helena.]*

Ob. This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wiffully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes :
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight :
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste ;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
there,

Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wiffully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-grew streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit Oberon]

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;

I will lead them up and down ;

I am fear'd in field and town ;

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here villain ; drawn, and ready. Wh
art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me th
To plainer ground. *[Exit Lys. as following the voice]*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander ! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?
Speak. In some bush ? Where dost thou hide
head ?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the st
Telling the hushes, that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou ch
I'll whip thee with a rod : He is devil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea ; art thou the

Puck. Follow my voice ; we'll try no man's
here. *[Exit]*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me c
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. *[Sle]*

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho ! ho, ho ! Coward, why co
thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I w
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou ?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou s
buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see :
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sl]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious nig
Abate thy hours ; shine, comforts, from the
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,

From these, that my poor company detest
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's e
Steal me a while from mine own company. *[Sl]*

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad :

Cupid is a knavish lad,
That to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
I will I rest me, till the break of day.
The heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down.]

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall

be well.

[Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending;
OBERON behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,

And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,

And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's

onsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your

sapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped

amble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mon-

sur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your-

self too much in the action, monsieur; and, good

monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I

would be loath to have you over-flown with a honey-

g, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your niece, monsieur Mustard-seed.

Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero

web to scratch. I must to the barber's, mon-

sur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about

my face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair

but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my

sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick:

we have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch

up good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great

desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath

fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy, that shall seek

the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried

peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir

up; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Thou shalt be gone, and he all ways away.

Bot. Doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

entwist, —the female ivy so

enwrings the barked fingers of the elm.

How I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.]

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this

sweet sight?

How dotage now I do begin to pity.

How meeting her of late, behind the wood,

Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,

Did upbraid her, and fall out with her:

How she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,

Is now within the pretty florets' eyes,

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changing child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain;

That he, awaking, when the others do,

May all to Athens back again repair;

And think no more of this night's accidents,

But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, musick call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own

fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, musick. [Still musick.] Come, my

queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals, on the ground. [Exeunt.]

[Horns sound within.]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,
and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester:—

For now our observation is perform'd:

And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—

Uncouple in the western valley; go:—

Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear

Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near

Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs
are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day,
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSAN-
SANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and
start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. St. Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now!

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;) I
came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will, for evermore, be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.*
Dem. These things seem small, and undistin-
guishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem.

It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel.

And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—He
ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mende
Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life
stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had
most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past
the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but
an ass, if he go about to expound this dream
Methought I was—there is no man can tell what
Methought I was, and methought I had,—But my
is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what
methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard
the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not
able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
be to report, what my dream was. I will get
Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall
be called *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom;
and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before
the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more
gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. A room in Quince's house.

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
STARVELING.*

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he
come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he
is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred;
goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man
all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any
handycraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is
very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is
God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the
temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies
more married: if our sport had gone forward, we
had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have
'scape sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given
him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day
in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are their
hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most
happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but
ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true
Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it
fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you
is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel to-
gether; good strings to your beads, new ribbons to
your pumps; meet presently at the palace; ever
man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long
is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe
have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the
lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the
lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onion:
nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; an
I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet
comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

e same. An apartment in the palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, lords, and attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

Ths. More strange than true. I never may believe these antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

vers, and madmen, have such seething brains, such shaping fantasies, that apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends.

such lunatick, the lover, and the poet, of imagination all compact:

such sees more devils than vast hell can hold; and it is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, such Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

such poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

such as imagination bodies forth forms of things unknown, the poet's pen presents them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation, and a name.

such tricks hath strong imagination; and it, if it would but apprehend some joy, so comprehends some bringer of that joy;

such in the night, imagining some fear, how easy is a hush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, and all their minds transfigur'd so together, more witnesseth than fancy's images, grows to something of great constancy; howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

Ths. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth,— gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, accompany your hearts!

Hip. More than to us it on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

Ths. Come now; what masks, what dances, shall we have,

we wear away this long age of three hours, between our after-supper, and bed-time?

ere is our usual manager of mirth? at revels are in hand? Is there no play, to ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

Ths. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

at mask? what music? How shall we beguile away time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe; a choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.] *Ths.* reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung, by an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

'll none of that: that have I told my love, glory of my kinsman Hercules.

he riot of the tipsy Bacchantes, singing the Thracian singer in their rage.

it is an old device; and it was play'd in us I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

we thrice three Muses mourning for the death of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

it is some satire, keen and critical, sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

tedious brief scene of young Pyramus, and his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

ry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

it is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long; which is as brief as I have known a play;

by ten words, my lord, it is too long; which makes it tedious: for in all the play there is not one word apt, one player fitted.

tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess, Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Ths. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

Ths. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,

It is not for you: I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd, and cou'd with cruel pain,

To do you service.

Ths. I will hear that play:

For never any thing can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,

And duty in his service perishing.

Ths. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

Ths. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:

And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,

In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is address.

Ths. Let him approach. *[Flourish of trumpets.]*

Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good-will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,

But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight.

We are not here. That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand; and, by their shew,

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Ths. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;

he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Ths. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disorder'd. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Pro. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers

sunder:

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
 "This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
 "Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,
 "By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
 "To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
 "This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
 "The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 "Did scarce away, or rather did affright."
 "And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
 "Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
 "Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
 "And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
 "Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 "He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
 "And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 "His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 "Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
 "At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prof. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.
Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

H'all. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 "That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
 "And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 "That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
 "Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 "Did whisper often very secretly.
 "This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
 "That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 "And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 "Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."
The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

"O night, which ever art, when day is not!
 "O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
 "I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
 "And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 "That stand'st betwixt her father's ground and mine;

"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 "Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eye."
 [Wall holds up his fingers.]
 "Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
 "O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
 "Curs't be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"
The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not, *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans.

"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
 "My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
 "Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."
Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
 "To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
 "Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love. I think."
Pyr. "Think what thou wilt I am thy lover's grace;
 "And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."
Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."
This. "As Shafalus to Procrus. I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."
This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."
Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninus' tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."
H'all. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
 "And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff, that ever I hear

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than th of themselves, they may pass for excellent me Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

"The smallest monstrous mouse, that creeps on floor,

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here
 "When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar."

"Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
 "A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
 "For if I should as lion come in strife
 "Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

"Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest the man should be put into the lantern: How is else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am awear of this moon: Would it would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is thy love?"

Lion. "O—." [The lion roars—Thisbe runs off]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shin with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

[The lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and ex

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunbeams;

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright
 "For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams
 "I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight."

"But stay;—O spite!
 "But mark;—Poor knight,
 "What dreadful dole is here?"

"Eyes, do you see?
 "How can it be?"

"O dainty duck! O dear!

"Thy mantle good,
 "What, stain'd with blood?
 "Approach, ye furies fell!
 "O fates! I come, come;
 "Cut thread and thrum;
 "Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"
Ac. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
 I'd go near to make a man look sad.
Tip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
yr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions
 frame?"

Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
 Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
 That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd
 with cheer.

"Come, tears, confound;
 "Out, sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,
 "Where heart doth hop:—

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,
 "Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;
 "My soul is in the sky:

"Tongue, lose thy light!
 "Moon, take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die!"

[*Dies.*—*Exit Moonshine.*

em. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.
 ys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he
 othing.

Ac. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet
 ver, and prove an ass.

ip. How chance moonshine is gone, before
 he comes back and finds her lover?

Ac. She will find him by star-light.—Here she
 es; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

ip. Methinks, she should not use a long one,
 such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

em. A note will turn the balance, which Pyra-
 mus, which Thisbe, is the better.

ys. She hath spied him already with those
 et eyes.

em. And thus she moans, *videlicet.*—

This. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb!

"Dead, dead! A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lily brows,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have shore

"With shears his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word:—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

"And farewell, friends:—

"Thus Thisbe ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[*Dies.*

le. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

m. Ay, and wall too.

Ac. No, I assure you; the wall is down that

ed their fathers. Will it please you to see the

gue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between of

our company?

Ac. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play

s no excuse. Never excuse; for when the

ers are all dead, there need none to be blamed.

ry. If he, that writ it, had play'd Pyramus,

hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would

been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and

notably discharged. But come, your Bergo-

sk: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*

iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
 I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in voe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide:
 And we fairies that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire:
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
 To each word a warbling note,
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, and DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.
 To the best bride bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be;
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be:
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand;
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.—
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gait;
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace with sweet peace:
 E'er shall it in safety rest,
 And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;
 Make no stay;
 Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, (and all is mended),
 That you have but slumber'd here,
 While these visions did appear.
 And this weak and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dream,
 Gentles, do not reprehend;
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,
 If we have unearned luck
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
 We will make amends, ere long:
 Else the Puck a liar call.
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
 And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*







T. Stothard R.A.

Ang. Fox sc.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,

Act 3. Sc. 3.

Published by W. Pickering, Ludlow Lane 2nd ed. 1823.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

Mr. FORD, { two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

Mr. PAGE, {

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Mr. Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welch parson.

Dr. CAIUS, a French physician.

Host of the Garter inn.

BARDOLPH,

PISTOL,

NYM,

} followers of Falstaff.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. ANNE PAGE, her daughter, in love with Fenton.

Mrs. QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene,—Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Windsor. Before Page's house.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Slen. The dozen white lances do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The lute is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Slen. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Slen. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Slen. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of God in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Slen. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my brain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Slen. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed, (Got deliver to a joyful surrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Slen. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has goot gifts.

Slen. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Slen. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Slen. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page!—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can

there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this.—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John, good words.

Fal. Good words! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace; I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreteness as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yeard Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, *fer* this trick:

if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE with wine; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we drink within. [*Exit Anne Page*]

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?
Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are ve well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down: unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but Shal. Slender and Eva*]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had a book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fo'night afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you, word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar by sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if he be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender will description the matter to you, if you be cap'city of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow say I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the quest is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to m'tress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, u' any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let command to know that of your mouth, or of y' lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips parcel of the mouth;—Therefore precisely, can y' carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love he

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall be one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, God's lords and his ladies, you m'speak possitable, if you can carry her your desi towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon go dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, u' your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet c' what I do, is to pleasure you, coz; Can you l' the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; I if there be no great love in the beginning, yet he ven may decrease it upon better acquaintan when we are married, and have more occasion know one another: I hope, upon familiarity v' grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her* will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and d' solutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, accord to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is goo

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged,

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Ann. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Hal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Sir H. Evans.*]

Ann. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?
Men. No; I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am y well.

Ann. The dinner attends you, sir.

Men. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: y, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon y cousin Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of ce sometime may be beholden to his friend for a n:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my ther be dead: But what though? yet I live like oor gentleman born.

Ann. I may not go in without your worship: y will not sit, till you come.

Men. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as ch as though I did.

Ann. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Men. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I used my shin the other day with playing at sword y dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for ish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I can abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your gs bark so? he there bears y' the town?

Ann. I think there are, sir; I heard them sed of.

Men. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon arrel at it, as any man in England:—You are aid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Ann. Ay, indeed, sir.

Men. That's meat and drink to me now: I have n Sackerson loose, twenty times; and have taken a by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women re so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—: women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are y ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we y for you.

Men. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, : come, come.

Men. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Men. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Ann. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Men. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will do you that wrong.

Ann. I pray you, sir.

Men. I'll rather be unmannerly, than trouble- ac: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' ese, which is the way: and there dwells one stress Quickly, which is in the manner of his ese, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet:—give her this letter; it is a 'oman, that altogether's acquaintance with stress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and ure her to solicit your master's desires to mis- as Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rust? Speak schol- ly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some y followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them g; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fco for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; Indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife: who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyelads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to Rob.*] bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.— Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go! Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this age.

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I love

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of men is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A room in Dr. Caius's house.

Enter *Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.*

Quick. What; John Rugby?—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, if faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a cane-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, a-down-a, &c. [Sings.]

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [Aside.]

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe! na foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais a la Cour,—la grand affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Depeche, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?*

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet dat I will not for the world I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Veforefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hea the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale. *Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *builtez* me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [Write.]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under our body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o'that? you shall find a great charge: and to be up early and down late,—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; would have no words of it;) my master himself in love with mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's ne'ther here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to S Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his troin de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I will cut all h'two stones: by gar, he shall not have a stone-trow at his dog. [Exit Simple.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat: do not you tell a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself;—I gar, I will kill de Jack Priest; and I have appointe mine host de *Jarterre* to measure our weapon: by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What the good-fer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—I gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn you head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of you own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mir than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near th'house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, as honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

uick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but withstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on ok, she loves you.—Have not your worship a t above your eye?
nt. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?
uick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest l as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that l's company!—But, indeed, she is given too h to allicholly and musing: But for you—ll, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [Exit.

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest fellow; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Ont upon't! what have I forgot? [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.

rs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a ect for them? Let me see: [Rends.
sk me no reason why I love you; for though love reason for his precision, he admits him not for his seller: you ure not young, no more am I; go to there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it ce thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of dier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love
By me,

*Thine own true knight,
 By day or night,
 Or any kind of light,
 With all his might,
 For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

at a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, ced, world!—one, that is well nigh worn to as with age, to show himself a young gallant! at an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish kard picked (with the devil's name) out of my ersion, that he dares in this manner assay me? y, he hath not been thrice in my company!— at should I say to him?—I was then frugal of mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit l in the parliament for the putting down of men. r shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

rs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going ur house.

rs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. look very ill.

rs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have owe to the contrary.

rs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

rs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could r you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give ome counsel!

rs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

rs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one ng respect, I could come to such honour!

rs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the ur: What is it?—dispense with trifles?— t is it?

rs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal ent, or so, I could be knighted.

rs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst alter the article of thy gentry.

rs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, y—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall k the worse of fat men, as long as I have an o make difference of men's liking: And yet he ld not swear; praised women's modesty: and : such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all meliness, that I would have sworn his dison would have gone to the truth of his ls: but they do no more adhere and keep place thr, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of n steeces. What tempest, I trow, threw this

whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; and the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one, that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-batted delay, till he hath parn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [They retire.

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pistol. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs:

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pistol. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, Like sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pistol. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—

Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [to Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some

humours : I should have borne the humour'd letter to her ; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife ; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym ; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true :—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu ! I love not the humour of bread and cheese ; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit Nym.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a ! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow : Well.

Page. How now, Meg ?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George ?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank ? why art thou melancholy ?

Ford. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page ?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George ?—Look, who comes yonder : she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[Aside to Mrs. Ford.]

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her : she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne ?

Quick. Ay, forsooth ; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne ?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see ; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exit Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.]

Page. How now, master Ford ?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me ; did you not ?

Page. Yes ; And you heard what the other told me ?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them ?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves ; I do not think the knight would offer it : but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men ; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men ?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter ?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife ; but I would be loath to turn them together : A man may be too confident : I would have nothing lie on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host ?

Enter Host, and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rogue ? thou'rt a gentleman : cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page ! Master Page, will you go with us ? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice ; tell him, bully-rogue.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rogue ?

[They go aside.]

Shal. Will you [to Page] go with us to behold it ? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places : for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, a guest-cavalier ?

Ford. None, I protest : but I'll give you a pot of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and I him my name is Brook ; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully : thou shalt have egg and regress ; said I well ? and thy name shall Brook : It is a merry knight.—Will you go to hearts ?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath got skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more : these times you stand on distance, your pass stoccadoes, and I know not what : 'tis the best master Page ; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen time, with my long sword, I would have run you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here ! shall we wag ?

Page. Have with you :—I had rather hear the scold than fight. [Exit Host, Shallow, and Pistol.]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put my opinion so easily : She was in his company, Page's house ; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't : and I'll a disguise to sound Falstaff : If I find her hen I lose not my labour ; if she be otherwise, 'tis her hour well bestowed. [E]

SCENE II.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.—

I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, should lay my countenance to pawn : I have got upon my good friends for three reprieves for and your coach-fellow, Nym ; or else you looked through the grate, like a geminy of babo I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentle my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall lous : and when mistress Bridget lost the hair of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hit not.

Pist. Didst thou not share ? hadst thou not teen pence ?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason : Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis ? At a word, hang more about me, I am no gibbet for you :—go—short knife and a thong ;—to your manor of Pishatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, a rogue ?—you stand upon your honour !—Why, unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my cessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lunge and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of honour ! You will not do it, you ?

Pist. I do relent ; What would'st thou more of me ?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn ; as my mother was, first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer : What with r

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a wot two ?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman : and I'll vouch safe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir ;—I come a little nearer this ways :—I myself o with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and keep them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, did your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of you: have brought her into such a canaries, as a wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when court lay at Windsor, could never have brought to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar the best, and the fairest, that would have won woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty gels given me this morning: but I defy all anis, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way honesty;—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, such is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for which she thanks you a thousand times: and gives you to notify, that her husband will be sence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come to see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—Mistress Ford, her husband, will be from home, as! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; 's a very jealous man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil oddest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss in morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other: and she bade me let your worship, that her husband is seldom from me; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! at mistress Page would desire you to send her your letter page, of all loves; her husband has a marlous infection to the little page: and, truly, Mistraster Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do that she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there is a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he say come and go between you both; and, in any use, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: here's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go

along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack! go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make hold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir: proceed.

Ford. There is a gentleman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, need, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her bands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your way-like and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very posterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this!—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' ad-

ditions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wit cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Flew with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised, my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on my staff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; be three hours too soon, than a minute too late. fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [E]

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your word would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so; vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, Bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Shal. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come!

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foine, to thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopi is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What is my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! He of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness, that me I stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he a curer of souls, and a curer of bodies; if should fight, you go against the hair of your fussions; is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself be great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I nov old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, finger itches to make one: though we are just and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we be some salt of our youth in us; we are the son women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.
Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Ma doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown him a wise and patient churchman: you must go v me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, mons Muck-water.

Caius. Muck-water! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is lour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-water as de Englishman:—Scurvey jack-dog priest! gar, me vill cut his ears.

ost. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.
caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?
ost. That is, he will make thee amends.
caius. By gar, we do look, he shall clapper-de-
 me; for, by gar, we will have it.
ost. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.
caius. Me tank you for dat.
ost. And moreover, bully.—But first, master
 st, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender,
 ou through the town to Frogmore.
 [Aside to then.
age. Sir Hugh is there, is he?
ost. He is there: see what humour he is in,
 I will bring the doctor about by the fields:
 it do well!
al. We will do it.
age. *Shal. and Sten.* Adieu, good master doctor.
 [Exit *Page, Shallow and Slender.*

caius. By gar, we will kill de priest; for he speak
 for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die; but, first, sheath thy impa-
 tience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about
 the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring
 thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house
 a feasting; and thou shall woo her: Cry'd game,
 said I well?

caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I
 love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest,
 de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my
 patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary
 towards Anne Page; said I well?

caius. By gar, 'tis good; well said.

Host. Let us wag then.

caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[Exit.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's
 ing-man, and friend Simple by your name,
 ch way have you looked for master Caius,—
 calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?
im. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward,
 y way; old Windsor way, and every way but
 town way.
eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also
 : that way.
im. I will, sir.
eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am,
 trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he
 deceived me!—how melancholies I am!—I
 knog his urinals about his knave's costard,
 an I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless
 soul!
 [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals;
 There will we make our peds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

ry on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
 When as I sat in Pabylon,—
 And a thousand vagram posies.

To shallow—

im. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

eva. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

even prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

im. No weapons, sir: There comes my master,
 ter Shallow, and another gentleman from Frog-
 e, over the stile, this way.

eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep
 your arms.

ater PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

al. How now, master parson? good morrow,
 I sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice,
 a good student from his book, and it is won-
 ul.

len. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

age. Save you, good sir Hugh!

eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

al. What! the sword and the word! do you
 ly them both, master parson?

age. And youthful still, in your doublet and
 e, this raw rheumatick day?

eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

age. We are come to you, to do a good office,
 ster parson.

eva. Very well: What is it?

age. Yonder is a most revered gentleman, who
 ke, having received wrong by some person, is at
 it odds with his own gravity and patience, that
 r you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward;
 I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and
 learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius,
 the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I
 had as lief you would tell me of a mess of por-
 ridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates
 and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly
 knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight
 with him.

Sten. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them
 asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your
 weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let
 them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your
 ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog,
 John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to
 other men's humours; I desire you in friendship,
 and I will one way or other make you amends:—I
 will knog your urinals about your knave's eggscomb,
 for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diablo!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jar-*
terre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I
 not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you,
 this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by
 mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French
 and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter.
 Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?
 Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the
 potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson?
 my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the
 proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand,
 terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so:
 —Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have
 directed you to wrong places: your hearts are
 mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack
 be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—
 Follow me, lad de peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen,
 follow.

Sten. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exit *Shal. Sten. Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a
 de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vouting-

stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvey, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither do you go? *Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. *[Exit Mrs. Page and Robin.]*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. *[Clock strikes.]* The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a-me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and

May; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis i buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. gentleman is of no having: he kept company the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high gion, he knows too much. No, he shall not I knot in his fortunes with the finger of my subst if he take her, let him take her simply; the w I have waits on my consent, and my consent not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you home with me to dinner: besides your cheer shall have sport; I will show you a monster Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, n Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have freer wooing at master Page's.

[Exit Shallow and Slender.]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[Exit Rugby.]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[Exit Host.]

Ford. *[Aside.]* I think, I shall drink in pipe-first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-ba-

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I sa

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we are brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the house; and when I suddenly call you, come and, (without any pause, or staggering,) take basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge it in all haste, and carry it among the whist in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Ford. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. *[Exit Servants.]*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-musket? at news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your door, mistress Ford; and requests your comp

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; if he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secret shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make me a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, alone. Mistress Page, remember your own

[Exit Mrs. Page.]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not s-

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwise humidity, this gross watry pumpon;—teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? now let me die, for I have lived long enough is the period of my ambition: O this blessed

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wi

old thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before best lord, I would make thee my lady.

frs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should a pitiful lady.

al. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diadem: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, it becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any of Venetian admittance.

frs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows are nothing else; nor that well neither.

al. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st see an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: be, thou canst not hide it.

frs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing no.

al. What made me love thee? let that persuade, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, unnot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like any of these lispng hawthorn buds, that come women in men's apparel, and smell like Buck's-bury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

frs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you *Mrs. Page.*

al. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as reek of a lime-kiln.

frs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; you shall one day find it.

al. Keep in that mid; I'll deserve it.

frs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or I could not be in that mid.

ob. [Within.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! 's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and ring, and looking wildly, and would needs k with you presently.

al. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me in the arras.

frs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling nan.—
[*Falstaff hides himself.*]

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

frs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

frs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress?

frs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having the honest man to your husband, to give him such a cause of suspicion!

frs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

frs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

frs. Ford. Why alas! what's the matter?

frs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, with all the officers in Windsor, to search a gentleman, that he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of your absence: You are undone.

frs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*].—'Tis not so, no.

frs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you should see such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: if you have a friend here, convey, convey him! Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; and your reputation, or bid farewell to your life for ever.

frs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own name, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

frs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather; your husband's here at hand, to bethink you of some conveyance: in the house cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw the linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking:

Or, it is whitening-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford!—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John!

[*Exit Robin.*]

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datch mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too; it shall appear.—[*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkenneled the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Evans, Page, and Caius.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this? *Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the cofers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omaus, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred ton.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in Page's house.

Enter FENTON and Mistress ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of hirth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth:

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come! Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself, That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither. [*They converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Sten. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Sten. No, she shall not dismay me; I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! [*Aside.*]

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, hadst a father!

Sten. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you. *Sten.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any man in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. *Sten.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and y pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him wear himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Sten. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Sten. My will? od's heartlings, that's a jest, indeed? I ne'er made my will yet, I heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would with me?

Sten. Truly, for mine own part, I would lit nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, I man be his dole! They can tell you how thin better than I can: You may ask your father; he comes.

Enter PAGE, and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton you wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my heart? I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton, Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton. [*Exeunt Page, Shal. and Anne.*]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page. *Fent.* Good mistress Page, for that I love daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and mar I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the And howl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loves you

And as I find her, so am I affected; Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell.

Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, said I you cast away your child on a fool, and a phys

Look on, master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! kind heart he hath: a woman would run th

fire and water for such a kind heart. But would my master had mistress Anne; or I

master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would ter Fenton had her: I will do what I can for

all three; for so I have promised, and I'll

od as my word; but speciously for master Fen-
Well, I must of another errand to sir John
staff from my two mistresses; what a beast am
o slack it! *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—
Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast
t. *[Exit Bard.]* Have I lived to be carried in
basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be
own into the Thames! Well, if I served such
other trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and
tered, and give them to a dog for a new year's
t. The rogues slighted me into the river with as
le remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's
ad puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may
w by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity iu
king; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should
vn. I had been drowned, but that the shore was
lvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the
ter swells a man; and what a thing should I
e been, when I had been swelled! I should
e been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak
h you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the
ames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had
llowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins.
I her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give
e worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a
le of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my
wage.—*[Exit Bard.]*—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from
t Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I
thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not
fault: she does so take on with her men; they
ook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish wo-
's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it
ld yearn your heart to see it. Her husband
this morning a birding; she desires you once
e to come to her between eight and nine: I
t carry her word quickly: she'll make you
nds, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid
think, what a man is: let her consider his
ty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! *[Exit.]*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he
me word to stay within: I like his money
O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know
a hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was
er house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her des-
termination?

Fal. No, master Brook, but the peaking cornuto
her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual
'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our
encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested,
and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy;
and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither
provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, for-
sooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not
find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have
it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence
of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and
Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a
buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: ramm'd me
in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stock-
ings, and greasy napkins; thar, master Brook, there
was the rankest compound of villainous smells, that
ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I
have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your
good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple
of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by
their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul
clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their
shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in
the door; who asked them once or twice what they
had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lu-
natic knave would have searched it; but fate, or-
daining he should be a cuckold, held his hand.

Well; on went he for a search, and away went I
for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook:
I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first,
an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous
rotten bell-wether: next, to be compass'd, like a
good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to
point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in,
like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that
fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man
of my kidney,—think of that: that am as subject to
heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and
thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And
in the height of this bath, when I was more than
half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be
thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in
that surge, like a horse shoe: think of that,—hissing
hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for
my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then
is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Aetna,
as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her
thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding:
I have received from her another embassy of meet-
ing; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master
Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appoint-
ment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and
you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion
shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu.
You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook,
you shall cuckold Ford. *[Exit.]*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream?
do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master
Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master
Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen,
and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself
what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at
my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he
should; he cannot creep into a halpenny purse, nor
into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides
him should aid him, I will search impossible places.
Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what
I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have
horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with
me, I'll be horn mad. *[Exit.]*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Pouleats! there are fairer things than pouleats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog*.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. *O—vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William; *focative is, caret*.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum*.

Quick. *Vengeance of Jenny's case!* fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *hi, hæ, cod*; if you forget your *h* your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preach Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thou; he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewe! mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [Exit Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay long. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mrs. Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up a sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your loss and I profess requital to a hair's breadth: 't is only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What ho, gossip For what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[Exit Falstaff]

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—Speak louder. [Aside] Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder w my husband; so rails against all married mankind so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion; and so buffets himself on the forehead; crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness, ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, a patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, was carried out the last time he searched for him in a basket: protests to my husband, he is not here; and hath drawn him and the rest of the company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly sham'd and he's but a dead man. What a woman; you?—Away with him, away with him; bet shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? he should I bestow him? Shall I put him into t basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: M I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's broth watch the door with pistols, that none shall iss out; otherwise you might slip away ere he can. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into t chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault but he hath an abstract for the remembrance such places, and goes to them by his note: That is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.
 Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—
 Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?
 Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a rchief, and so escape.
 Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.
 Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.
 Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; e's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.
 Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress age and I will look some linen for your head.
 Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you aight: put on the gown the while.

[Exit Falstaff.]
 Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet a in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade: my house, and hath threatened to beat her.
 Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's igel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?
 Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and ks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had illigence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my n to carry the basket again, to meet him at the or with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they ll do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen him straight. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we not misuse him enough.
 We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
 We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
 'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.* [Exit.]

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on r shoulders; your master is hard at door; if bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, detch. [Exit.]

Serv. Come, come, take it up.
 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

ter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have any way then to unfool me again?—Set down basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—O, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you idly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a spiracy against me: Now shall the devil be med. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; old what honest clothes you send forth to aching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are t to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.
 Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a d dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress rd; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the most wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jeas fool for her husband!—I suspect without cause, stress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if I suspect me in any dishonesty.
 Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—me forth, sirrah.

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.]
 Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed! let the clothes be me.

Ford. I shall find you anon.
 Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.
 Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—
 Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.
 Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.
 Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?
 Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch! [beats him] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Falstaff.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!
 Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.]
 Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.
 Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no

period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my horses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold, Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand

In him, that was of late an heretick, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission, As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious idle-headed eld

Received, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:

But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,

Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,

And in this shape: When you have brought him

thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon,

and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,

And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and whi
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being know
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children mu
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviour
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn t
knight with my taper.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy the
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all t
fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that tin
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, *[Exit]*
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falst
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Broo.
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us pr
perties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasur
and fery honest knaveries.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Eva.]

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,

And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

And he my husband best of all affects;

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her *[Exit]*

SCENE V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? wha
thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, sho
quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir Jo
Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castl
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painte
about with the story of the prodigal, fresh ar
new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *A
thropophagina* unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gor
up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, si
till she come down: I come to speak with he
indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may b
robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir Joh
speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there?
is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. *[above.]* How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries t
coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descen
bully, let her descend; my chambers are honou
able: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woma
even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman o
Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell; Wh
would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, at beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened in of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman did me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold!

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my sister glad with these tidings. [*Exit Simple.*]

Host. Thou art clerky, thou art clerky, sir: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that taught me more wit than ever I learned before my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but is paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage! *Host.* Where be my horses! speak well of them, diletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from hind one of them, in a slough, of mire; and set us, and away, like three German devils, three vector Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest n.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Evo. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evo. Have a care of your entertainments: there a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is a cozain german, that has cozened all the hosts Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses' l money: I tell you for good-will, look you: it are wise, and full of gibes and vlotting-stogs; I 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: re you well. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and a btful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de many: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de rt is know to come: I tell you for good vill: er. [*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, ght; I am undone:—Ay, run, hue and cry, vil- ai! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bardolph.*]

Sl. I would all the world might be cozened: I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it uld come to the ear of the court, how I have n transformed, and how my transformation hath n washed and cudgled, they would melt me of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's ts with me; I warrant, they would whip me h their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as ried pear. I never prospered since I forswore self at *primero*. Well, if my mind were but g enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Sl. The devil take one party, and his dam the

other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser,) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

[*Showing the letter.*]

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host: To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton

Immediately to marry: she hath consented:

Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor;—Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,) That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar: Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*A room in the Garter Inn.**Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.*

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go.—I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say: time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Windsor Park.**Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

Page. Come, come: we'll couch it the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It ha'h struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Street in Windsor.**Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.*

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter: better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and thy lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Windsor Park.**Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: he pold, I pray you; follow me in the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do a pid you; come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Another part of the Park.**Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful to that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast.—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windstag; and the fattest, I think, in the forest: Set me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my dear my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Gr Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringo; let there come a tempest of provocation, I'll shelter me here. [*Embracing.*]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with a sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haun I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid's child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise with.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away. [*They run.*]

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damn; lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; AN QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and other dressed like fairies, with waizen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality.—Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pistol. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy to Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths swept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:

I wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

Eva. Where's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

at ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, use up the organs of her fantasy, eep she as sound as careless infancy; at those as sleep, and think not on their sins, nch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about; arch Windsor castle, elves, within and out: rew good luck, oophes, on every sacred room; at it may stand till the perpetual doom, state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit; orthy the owner, and the owner it.

several chairs of order look you scour 'th juice of balm, and every precious flower: ch fair instalment, coat, and several crest, 'th loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

id nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing, ke to the Garter's compass, in a ring: re expression that it bears, green let it be, ore fertile-fresh than all the field to see; id, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write, emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white; ke sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, sckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee: } iries use flowers for their character.

ay; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock, re dance of custom, round about the oak 'Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

id twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, guide our measure round about the tree. it, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy! t he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile-worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: he be chaste, the flame will back descend, id turn him to no pain; but if he start, is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire? *[They burn him with their tapers.]*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! out him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme: d as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and quity.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, and Mrs. FORD. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;

ill none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband! do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now!—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the popery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frieze? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the tail of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. *[Aside.]*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Who, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Clo-

cestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and she cryed *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshn! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garcon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit Caius.*]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went in with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, She and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy, that she hath committed:

And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:— In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:— Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!— Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John, To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*]







T. Stothard P.A.

Act 3. Sc. 4.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Act 3. Sc. 4.

Published by W. Pickering, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1825.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ORSINO, duke of Illyria.
 SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.
 ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
 A sea captain, friend to Viola.
 VALENTINE, { gentlemen attending on the duke.
 CURIO, {
 SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
 SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
 FABIAN, { servants to Olivia.
 Clown, {
 OLIVIA, a rich countess.
 VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
 MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Musicians, and other attendants.

Scene,—A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If musick be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die—
 That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soever,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.—How now! what news
 from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:
 The element itself, till seven years heat,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else,
 That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
 (Her sweet perfections,) with one self king!—
 A way before me to sweet beds of flowers;
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with howers.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vi. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vi. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you,
 sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.

Vi. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may
 he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
 chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you, and that poor number saved with you,
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
 To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
 So long as I could see.

Vi. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
 Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vi. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
 As in name.

Vi. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vi. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
 He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,

Or was so very late: for but a month
 Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
 In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
 The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
 The love of fair Olivia.

Vi. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count,
 That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving
 her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjur'd the company
 And sight of men.

Vi. O, that I served that lady:

And might not be delivered to the world
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
 What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the duke's.

Vi. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
 And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
To. I thank thee: Lead me in. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an
enemy to-life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than
I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in,
and so be these boots too; an they be not, let
them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a
foolish knight, that you brought in one night here,
to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the
viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, be-
sides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and,
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the
gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the
prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and
substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll
drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my
throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a
coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his
brains turn o' the toe like a parish top. What,
wench? Casiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew
Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby
Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better
acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her,
board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake
her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would
thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would
I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, you
think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and
my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you
your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink!

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's
that metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not suan
ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's
your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers'
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of ca-
When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unles-
see canary put me down: Methinks, someti-
I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordi-
man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and
I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it
ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is pourquoy? do, or not d-
I would I had bestowed that time in the tor-
that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-bai-
O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent
of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended
hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will
curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does
not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a
staff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between
her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir T-
your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's sur-
to one she'll none of me: the count himself, he
hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not
above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor
I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in
man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am
low o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight
masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-sh-
knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever
be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I
not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galli-
knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-
simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wh-
fore have these gifts a curtain before them?
they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's pict-
why dost thou not go to church in a galliard,
come home in a coranto? My very walk should
a jig; I would not so much as make water, but
a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is
world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the
cellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed u-
the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indiffe-
well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set a
some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else! were we
born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let
see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*A room in the Duke's palace.**Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA, in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; I hath known you but three days, and already you no stranger.

Vi. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vi. I thank you. Here comes the count.

uke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vi. On your attendance, my lord; here.

uke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, I know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd thee the book even of my secret soul: reform, good youth, address thy gait unto her; not deny'd access, stand at her doors, I tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, thou have audience.

Vi. Sure, my noble lord, to be so abandon'd to her sorrow is spoke, she never will admit me.

uke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, rather than make unprofitable return.

Vi. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

uke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, arise her with discourse of my dear faith: shall become thee well to act my woes; I will attend it better in thy youth, in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vi. I think not so, my lord.

uke. Dear lad, believe it; they shall yet belie thy happy years,

t say, thou art a man: Diana's lip

ot more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe

s the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,

all is semblative a woman's part.

ow, thy constellation is right apt

this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;

if you will; for I myself am best,

en least in company:—Prosper well in this,

thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

all his fortunes thine.

Vi. I'll do my best,

voe your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful strife!

er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*A room in Olivia's house.**Enter MARIA, and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will; thee for thy absence.

Cl. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Cl. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Cl. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to in your foolery.

Cl. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long at: or, to be turned away; is not that as good hanging to you?

Cl. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two things.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Ay, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert 'twixt a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here

comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Cl. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Ol. Take the fool away.

Cl. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Ol. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Cl. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Cl. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Ol. Can you do it?

Cl. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Ol. Make your proof.

Cl. I must catechize you for it, madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Ol. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'hide your proof.

Cl. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Ol. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Cl. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Ol. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Cl. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Ol. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Cl. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Ol. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Ol. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempred appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Cl. Now Mercury endure thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Ol. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.

[Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oh. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oh. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,

Oh. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oh. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[Exit.

Oh. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman, one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oh. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[Exit Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oh. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oh. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mau kind.

Oh. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oh. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peacock, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oh. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oh. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Fio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oh. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Fio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptable, even to the least sinister usage.

Oh. Whence came you, sir?

Fio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oh. Are you a comedian?

Fio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the

very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I are you the lady of the house?

Oh. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Fio. Most certain, if you are she, you do yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not to reserve. But this is from my commission: on with my speech in your praise, and then you the heart of my message.

Oh. Come to what is important in't: I fear you the praise.

Fio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, 'tis poetical.

Oh. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gate, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone! you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of day with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your

Fio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a longer.—Some mollification for your giant, lady.

Oh. Tell me your mind.

Fio. I am a messenger.

Oh. Sure, you have some hideous matter to liver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Stay your office.

Fio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no nature of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the in my hand: my words are as full of peace as mine.

Oh. Yet you began rudely. What are you would you?

Fio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oh. Give us the place alone: we will hear divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir, what is text?

Fio. Most sweet lady,

Oh. A comfortable doctrine, and much made of it. Where lies your text?

Fio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oh. In his bosom? In what chapter of his book?

Fio. To answer by the method, in the first o' heart.

Oh. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have no more to say?

Fio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oh. Have you any commission from your lord negotiate with my face? you are now out of text: but we will draw the curtain, and show the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was present: Is't not well done? [Unveil]

Fio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oh. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind weather.

Fio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oh. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; it two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one nose, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hithe 'praise me?

Fio. I see you what you are: you are too proud. But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you; O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Oh. How does he love me?

Fio. With adoration, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oh. Your lord does know my mind, I can love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant; And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;

He might have took his answer long ago.

Fio. If I did love you in my master's flame,

th such a suffering, such a deadly life,
our denial I would find no sense,
ould not understand it.

H. Why, what would you?

Vi. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
call upon my soul within the house;
te loyal cantons of contemned love,
sing them loud even in the dead of night;
a your name to the reverberate hills,
make the babbling gossip of the air
out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
ween the elements of air and earth,
you should pity me.

H. You might do much: What is your pa-
rentage?

Vi. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

H. Get you to your lord;
not love him: let him send no more;
ss, perchance, you come to me again,
ell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
ank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Vi. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
master, not myself, lacks recompense.
e make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
let your fervour, like my master's, be
'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What is your parentage?

Vi. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

Vi. I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—
soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not,
I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly
me; the malignancy of my fate might, per-
distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of
your leave, that I may bear my evils alone:
ere a bad recompense for your love, to lay any
tem on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
id.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is
: extravagancy. But I perceive in you so ext-
ant a touch of modesty, that you will not extort
me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it
ges me in manners the rather to express myself.
Must know of me then, Antonio, my name is
stian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was
Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you
heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a
, both born in an hour. If the heavens had
pleas'd, 'twould we had so ended! but, you,
utered that; for, some hour before you took
from the breach of the sea, was my sister
ned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much
abled me, was yet of many accounted beauti-
ful, though I could not, with such estimable
ler, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will
y publish her, she bore a mind, that envy
I not but call fair: she is drowned already,
vith salt water, though I seem to drown her
mbrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.
Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let
e your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
is, kill him, whom you have recovered, desire
t. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of
oers; and I am yet so near the manners of my
er, that upon the least occasion more, mine
ill tell tales of me. I am bound to the
t Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
ve many enemies in Orsino's court,
would I very shortly see thee there:
come what may, I do adore thee so,
t danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess
Olivia?

Vi. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have
since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might
have saved me my pains, to have taken it away
yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put
your lord into a desperate assurance she will none
of him: And one thing more; that you be never so
hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to
report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vi. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her;
and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be
worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not,
be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vi. I left no ring with her: What means this
lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; and the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge! My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this! As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, new alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I:

It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A room in Olivia's house.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Str ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK.*

Str To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-beg'd
Q

after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clow. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogrammus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; Hadst it?

Clow. I did impute thy gratitude; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clow. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clow. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clow. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet, and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clow. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave*.

Clow. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Clow. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[They sing a catch.]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and hid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Kamsey, and *Three merry men be us*. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her

blood? Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* *[Sings]*

Clow. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable foolery.
Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be posed, and so do I too; he does it with a brace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—*[Sings]*
Alar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Did I make an alehouse of my lady's house, that squeak out your coziers' catches without any reprobation or remorse of voice? Is there no respectation, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catch. Sneep up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to you: disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clow. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clow. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Clow. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clow. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale.

Clow. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall not i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's vour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. *[Exit]*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink with a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the fire and then to break promise with him, and make fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreant, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Italian.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned squire that cons state without book, and utters it by swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, believe him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epithets of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the

asure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he will find himself most feelingly personated: I write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of hands.

Nir Tb. Excellent! I smell a device.

Nir And. I have't in my nose too.

Nir Tb. He shall think, by the letters that thou drop, that they come from my niece, and that is in love with him.

Nir And. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Nir And. And your horse now would make him ass.

Mr. Ass. I doubt not.

Nir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Nir And. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my rick will work with him. I will plant you two, I let the fool make a third, where he shall find letter; observe his construction of it. For this hat, to bed, and dream on the event. Farwell.

[*Exit.*]

Nir Tb. Good night, Penthesilea.

Nir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Nir Tb. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that res me; What o' that?

Nir And. I was adored once too.

Nir Tb. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need for more money.

Nir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a way out.

Nir Tb. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her i'th' end, call me Cut.

Nir And. If I do not, never trust me. take it how will.

Nir Tb. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, ght.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good-morrow, friends:—

W, good Cesario, but that piece of soog, at old and antique song we heard last night: thought, it did relieve my passion much; re than light airs, and recollected terms, these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—ne, but one verse.

Mr. He is not here, so please your lordship, t should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Mr. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the y Olivia's father took much delight in: he is at the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio—Musick.*]

oe hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, the sweet pangs of it remember me: ; such as I am, all true lovers are; staid and skittish in all motions else, e, in the constant image of the creature it is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

io. It gives a very echo to the seat, ere Love is thro'n'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye th stay'd upon some favour that it loves; th it not, boy?

A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

io. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

io. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take

elder than herself; so wears she to him, sways she level in her husband's heart. r, boy, however we do praise ourselves, r fancies are more giddy and unfirm, re longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, au women's are.

io. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses; whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; To die, even when they try to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—

Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain: The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*]

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty: Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune; But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems, That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; You tell her so; Must she not then be answered?

Duke. There is no woman's sides, Can bide the beating of so strong a passion As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention. Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,— No motion of the liver, but the palate,— That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much: make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me, And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter lov'd a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Tio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Olivia's garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this
spout, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the
niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought
me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting
here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again;
and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we
not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now,
my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's
coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'
the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow,
this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery;
for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative
ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The
men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*Shows a letter,*]
for here comes the trout, that must be
caught with tickling. [*Exit Maria.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once
told me, she did affect me: and I have heard her-
self come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should
be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with
a more exalted respect, than any one else, that fol-
lows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare tur-
key-cock of him! how he jests under his advanced
plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the
strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how
imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her,
sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-hew, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched
velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I
have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and
after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I
know my place, as I would they should do theirs,
—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frown the while; and, per-

chance, wind up my watch, or play with some
jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us
cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching
familiar smile with an austere regard of contem-
Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow
lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes he
cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative
speech:—*

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinew
our plot.

Mal. Beside, you waste the treasure of your
with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me!

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.
Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours
timate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: th
be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and
makes she her great P's. It is, in contemp
question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why t

Mal. [*reads*] *To the unknown beloved, this,
my good wishes: Her very phrases!—By your le
wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece,
which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To wh
should this be?*

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] *Love knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

*No man must know.—What follows? the nurl
altered!—No man must know.—If this should
tear, Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. I may command, where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay,
first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed hi

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl che
at it.

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why,
may command me; I serve her, she is my la
Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. Th
is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—W
should that alphabetical position portend? if I c
make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—
O, A, I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now a
cold scent.

Fab. Sower will cry upon't, for all this, thou
it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins
name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? t
cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in
sequel; that suffers under probation: A should f
low, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make h
cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind;—

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, y
might see more detraction at your heels, than fo
tunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as t
former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it wou
bow to me, for every one of these letters are in
name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall in*

hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but of afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some are greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and it embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and refresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with ants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus sees thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who counted thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou nade, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not hy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She, would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.

-light and champion discovers not more: this en. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, ll baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acantance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; very reason excites to this, that my lady loves. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, lid praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in she manifests herself to my love, and, with a of injunction, drives me to these habits of her 3. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be ge, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gar-, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript.

cannot choose but know who I am. If thou tainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; niles become thee well: therefore in my presence mile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.—Jove, I thank

thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at fray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow-stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exit.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

3. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost live by thy tabor?

1. No, sir, I live by the church.

3. Art thou a churchman?

1. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: do live at my house, and my house doth by the church.

1. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar; if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church is by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the h.

3. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A ice is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; quickly the wrong side may be turned out!

3. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely words, may quickly make them wanton.

1. I would therefore, my sister had had no, sir.

3. Why, man?

1. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally that word, might make my sister wanton: indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds used them.

3. Thy reason, man?

1. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without; and words are grown so false, I am loath ve reason with them.

3. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and for nothing.

1. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if e care for nothing, sir, I would it would you invisible.

3. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

1. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; sals are as like husbands, as pilchards are to egs, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, ir fool, but her corrupter of words.

3. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

1. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like

the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clw. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clw. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clw. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clw. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say element; but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:

He must observe their mood, on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time;

And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

As full of labour as a wise man's art:

For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;

But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than

I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Ol. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.]

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Ol. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Ol. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf:—

Ol. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Ol. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: What might you

think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts,

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your

receiving

Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,

Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,

That very oft we pity enemies.

Ol. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:

Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Ol. Stay:

I pry'thee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Ol. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then you think right; I am not what I am.

Ol. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Ol. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love, that would seem hid; love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, mangle all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st mend

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favo'

upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy?

me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in

toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oath

of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, si-

before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in y-

sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your d-

mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and bri-

stone in your liver: You should then have acco-

her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new fi-

the mint, you should have banged the youth i-

dumbness. This was looked for at your hand,

this was hauled: the double gilt of this opportu-

ny let time wash off, and you are now sail'd i-

the north of my lady's opinion: where you y-

hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, un-

you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, eit-

of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with

lour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brow-

as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes u-

the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's yo-

to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places;

niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, t-

is no love-broker in the world can more prevail

man's commendation with woman, than repor-

valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a chal-

le to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be co-

nd brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be

quent, and full of invention: taunt him with

licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice

shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will li-

thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were

enough for the bed of Ware in England, set

down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough

thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen,

matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[Exit Sir And.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir To-

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some

thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him:

you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all me

stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen

wainropes cannot hale them together. For And-

rew if he were opened, and you find so much blood

his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat

rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in

visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine
es.

Or. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh
selves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull
volio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for
e is no Christian, that means to be saved by
ving rightly, can ever believe such impossible
ages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

To. And cross-gartered?

Or. Most villainously; like a pedant, that keeps
hood i' the church.—I have dogged him, like
murderer: He does obey every point of the
r, that I dropped to betray him. He does smile
face into more lines, than are in the new map,
the augmentation of the Indies: you have not
such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear
ing things at him. I know, my lady will strike
; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great
ur.

To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Or. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
since you make your pleasure of your pains,
ill no further chide you.

nt. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
e sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
not all love to see you, (though so much,
might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
jealousy what might befall your travel,
ig skillness in these parts; which to a stranger,
uited, and unfriended, often prove
gh and inhospitable: My willing love,
rather by these arguments of fear,
forth in your pursuit.

Or. My kind Antonio,
n no other answer make, but, thanks,
, thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
I should find better dealing. What's to do?
ll we go see the reliques of this town?

nt. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Or. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
ay you, let us satisfy our eyes
h the memorials, and the things of fame,
t do renown this city.

nt. Would, you'd pardon me;
not without danger walk these streets:
e, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys,
d some service; of such note, indeed,
t, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.
Or. Believe, you slew great number of his people.
nt. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
sit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
ht well have given us bloody argument.
ight have since been answer'd in repaying
at we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
t of our city did: only myself stood out:
which, if I be laps'd in this place,
all pay dear.

Or. Do not then walk too open.
nt. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
he south suburbs, at the Elephant,
est to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
fles you beguile the time, and feed your know-
ledge,

h viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Or. Why I your purse?

nt. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy,
have desire to purchase; and your store,
ink, is not for idle markets, sir.

Or. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
hour.

nt. To the Elephant.—

Or. I do remember. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Olivia's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Or. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.
Oh. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oh. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [Smiles fantastically.]

Oh. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering;
But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is
with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one,
and please all.

Oh. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in
my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands
shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet
Roman wilt.

Oh. Will thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oh. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so,
and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer
daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous bold-
ness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness.—'Twas well writ.

Oh. What meant thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oh. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oh. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oh. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stock-
ings;—

Oh. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-gartered.

Oh. Cross-gartered?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—

Oh. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oh. Why this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count
Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him
back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oh. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good
Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my
cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a spe-
cial care of him; I would not have him miscarry
for the half of my dowry. [Exit Olivia and Maria.]

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no
worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This
concurr directly with the letter: she sends him on
purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for
she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble
slough*, says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly
with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments
of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*
—and, consequently, sets down the manner how;
as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue,
in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I
have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove
make me thankful! And, when she went away
now, *let this fellow be looked to*: Follow: not
Malvolio, nor after my degree, but follow. Why,
every thing adheres together; that no dram of a
scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no in-

credulous or unsafe circumstance.—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil! consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief, that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. *[reads.]* Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. *Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy us, one of our souls! He may have mercy upon me but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.

friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn ene

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs c not: I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; h now in some commerce with my lady, and will and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as th drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass that a terrible oath, with a swaggering acc sharply tverged off, gives manhood more appo tion than ever proof itself would have earned h Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. *[E*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him to be of good capacity and breeding; his empl ment between his lord and my niece confirms less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ig rant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will f it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deli his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ag cheek a notable report of valour; and drive gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will apply ree it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, sk fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright th both, that they will kill one another by the lo like cockatries.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give th way, till he take leave, and presently after h

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some h rid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Mar

Ol. I have said too much unto a heart of sto And laid mine honour too unchary out:

There's something in me, that reproves my fault But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

To. With the same 'haviour that your pass bears,

Go on my master's griefs.

Ol. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my pictu Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;

That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

To. Nothing but this, your true love for my mast

Ol. How with mine honour may I give him th Which I have given to you?

To. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee w A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. *[E*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

To. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done hi I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despig bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orch end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparati for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

To. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man he any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very f and clear from any image of offence done to any m

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure yo therefore, if you hold your life at any price, beta you to your guard; for your opposite hath in hi what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furni man withal.

To. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unback rapiet, and on carpet consideration; but he is devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath divorced three; and his incensement at this mome

so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but hangings of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

To. I will return again into the house, and squire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: believe, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself of a very competent injury; therefore, get you, and give him his desire. Back you shall not the house, unless you undertake that with me, rich with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for saddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to bear iron about you.

To. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*]

To. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?
Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

To. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?
Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read a by his form, as you are like to find him in the roof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most cruel, bloody, and fatal opposite, that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will he walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

To. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am glad, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my title. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter *Sir TOBY*, with *Sir ANDREW*.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have seen such a rrago. I had a pass with him, fier, scabboard, and all, and he gives me the kick-in with such a mortal motion, that it is insupportable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: man can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been ant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him need ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey or white.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make good show on't; this shall end without the person of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I can. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter *FABIAN* and *VIOLA*.

To. Give his horse [*to Fab.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and thus, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better sought him of his quarrel, and he finds that scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, the supportance of his vow; he protests he will hurt you.

To. Pray God defend me! A little thing would come tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one t with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and older, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*]

Enter *ANTONIO*.

To. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*]

Ant. Pat up your sword;—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*]

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To Antonio.*]

To. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. [*To Sir Andrew.*]

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse; It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

To. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion! Do not tempt my misery, Least that it make me so unsound a man, As to upbraid you with those kindnesses, That I have done for you.

To. I know of none; Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man, Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death; Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—

And to his image, which, methought, did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!— Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind; None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

Virtue is beauty; but the bounteous-evil Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with Antonio.*]

To. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I. Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

To. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove, Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a

coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be not yet,

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The street before Olivia's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pry'thee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pry'thee now, un-gird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pry'thee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding Sebastian.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[Draws.]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[Draws.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oh. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold. *Sir To.* Madam?

Oh. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby, be gone!—I pry'thee, gentle friend, [Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this unceiv and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house; And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oh. Nay, come, I pry'thee: 'Would thou'd'st rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oh. O, say so, and so be! [Exit]

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pry'thee, put on this gown, this beard; make him believe, thou art sir Toby the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby whilst.

[Exit Maria.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will disser myself in't; and I would I were the first, ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not enough to become the function well; nor enough to be thought a good student: but I said, an honest man, and a good house-keeper goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old he of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is so I, being master parson, am master parson: what is that, but that? and is, but is?*

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this pri

Sir To. The kvave counterfeits well; a good kn

Mal. [In an inner chamber.] Who calls ther

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperholical fiend! how vexest this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong; good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan? I call thee the most modest terms; for I am one of those gones, that will use the devil himself with court

Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainst thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I there was never man thus abused: I am no madman than you are; make the trial of it in any

stant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think noly of the soul, and no way prove his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well; Remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagore I will allow of thy wits; and fear to ki

cock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy
adam. Fare thee well.

fat. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

sr Tb. My most exquisite sir Topas!

fo. Nay, I am for all waters.

lar. Thou might'st have done this without thy
rd, and gown; he sees thee not.

sr Tb. To him in thine own voice, and bring me
d how thou findest him: I would we were well
of this knavery. If he may be conveniently
vered, I would he were; for I am now so far
offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue
h any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by
y to my chamber. *[Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.]*

fo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*

[Singing.]

fat. Fool,—

fo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

fat. Fool,—

fo. Alas, why is she so?

fat. Fool, I say:—

fo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

fat. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at
hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and
r; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be
skful to thee for't.

fo. Master Malvolio!

fat. Ay, good fool.

fo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
fat. Fool, there was never man so notoriously
sed: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
o. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if
be no better in your wits than a fool.

fat. They have here propertied me; keep me in
ness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all
can to face me out of my wits.

fo. Advise you what you say; the minister is
.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens
re! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy
bible babble.

fat. Sir Topas,—

fo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—
o, I, sir! not I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir
as.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

fat. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

fo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir?
a shent for speaking to you.

fat. Good fool, help me to some light, and some
r; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as
man in Illyria.

fo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

fat. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink,
r, and light, and convey what I will set down
y lady; it shall advantage thee more than
the bearing of letter did.

fo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are
not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

fat. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

fo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see
rains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:
I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, Goodman Drivel.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder, that entwines me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her fol-
lowers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean
well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
In the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Ol. Then lead the way, good father;—And
heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The street before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

b. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

o. Good master Fabian, grant me another re-
t.

b. Any thing.

o. Do not desire to see this letter.

b. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense,
e my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

uke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

o. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

uke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my
fellow?

o. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the
e for my friends,

uke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an
ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an
ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the know-
ledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused:
so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four
negatives make you two affirmatives, why, then the
worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you
to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me;
there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I
would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this
once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a
double dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown*].

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vto. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawling vessel was he captain of; For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable; With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix and her freight, from Candy; And this is he, that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vto. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side; But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me; Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was; His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication: for his sake Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him, when he was beset: Where being apprehended, his false cunning, (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Vto. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before, (No interim, not a minute's vacancy,) Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Off. What would my lord, but that he may not have, Wherein Olivia may seem servicable?— Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vto. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Off. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vto. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Off. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear, As hawling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Off. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and unauuspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd, That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Off. Even what it please my lord, that shall come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death, Kill what I love; and a savage jealousy, That sometimes savours nobly?—But hear me: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument, That screws me from my true place in your favour, Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still; But this your minion, whom, I know, you love, And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dear, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief: I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Exit Cesario*].

Vto. And I, most jocund, apt, and willing To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Off. Where goes Cesario?

Vto. After him I love More than I love these eyes, more than my More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love you. If I do feign, you witness above, Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Off. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vto. Who does beguile you? who does wrong?

Off. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant*].

Duke. Come away. [*To*]

Off. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband?

Duke. Husband?

Off. Ay, husband; Can he that

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vto. No, my lord,

Off. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou

As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, to

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, Here to unfold (though lately we intended To keep in darkness, what occasion now Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love, Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lips, Strengthen'd by interchange of your rings, And all the ceremony of this compact Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cni! what wilt thou do? When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case, Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vto. My lord, I do protest,—

Off. O, do not so Hold little faith, though thou hast too much.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon one presently to Sir Toby.

Off. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, a given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty I were at home.

Off. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario, took him for a coward, but he's the very incarnation.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's life! he is:—You my head for nothing; and that, that I did, set on to do't by sir Toby.

Viola. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: you drew your sword upon me, without cause; and I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you've hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.
Clown. Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: if he had not been in drink, he would have led you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?
Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me, and he's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon,?

Clown. O, he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Clown. Away with him: Who hath made this rock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Clown. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exit Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; but had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety. I do not throw a strange regard upon me, and that I do perceive it hath offended you; pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows I made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

in natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! I have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ant. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother: I can there be that deity in my nature, here and every where. I had a sister, whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—a charity, what kin are you to me? [To *Viola*.] What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Viola. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; and he a Sebastian was my brother too;

and he suited to his watery tomb: spirits can assume both form and suit, and I come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;

and I am in that dimension grossly clad, from the womb I did participate.

And were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I could my tears let fall upon your cheek, and I say—Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola*!

Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Viola. And died that day, when *Viola* from her birth I number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!

And finished, indeed, his mortal act

that day, that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola. If nothing lets to make us happy both, let this my masculine usurp'd attire, not embrace me, till each circumstance of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump, and I am *Viola*: which to confirm, bring you to a captain in this town, whose lie my maiden weeds: by whose gentle help I am preserv'd to serve this noble count: the occurrence of my fortune since I have been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To *Olivia*.]

And I have nature to her bias drew in that.

And I would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd, You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wreck: Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To *Viola*.] Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear; And all those swearings keep as true in soul, As doth that orb'd continent the fire, That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand; And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain, that did bring me first on shore, Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action, Is now in durance; at *Malvolio's* suit, A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Olivia. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch *Malvolio* hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me, They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.

Olivia. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—By the Lord, madam,—

Olivia. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *ra*.

Olivia. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Olivia. Read it you, sirrah. [To *Fabian*.]

Fabian. [reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-used *Malvolio*.

Olivia. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Olivia. See him delivered, *Fabian*; bring him hither. [Exit *Fabian*.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on, To think me as well a sister as a wife, One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you, Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Your master quits you; [To *Viola*.] and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex, So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, And since you call'd me master for so long, Here is my hand; you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

Olivia. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Olivia. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, *Malvolio*?

Malvolio. Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

Olivia. Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

Malvolio. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter: You must not now deny it is your hand.

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase; Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention: You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,

And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!
Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir
Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool,*
*I am not mad;—*But do you remember? *Madam,*

*why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you sm
not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of tin
brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of yo
[*Exe*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—*Cesario, come;*
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeun*]

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their ga
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every da
[*Exe*]







W. Peters del.

J. Fox sc.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act 3. Sc 1.

Published by W. Bokering, Lincoln Inn Fields, 1823.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Don PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
 Don JOHN, his bastard brother.
 CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.
 BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.
 LEONATO, governor of Messina.
 ANTONIO, his brother.
 BALTHAZAR, servant to Don Pedro.
 BORACHIO, { followers of Don John.
 CONRADE, {

DOGBERRY, { two foolish officers.
 VERGES, {
 A Sexton.
 A Friar.
 A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
 BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
 MARGARET, { gentlewomen attending on Hero.
 URSULA, {

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

Scene,—Messina.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off, when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those, that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he, that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp

to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth, that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound, ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone,

comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?
Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart, that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays for his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together [Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.]

Clau. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Clau. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Clau. No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Clau. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Clau. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Clau. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of cember. But I hope, you have no intent to marry a husband; have you?

Clau. I would scarce trust myself, though I were sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i' faith? Hath no world one man, but he will wear his cap with a pickin? Shall I never see a bachelor of three score again? Go to i' faith; an thou wilt needs t' thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, as you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be sworn as a dumb man, I would have you think so on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Clau. If it were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is no more 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, I forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady very well worthy.

Clau. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Clau. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel, how she should be loved, nor know, how she should be worthy, is in my opinion, that fire cannot melt out of me; I will be it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Clau. And never could maintain his party in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her thanks; and yet still she is my enemy, because I will not do them the wrong to mistake any, I will do myself the right to trust none: the fine is, (for the which I may go the fine) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look on with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hurt, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I more blood with love, than I will get again drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try: In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's head, and set them in my forehead: and let me be painted; and in such great letters as they write, Here is good horse to hire, let them signify under sign,—Here you may see Benedick the married man.

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this short

me. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the gods. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, I'll go to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he made great preparation.

me. I have almost matter enough in me for an embassy; and so I commit you—
laud. To the tuition of God: From my house, had it,—

Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, adieu.
me. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, the guards are but slightly basted on neither: you flout old ends any further, examine your science; and so I leave you. [*Exit Benedick.*]
laud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, thou shalt see how apt it is to learn hard lesson, that may do thee good.

laud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir: thou affect her, Claudio?

laud. O my lord, when you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, like'd, but had a rougher task in hand to drive liking to the name of love: now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts have left their places vacant, in their rooms thronging soft and delicate desires, prompting me how fair young Hero is, as, I lik'd her, ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, tire the hearer with a book of words: you do not love fair Hero, cherish it;

I will break with her, and with her father, thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end, that thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

laud. How sweetly do you minister to love, a know love's grief by his complexion! lest my liking might too sudden seem, could have said't with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

fastest grant is the necessity:

what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st;

I will fit thee with the remedy.

now, we shall have revelling to-night;

I'll assume thy part in some disguise;

tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

take her hearing prisoner with the force

strong encounter of my amorous tale:

after, to her father will I break;

the conclusion is, she shall be thine:

practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, my son? Hath he provided this music?
Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I tell you strange news that you yet dreamed of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have good cover, they show well outward. The prince count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached grove in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a maid: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he should be accordant, he meant to take the present by the top, and instantly break with you of it.
Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?
Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an

answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*]
Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the goujere, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And, when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad, when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat, when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep, when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied, that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzel, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my month, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to quietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I, whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him on my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He, that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he, that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he, that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sirpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids*: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To Hero.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*;—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For bear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a

measure full of state and ancientry; and then a repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, a good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDIK, BALTHAZAR; *Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so? *Hero.* When I like your favour; for God del the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; w the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be that

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her a*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight w the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answer

Urs. I know you well enough; you are sign Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your he

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, u you were the very man: Here's his dry hand and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not k you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide its Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tale*. Well, this was signior Benedick, that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enoug

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very fool; only his gift is in devising impossible s ders: none but libertines delight in him; and commendation is not in his wit, but in his vill for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am s he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparis two on me; which, peradventure, not marked not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the will eat no supper that night. [*Music will* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

lead. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave
m at the next turning.

[Dance. Then exeunt all but Don John,
Borachio, and Claudio.]

Don John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero,
hath withdrawn her father to break with him
at it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor
sains.

Hero. And that is Claudio; I know him by his
ring.

Don John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claudio. You know me well: I am he.

Don John. Signior, you are very near my brother
his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you,
suade him from her, she is no equal for his
th: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

Don John. I heard him swear his affection.

Hero. So did I too; and he swore he would
ry her to-night.

Don John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.]

Claudio. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
certain so;—The prince woos for himself.

ndship is constant in all other things,
e in the office and affairs of love:

efore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
every eye negotiate for itself,

trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
inst whose charms faith melteth into blood.

s is an accident of hourly proof,
ich I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Hero. Count Claudio?

Claudio. Yea, the same.

Hero. Come, will you go with me?

Claudio. Whither?

Hero. Even to the next willow, about your own
sedge, count. What fashion will you wear the
and of? About your neck, like an usurer's
n? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf?
I must wear it one way, for the prince hath got
r Hero.

Claudio. I wish him joy of her.

Hero. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover;
sey sell bullocks. But did you think the prince
ld have served you thus?

Claudio. I pray you, leave me.

Hero. Ho! now you strike like the blind man;
s the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat
post.

Claudio. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Hero. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep
sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should
v me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—

it may be, I go under that title, because I
merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself
ig: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the
r disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world
her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll
venged as I may.

Enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did
see him?

Hero. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of
Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a
e in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I
him true, that your grace had got the good
of this young lady; and I offered him my
pany to a willow tree, either to make him a
and, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a
as being worthy to be whipped.

Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Hero. The flat transgression of a school-boy;
s, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest,
s it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression?
transgression is in the stealer.

Hero. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had
made, and the garland too; for the garland
night have worn himself; and the rod he might
bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen
bird's nest.

Don Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and re-
store them to the owner.

Benedick. If their singing answer your saying, by my
faith, you say honestly.

Don Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to
you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her,
she is much wronged by you.

Benedick. O, she misused me past the endurance of
a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it,
would have answered her; my very visor began to
assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not
thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's
jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; hud-
dling jest upon jest, with such impossible convey-
ance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark,
with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks
poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were
as terrible as her terminations, there were no living
near her, she would infect to the north star. I
would not marry her, though she were endowed
with all that Adam had, left him before he trans-
gressed: she would have made Hercules have
turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make
the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find
her the infernal Atë in good apparel. I would to
God, some scholar would conjure her; for, cer-
tainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet
in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon
purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed,
all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

Don Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Benedick. Will your grace command me any service
to the world's end? I will go on the slightest
errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise
to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now
from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length
of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the
great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the
Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference
with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Don Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Benedick. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I
cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.]

Don Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the
heart of signior Benedick.

Beatrice. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while;
and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his
single one: marry, once before, he won it of me
with false dice, therefore your grace may well say,
I have lost it.

Don Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you
have put him down.

Beatrice. So I would not he should do me, my lord,
lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have
brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Don Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are
you sad?

Claudio. Not sad, my lord.

Don Pedro. How then? Siek?

Claudio. Neither, my lord.

Beatrice. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor
merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an
orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Don Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be
true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit
is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name,
and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father,
and his good will obtained; name the day of mar-
riage, and God give thee joy!

Leonato. Count, take of me my daughter, and with
her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match,
and all grace say Amen to it!

Beatrice. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claudio. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I
were but little happy, if I could say how much.—
Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away
myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beatrice. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his
mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

Don Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry
heart.

Beatrice. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it
keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells
him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, hie ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit Beatrice.*]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring sigior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband, that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so cover that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told you lordship, a year since how much I am in the favour of Margaret, waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to tempt Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to him, that he hath wronged his honour in marry the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: I you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Claudio and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; will shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, He hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring tell to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the party paration overthrow.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it will put it in practice: Be cunning in the world this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day marriage. [*Exit Bora.*]

SCENE III.

Leonato's garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee here and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, and after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good arm and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man; a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: will not be sworn, but love may transform me an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he has made an oyster of me, he shall never make such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never love

her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not an angel; of good discourse, an excellent man, and her hair shall be of what colour it please d. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will e me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*]

ter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Clau. Yes, my good lord:—How still the evening is, hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Clau. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, e'll fit the kid fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice slander music any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, put a strange face on his own perfection:— say thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: se many a wooer doth commence his suit her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; will he swear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come: if thou wilt hold longer argument, it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, he's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crotchets, that he speaks;

notes, forsooth, and noting! [*Music.*]

Clau. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravished! it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale s out of men's bodies!—Well, a horn for my ay, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

Oh, sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore;

To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny;

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Clau. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha! no; no, faith; thou singest well

gh for a shift.

Clau. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that ld have howled thus, they would have hanged and, I pray God, his had voice bode no mis-!

I had as lief have heard the night-raven,

what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yes, marry; [*To Claudio.*]—Dost thou

Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent

ck: for to-morrow night we would have it at

ady Hero's chamber-window.

Clau. The best I can, my lord.

Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar*

music.] Come hither, Leonato: What was

a told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice

in love with signior Benedick?

Clau. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits

de to *Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would

loved any man.

Pedro. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful,

she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom

hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to

r.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May he, she doth but counterfeit.

Clau. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Clau. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*]

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,— You heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-headed fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Clau. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

[*Aside.*]

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Clau. 'Tis true, indeed: so your daughter says: Shall , says she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him, that I love him?

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Clau. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet!—

Clau. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Clau. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Clau. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Clau. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Clau. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will 'hate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks, that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready. *Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exit Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured:

they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too; that shall rather die than give any sign of affection.—I never think to marry:—I must not seem proud. Happy are they, that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can hear them witness and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and one, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her worth, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long at marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and jests be paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's our lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your message.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been pain, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message? *Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take at a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You've no stomach, signior; fare you well.

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid me come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in't. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks that I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Leonato's garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the Prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our propose: This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

Is couched in the woodbine coverture: Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose not Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know, her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trother.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her.

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick

To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth desire

As much as may be yielded to a man:

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising what they look on; and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;

And therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely free

But she would spelt him backward: if fair-fair

She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister

If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,

Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed

low, an agate very wily cut:

speaking, why a vane, blown with all winds;
silent, why a block moved with none.
turns she every man the wrong side out;
d never gives to truth and virtue that
high simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Pedro. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:

t who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
I'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
t of myself, press me to death with wit.
erefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
assume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
were a better death than die with mocks;
high is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Pedro. No: rather I will go to Benedick,
I counsel him to fight against his passion:
I, truly I'll devise some honest slanders
stain my cousin with: One doth not know,
w much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
cannot be so much without true judgment,
ving so swift and excellent a wit
she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
are a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Pedro. He is the only man of Italy,
ays excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
aking my fancy; signior Benedick,
shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
s foremost in report through Italy.

Pedro. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
en are you married, madam?

Pedro. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come,
go in;

show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
ich is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught
her, madam.

Pedro. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
e Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

empt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

ou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:

Others say, thou dost deserve; and I
ive it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Leonato's house.

*Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK,
and LEONATO.*

Pedro. I do but stay, till your marriage be
ummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Urs. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll
use me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in
ew gloss of your marriage, as to show a child
ew coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will
be bold with Benedick for his company; for,
the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,
all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's
string, and the little hangman dare not shoot
me: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and
tongue is the clapper; for what his heart
s, his tongue speaks.

Urs. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Urs. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Urs. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, traitor; there's no true
of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with
if he be sad, he wants money.

Urs. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Urs. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it after-
wards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, Every one can master a grief, but
he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in
him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange
disguises; as, to be a Dutch-man to day; a French-
man to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries
at once, as, a German from the waist downward,
all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward,
no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery,
as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as
you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,
there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat
o'mornings; What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen
with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath
already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by
the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can
you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet
youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melan-
choly.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which,
I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now
crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him:
Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant,
one, that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in de-
spite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face up-
wards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—
Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied
eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which
these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about
Beatrice.

Beatrice. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have
by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then
the two bears will not bite one another, when they
meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak
with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio
may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-
morrow? [*To Claudio.*]

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what
I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you,
discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let
that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that
I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he
holds you well; and in dearthness of heart hath
help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit
ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, cir-
cumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long
a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero,
every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not, till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and, when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name; to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear, when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend:—Only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: most peaceable way for you, if you do take a care, is, to let him show himself what he is, and out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a man of man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog I say will; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and we hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe, that do not bear her lamb when it baas, will never bear a calf, when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You stable, are to present the prince's own person, if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any that knows the statutes, he may stay him: if he watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good an there be any matter of weight chances, me; keep your fellows' counsels and your own good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge, let us go sit here upon the church-bench till we are called to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbour pray you, watch about signior Leonato's do the wedding being there to-morrow, when the coil to-night: Adieu, he vigilant, I beseech

[*Exeunt Dogberry and*

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drummer, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, master stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of De la thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible, that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were sible any villany should be so rich; for wh villains have need of poor ones, poor ones make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirmed knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool. But see't thou not what a deform the fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has vile thief this seven year; he goes up and like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the rane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a de thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns all the hot bloods, between fourteen and fifty? sometime, fashioning them like Ph soldiers in the reeby painting; sometime, I

5. priests in the old church window; sometime, the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-on tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Urs. All this I see; and see, that the fashion is out more apparel than the man: But art thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that I hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of fashion?

Urs. Not so neither: but know, that I have sight wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentleman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I had first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and master, planted, and placed, and possessed by master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard amiable encounter.

Urs. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Urs. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; the devil my master knew she was Margaret; partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, by the dark night, which did deceive them, chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any der that Don John had made, away went my idio enraged; swore he would meet her as he appointed, next morning at the temple, and e, before the whole congregation, shame her what he saw over-night, and send her home without a husband.

Watch. We charge you in the prince's name,

Watch. Call up the right master constable: have here recover'd the most dangerous piece schery that ever was known in the common-
th.

Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I v him, he wears a lock.

Urs. Masters, masters.

Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, arrant you.

Urs. Masters,—

Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us you to go with us.

Urs. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, g taken up of these men's bills.

Urs. A commodity in question, I warrant you. se, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Urs. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Urs. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

Urs. Troth, I think, your other rabato were r.

Urs. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Urs. By my troth, it's not so good; and I ant, your cousin will say so.

Urs. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; wear none but this.

Urs. I like the new tire within excellently, if hair were a thought browner: and your gown's st rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of a's gown, that they praise so.

Urs. O, that exceeds, they say.

Urs. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in set of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and l with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, -sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a ish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and l lent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Urs. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart ceeding heavy!

Urs. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of an.

Urs. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Urs. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? of marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not lord honourable without marriage? I think, would have me say, saving your reverence,— isand: an bad thinking do not wrest true

speaking, I'll offend no body: is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—Light o' love; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, Light o' love, with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What paoe is this, that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour? Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that concerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous : *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers ; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me ! ha !

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis : for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city ; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir ; he will be talking ; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out ; God help us ! it is a world to see !—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges :—well, God's a good man ; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind :—An honest soul, i'faith, sir ; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread : but, God is to be worshipp'd : All men are not alike ; alas good neighbour !

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too sharp you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir : our watch, sir, have, deed, comprehended two aspiring persons, and would have them this morning examined by your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bid me ; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them ; I am ready.

[*Exit Leonato and Messenger.*]
Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Friar Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to gaol ; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant ; here's that [*Touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com* : only get the learned wit to set down our excommunication, and meet 'er the gaol. [*Exit*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The inside of a church.

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief ; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady ?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar ; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count ?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero ?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count ?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do ! not knowing what they do !

Bene. How now ! Interjections ? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha ! ha ! he !

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave ; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter ?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again ;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend ;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour :—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here :

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal !

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue ? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows ? But she is none :

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed :

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord ?

Claud. Not to be married,

Nor knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own part, have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say ; if I known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband And so extenuate the 'forehand sin :

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large ;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on thy seeming ! I will write again

You seem to me as Dian in her orb ;

As chaste as is the bud, ere it be blown ;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamp'ring animals,

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well that he doth speak so well

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak you not ?

D. Pedro. What should I say ?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken ? or do I but dream

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God

Claud. Leonato, stand I here ?

Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother

Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

Leon. All this is so ; But what of this, my lord

Claud. Let me but move one question to

daughter ;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child

Hero. O God defend me ! how am I beset !—

What kind of catechizing call you this ?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name

Hero. Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach ?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear ; Upon mine honour

If, my brother, and this griev'd count,
see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
us'd the vile encounters they have had
unsand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are
to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
is not chastity enough in language,
out offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Hero. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
if thy outward graces had been placed
t' thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
pure impiety, and impious purity!
hee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
in my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
in all beauty into thoughts of harm,
never shall it more be gracious.

n. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[Hero swoons.]

f. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink
you down?
John. Come, let us go: these things, come
thus to light,
per her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.]
e. How doth the lady?

f. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
! why, Hero!—Uncle!—signior Benedick!—
friar!

n. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
is the fairest cover for her shame,
may be wish'd for.

f. How now, cousin Hero?
er. Have comfort, lady.

n. Dost thou look up?
er. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

n. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly
thing
hame upon her? Could she here deny
story that is printed in her blood!—
st live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

sd I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
ght I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
if would, on the rearward of reproaches,
at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one?

I for that at frugal nature's frame?
e too much by thee! Why had I one?
ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

had I not, with charitable hand,
up a beggar's issue at my gates;
smirched thus, and mired with infamy,

ht have said, *No part of it is mine,
thame derives itself from unknown toins?*

sine, and mine, I lov'd; and mine, I prais'd;
nine, that I was proud on; mine so much,
I myself was to myself not mine,

ag of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
pit of ink! that the wide sea
drops too few to wash her clean again;

alt too little, which may season give
r foul tainted flesh!

e. Sir, sir, be patient:
y part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
w not what to say.

f. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
e. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

f. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
e this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

n. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger
made,
h was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
ld the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?

lar'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.
e. Hear me a little;

have only been silent so long,
given way unto this course of fortune,
oting of the lady: I have mark'd
usand blushing apparitions start
her face; a thousand innocent shames

gel whiteness bear away those blushes;
in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
arn the errors, that these princes hold

Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace, that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That, which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none!

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you, that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very best of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,

Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,

To quit me of them thoroughly.
Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:

Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites,
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will
this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.
She, dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd

Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being leek'd and lost,

Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;

And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,

Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)

And wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success

Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this he levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death

Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)

In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should wish with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and
endure. [*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*]
Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.
Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wroug'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you; Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It
were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so
well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not;
I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry
for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and
I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it:
I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I
was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that
none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There is
no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,
that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kins-
woman!—O, that I were a man!—What! hear her
in hand until they come to take hauds; and then
with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmiti-
gated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I
would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a
proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slan-
dered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely
testimony, a goodly-count-confect; a sweet gallant,
surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that
I had any friend would be a man for my sake!
But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into
compliment, and men are only turned into tongue,
and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Her-
cules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I can-
not be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a
woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love
thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than
swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Cla-
udio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a
Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challe-
him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you:
this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear accou-
As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, com-
your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and
farewell. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

A prison.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton
gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE
BORACHIO.*

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton
Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibit
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are
examined? let them come before master constable

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me
What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—You
sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name
Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Con-
—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they:
God:—and write God first; for God defend
God should go before such villains!—Masters,
proved already, that you are little better than
knaves; and it will go near to be thought so
How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure
but I will go about with him.—Come you hi
sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you,
thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, the
both in a tale: Have you writ down—that
are none.

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way
examine; you must call forth the watch that
their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efiest way:—
the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you
the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John
prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villai
Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's br-
—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not
thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thou-
ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady
wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed
Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did
upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the
assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned
everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you
deny. Prince John is this morning secretly s-
away; Hero was in this manner accused, in
very manner refused, and upon the grief of
suddenly died.—Master constable, let these
be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go
fore, and show him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band.

bn. Off, coxcomb!
ogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let
 write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—
 e, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!
on. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.
ogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost
 I not suspect my years?—O that he were here
 write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remem-
 ber that I am an ass; though it be not written
 n, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou

villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved
 upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow;
 and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more,
 a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece
 of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows
 the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to;
 and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that
 hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about
 him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ
 down—an ass! [Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

nt. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
 inst yourself.
an. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
 ich falls into mine ears as profitless
 water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
 let no comforter delight mine ear,
 such a one, whose wrongs do suit with mine.
 g me a father, that so lov'd his child,
 see joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 bid him speak of patience;
 sure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
 let it answer every strain for strain;
 us for thus, and such a grief for such,
 very lineament, branch, shape, and form:
 ch a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
 —sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;
 h grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
 a candle-wasters; bring him, yet to me,
 I of him will gather patience.
 there is no such man: For, brother, men
 counsel, and speak comfort to that grief,
 ch they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 r counsel turns to passion, which before
 ld give preceptual medicine to rage,
 r strong madness in a silken thread,
 m ach with air, and agony with words:
 no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 ose that wring under the load of sorrow;
 o man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 e so moral, when he shall endure
 like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
 riefs cry louder than advertisement.
t. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
n. I pray thee, peace: I will be flesh and blood;
 there was never yet philosopher,
 could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
 ever they have writ the style of gods,
 made a pish at chance and sufferance.
t. Yet heed not all the harm upon yourself:
 those, that do offend you, suffer too.
n. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
 uld doth tell me, Hero is belied;
 that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
 all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

t. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.
Pedro. Good den, good den.
aud. Good day to both of you.
m. Hear you, my lords,—
Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
n. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you
 well, my lord:—
 ou so hasty now?—well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
 old man.
t. If he could right himself with quarreling,
 e of us would lie low.
nd. Who wrongs him?
arry,
 , thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
 , never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
 r thee not.
nd. Marry, beshrew my hand,
 should give your age such cause of fear:—

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flier and jest at me:
 I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
 As, under privilege of age, to brag
 What I have done being young, or what would do,
 Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
 Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
 That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
 And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
 Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
 And she lies buried with her ancestors:
 O! in a tomb, where never scandal slept,
 Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say,
D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
 I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
 Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
 His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd
 my child;
 If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Claud. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
 But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—
 Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
 Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:
 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother,—
Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece,
 And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
 That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
 Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—
Leon. Brother Antony,—
Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know
 them, yea,
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
 That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
 Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
 And this is all.
Leon. But, brother Antony,—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
 Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
 your patience.
 My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
 But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing—
 But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord,—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No?
 Brother, away:—I will be heard;—
Ant. And shall,
 Or some of us will smart for it.
 [Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.]
 Enter BENEDECK.
D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went
 to seek.
Claud. Now, signior! what news?
Bens. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost
 come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you:—Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which, if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, says she, a *fine little one*: *No*, said I, a *great wit*; *Right*, says she, a *great gross one*: *Nay*, said I, a *good wit*; *Just*, said she, it *hurts nobody*: *Nay*, said I, the *gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, a *wise gentleman*: *Nay*, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden*.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man*.

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [Exit Benedick.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he

goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off wit!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but the an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my bro was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot t you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite o you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's: bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false port; moreover, they have spoken untruths; conardly, they are slanders: sixth and lastly, I have belied a lady; thirdly, they have ver unjust things: and, to conclude, they are knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own divi and, by my troth, there's one meaning well su

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, meas that you are thus bound to your answer? learned constable is too cunning to be underst What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to answer; do you hear me, and let this count me. I have deceived even your very eyes: your wisdoms could not discover, these shafts fools have brought to light; who, in the overheard me confessing to this man, how John your brother incensed me to slander the Hero; how you were brought into the orchard saw me court Margarett in Hero's garments; you disgraced her, when you should marry my villany they have upon record; which I rather seal with my death, than repeat over to shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my ter's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire not but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron thro your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth ap In the rare semblance, that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by time our Sexton hath reformed signior Leonas the matter: And masters, do not forget to spe when time and place shall serve, that I am an

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leo and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his That, when I note another man like him,

I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy br

hast kill'd Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thy Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled, that had a hand in it:— I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death

Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yours Impose me to what penance your invention.

lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not,
in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I.
yet, to satisfy this good old man,
uld bend under any heavy weight,
he'll enjoin me to.
an. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
were impossible ; but I pray you both,
ess the people in Messina here
innocent she died : and, if your love
labour aught in sad invention,
her an epitaph upon her tomb,
sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night :—
orrow morning come you to my house ;
since you could not be my son-in-law,
et my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
et the copy of my child that's dead,
she alone is heir to both of us ;
her the right, you should have given her cousin,
so dies my revenge.

ud. O, noble sir,
over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
embrace your offer ; and dispose
henceforth of poor Claudio.

an. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
ight I take my leave.—This naughty man
face to face be brought to Margaret,
I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
t to it by your brother.

ra. No, by my soul, she was not ;
knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;
always hath been just and virtuous
y thing, that I do know by her.

rb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under
and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender,
all me ass : I beseech you, let it be remem-
in his punishment : And also, the watch
d them talk of one Deformed : they say, he s
a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it ;
orrows money in God's name ; the which he
used so long, and never paid, that now men
hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's
: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

an. I thank thee for thy care and honest
y.

rb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful
reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

an. There's for thy pains.
rb. God save the foundation !
an. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and
ak thee.

rb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ;
b, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself,
e example of others. God keep your worship ;
h your worship well ; God restore you to
h : I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if
rry meeting may be wished, God prohibit
Come, neighbour !

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*
an. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.
rb. Farewell, my lords ; we look for you to-
morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.
ud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*
an. Bring you these fellows on ; we'll talk
with Margaret,
her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Leonato's garden.

BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

an. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, de-
well at my hands, by helping me to the
h of Beatrice.

arg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise
y beauty ?

an. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man
g shall come over it ; for, in most comely truth,
deservest it.

arg. To have no man come over me ? why,
I always keep below stairs ?

an. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's
th, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils,
which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not
hurt a woman ; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice :
I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of
our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put
in the pikes with a vice ; and they are dangerous
weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I
think, hath legs. [Exit Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [Singing.

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing ; but in loving,—Leander the
good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pan-
dars, and a whole book full of these quondam car-
pet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the
even road of a blank verse, why, they were never
so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in
love : Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have
tried ; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an
innocent rhyme ; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme ; for
school, *fool*, a babbling rhyme ; very ominous end-
ings : No, I was not born under a rhyming planet,
nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come, when I called
thee ?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart, when you bid
me.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now :—and
yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which
is, with knowing what hath passed between you
and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will
kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul
wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noi-
some ; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his
right sense, so forcible is thy wit : But, I must tell
thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and
either I must shortly hear from him, or I will sub-
scribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell
me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall
in love with me ?

Beat. For them altogether ; which maintained so
politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any
good part to intermingle with them. But for which
of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. Suffer love ; a good epithet ! I do suffer
love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think ; alas ! poor
heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for
yours ; for I will never love that, which my friend
hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession : there's not
one wise man among twenty, that will praise him-
self.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that
lived in the time of good neighbours : if a man do
not erect in this age his own tomb, ere he dies, he
shall live no longer in monument, than the bell
rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question !—Why, an hour in clamour, and
a quarter in rheum : Therefore it is most expedient
for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find
no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet
of his own virtues, as I am to myself : So much for
praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness,
is praise-worthy,) and now tell me, How doth
your cousin ?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you ?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend : there will
I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle's; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The inside of a church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with musick and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads from a scroll.]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero, that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame, which never dies:

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Affixing it.]
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, musick, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out,
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speed 's,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you, she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error, that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this;

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforce'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd;

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me:—You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. [Exeunt Ladies.]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis

true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from
From Claudio, and the prince; But what's

will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage;—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with

tendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good mor

Claudio;

We here attend you: Are you yet determin'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethio

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the

ready. [Exit Ant]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, w

the matter,

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage but

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;

And some such strange bold leap'd your father's

And got a calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies mask

Claud. For this I owe you: here come

reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let

see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take

hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other

[Unmask]

And when you loved, you were my other husb

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certain:—

One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, the

dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her sla

lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatri

Beat. I answer to that name; [Unmask

What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. No, no more than rea

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince,

Claudio,

Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. No, no more than rea

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret and Ur

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear, you d

Bene. They swore, that you were almost siel

me..

of. They swore, that you were well-nigh dead for me.

ne. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not love me?

of. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

on. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

aud. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;

here's a paper, written in his hand, containing sonnet of his own pure brain, inscribed to Beatrice.

ro. And here's another, in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, containing her affection unto Benedick.

ne. A miracle! here's our own hands against hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this I take thee for pity.

of. I would not deny you;—but, by this good I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to your life, for I was told you were in a condition.

ne. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[Kissing her.]

Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

ne. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of rackers cannot flout me out of my humour: thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall

wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[Dance.]
[Exeunt.]



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

VINCENTIO, duke of Vienna.
 ANGELO, lord deputy in the duke's absence.
 ESCALUS, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo
 in the deputation.
 CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
 LUCIO, a fantastick.
 Two other like gentlemen.
 VARRIUS, a gentleman, servant to the duke.
 Provost.
 THOMAS, } two friars.
 PETER, }
 A Justice.

ELBOW, a simple constable.
 FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
 Clown, servant to Mrs. Over-done.
 ABHORSON, an executioner.
 BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
 MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
 JULIET, beloved by Claudio.
 FRANCISCA, a nun.
 Mistress OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene,—Vienna.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
 Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
 Since I am put to know, that your own science
 Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
 My strength can give you: Then no more remains
 But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
 And let them work. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, and the terms
 For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember: There is our commission,
 From which we would not have you warp.—Call
 hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

What figure of us think you he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our absence to supply;
 Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one, that can my part in him advertise;
 Hold therefore, Angelo;
 In our remove, be thou at full yourself;

Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary:
 Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
 We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestio'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you
 As time and our concerns shall importune,
 How it goes with us; and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well,
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
 Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
 With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
 So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand
 I'll privily away: I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Let's forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. *[Exit.]*
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my place:
 A power I have; but of what strength and nature
 I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
 And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.

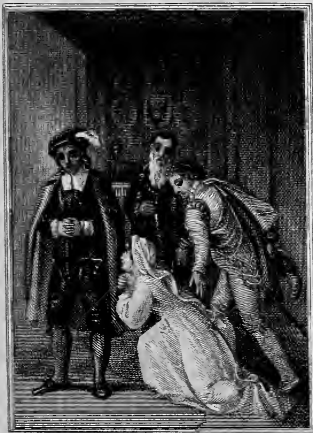
Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
 not to composition with the king of Hungary, why,
 then all the dukes fall upon the king.



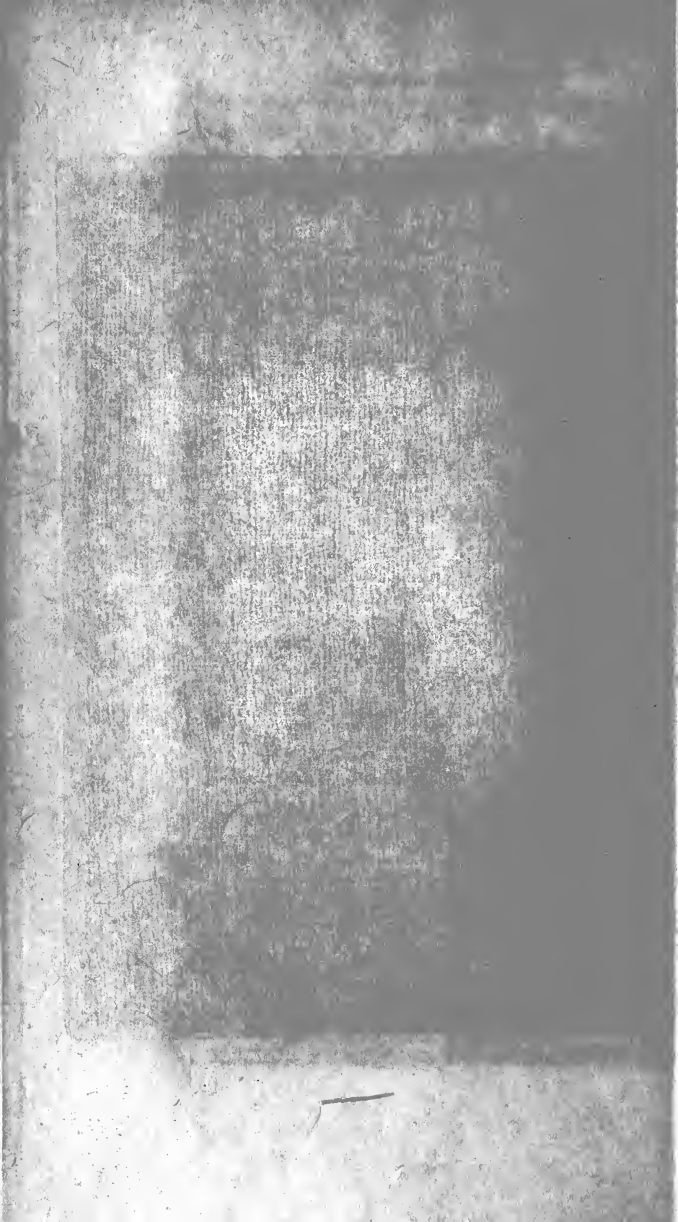
W. H. B. S. A.

Ang. 1841.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act 5. Sc. 1.

Published by W. H. B. S. A., 31, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1823.



1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well, that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No! a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What! in metre!

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet; Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be ill'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have not!

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art sinned or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: art thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but o sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are allow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now! Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of us all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not ave it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to see me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something ear to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the veat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No; but there's a woman with maid by him!

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clow. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clow. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still.

Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you, that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clow. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers, LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

Clawd. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Beat me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,

But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Clawd. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,

Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—

The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Clawd. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue

(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)

A thirsty evil; and, when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest,

I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet,

to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Clawd. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Clawd. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Clawd. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Clawd. One word, good friend:—*Lucio, a word with you.* [Taking him aside.]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—

Is lechery so look'd after?

Clawd. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed;

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends;

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chanced,

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,

With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Clawd. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;

Or whether that the body public be

A horse, whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me.—'tis surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be
in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and
appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pry'thee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous
art,

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encour-
agement of the like, which else would stand under
grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life,
who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost
at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A monastery.

Enter DUKE and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have delivered to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence,) my
absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting
laws,

(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,) which
for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace

To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them
For what I hid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office;

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this act:
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we
If power change purpose, what our seemers
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privi-
Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint C.
Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Wh.*]

Isab. Who's that which

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella

Turn you the key, and know his business of

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:

When you have vow'd, you must not speak

men,

But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your

Or, if you show your face, you must not spe-

He calls again; I pray you answer him.

[*Exit Fran.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those

roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place, and the fair sister

To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me see

The rather, for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother

grets you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his

He should receive his punishment in thanks

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is tru

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jes

Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgin

I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;

By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,

As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocki

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth

thus;

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:

As those that feed grow full; as blossoming

That from the seedness the bare fallow bring

To teeming foison; even so her plentiful

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My

Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change

names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the pe

The duke is very strangely gone from hence

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand, and hope of action: but we do lear

By those, that know the very nerves of state,

givings out were of an infinite distance
 on his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 I with full line of his authority,
 seems lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
 very snow-broth; one who never feels
 wanton stings and motions of the sense;
 doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 th' profits of the mind, study and fast.
 (to give fear to use and liberty,
 rich have, for long, run by the hideous law,
 mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
 ler whose heavy sense your brother's life
 is into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
 I follows close the rigour of the statute,
 make him an example; all hope is gone,
 ess you have the grace by your fair prayer
 soften Angelo: And that's my pith
 business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
 lady; and, as I hear, the provost hath

A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But, speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
 No longer staying but to give the mother
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
 Commend me to my brother: soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A hall in Angelo's house.

ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,
 Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
 ing it up to fear the birds of prey,
 let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 in perch, and not their terror.

Isab. Ay, but yet
 us be keen, and rather cut a little,
 n fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
 om I would save, had a most noble father.
 but your honour know,

hom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
 t, in the working of your own affections,
 l time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
 that the resolute acting of your blood
 ld have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
 ether you had not sometime in your life
 'd in this point, which now you censure him,
 pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 ther thing to fall. I not deny,
 jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 ' in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
 tier than him they try: What's open made to
 justice,

: justice seizes. What know the laws,
 : thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
 jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
 use we see it; but what we do not see,
 tread upon, and never think of it,
 may not so extenuate his offence,
 n I, that censure him, do so offend,
 mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.
Isab. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?
 ve. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See, that Claudio
 executed by nine to-morrow morning:
 g him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
 that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.
Isab. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
 e rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
 e run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
 some condemned for a fault alone.

ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Isab. Come, bring them away: if these be good
 e in a common-weal, that do nothing but use
 : abuses in common houses, I know no law;
 g them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and
 t's the matter?

Isab. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's

constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon
 justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good
 honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are
 they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well
 what they are: but precise villains they are, that I
 am sure of; and void of all profanation in the
 world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow
 is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Elb. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one
 that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was,
 as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now
 she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very
 ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
 and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an ho-
 nest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
 as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,
 it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
 been a woman cardinally given, might have been
 accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleani-
 ness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but
 as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clow. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou
 honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To Angelo.

Clow. Sir, she came in great with child; and
 longing (saving your honour's reverence,) for stew'd
 prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which
 at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a
 fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours
 have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes,
 but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clow. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein
 in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mis-
 tress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being
 great-belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes;
 and having but two in the dish, as I said, master
 Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest,
 as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very ho-
 nestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could
 not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed. K

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.

[Exit Angelo.]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a hook, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer!—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou

seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come unto thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To Fr Froth.] Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To the Clo

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquaint with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: I'll well. [Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Tis Froth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a ha Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and scall the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will then: If your worship will take order for the dogs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend away but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay: If you live to this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you let me not find you before me again upon complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling with you; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in parting, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you: They do you wrong to put you so off upon't: there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it.

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me; I do it for some piece of money, and through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish:

Is. To your worship's house, sir?
scat. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit*
me.] What's o'clock, think you?
ust. Eleven, sir.
scat. I pray you home to dinner with me.
ust. I humbly thank you.
scat. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
 there's no remedy.
ust. Lord Angelo is severe.
scat. It is but needful:
 'ry is not itself, that oft looks so;
 'don is still the nurse of second woe;
 yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
 ne, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

rov. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
 tell him of you.
rov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
 pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
 hath not as offended in a dream!
 sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
 die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

ng. Now, what's the matter, provost?
rov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
ng. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order'd
 thy dost thou ask again?
rov. Lest I might be too rash:
 ler your good correction, I have seen,
 en, after execution, judgment hath
 ented o'er his doom.
ng. Go to; let that be mine:
 you your office, or give up your place,
 I you shall well be spar'd.
rov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
 at shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
 's very near her hour.
ng. Dispose of her
 some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

rov. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
 sires access to you.
ng. Hath he a sister?
rov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
 k to be shortly of a sisterhood,
 ot already.
ng. Well, let her be admitted.
 you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
 her have needful, but not lavish, means;
 re shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

rov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*]
ng. Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You are
 welcome: What's your will?
ab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
 ase but your honour hear me.
ng. Well; what's your suit?
ab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
 I most desire should meet the blow of justice;
 which I would not plead, but that I must;
 which I must not plead, but that I am
 war, 'twixt will, and will not.
ng. Well; and the matter?
ab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
 beseech you, let it be his fault,
 I not my brother.
rov. Heaven give thee moving graces!
ng. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
 ry, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
 ac were the very cipher of a function,
 find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
 I let go by the actor.
ab. O just, but severe law!
 ad a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
 ucio. [*To Isab.*] Give't not o'er so: to him
 again, intreat him;
 sel down before him, hang upon his gown;

You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
 You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
 To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
 And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
 wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
 As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To Isabella.*]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
 May call it back again: Well believe this,
 No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one half so good a grace,
 As mercy does. If he had been as you,
 And you as he, you would have slept like him;
 But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
 And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
 No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
 And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
 And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls, that were, were forfeit once;
 And He, that might the vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy: How would you be,
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
 It should be thus with him;—he must die to-mor-
 row.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him,
 spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
 We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
 you:

Who is it, that hath died for this offence?
 There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
 hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
 If the first man, that did the edict infringe,
 Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
 Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
 Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
 (Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
 Are now to have no successive degrees,
 But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it roost of all, when I show justice;
 For then I pity those I do not know,
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
 And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
 Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this
 sentence;

And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
 For every pelting, petty officer,
 Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
 thunder.—
 Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your hosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know,
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare
you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal. *

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [*Aside to Isabella.*]

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*]

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A room in a prison.

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think you
Prov. I am the provost: What's your will,
friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right—
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more
needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he, that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*]
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you call
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patient.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man, that wrong'd you
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman, that wrong'd you.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offence
Was mutually committ'd?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you
repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shair
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves
heaven;

Showing, we'd not spare heaven, as we love it
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;

And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious!
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov.

'Tis pity of him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I find
pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling ev
Of my conception: The state whereon I studi
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser soul
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art bl
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

g. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*]
 avens!
 Does my blood thus muster to my heart;
 as both it unable for itself,
 dispossessing all my other parts
 necessary fitness?
 ay the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 all to help him, and so stop the air,
 which he should revive: and even so
 general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
 their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 d to his presence, where their untaught love
 needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

now, fair maid!

h. I am come to know your pleasure.
 g. That you might know it, would much better
 please me,
 to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

h. Even so!—Heaven keep your honour!

g. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
 as long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

h. Under your sentence?

g. Yes.

h. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
 or, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
 his soul sicken not.

g. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
 r'don him that hath from nature stolen
 already made, as to remit
 saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image,
 mps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
 ly to take away a life true made,
 put mettle in restrained means,
 like a false one.

h. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
 g. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
 h. Had you rather, That the most just law
 took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
 up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
 e that he hath stain'd?

g. Sir, believe this,

rather give my body than my soul.

h. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins
 more for number than accomp't.

g. How say you?

h. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
 st the thing I say. Answer to this;—
 v the voice of the recorded law,
 unce a sentence on your brother's life:
 there not be a charity in sin
 re 'this brother's life?

g. Please you to do't,
 ke it as a peril to my soul,
 so sin at all, but charity.

h. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
 equal poise of sin and charity.

g. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 n, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
 e be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 ve it added to the faults of mine,
 othing of your, answer.

h. Nay, but bear me:
 ense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
 m, so, craftily; and that's not good.

g. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 riciously to know I am no better.

h. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
 e it doth tax itself: as these black masks
 um an ensheild beauty ten times louder
 beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
 received plain, I'll speak more gross:
 brother is to die.

g. So.

h. And his offence is so, as it appears
 tant to the law apou that pain.

g. True.

h. Admit no other way to save his life,
 subscribe not that nor any other,
 a the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
 ng yourself desir'd of such a person,
 se credit with the judge, or own great place,
 l fetch your brother from the manacles
 e all-binding law; and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
 That is, Were I under the terms of death,
 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed,
 That, longing, I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
 Better it were, a brother died at once,
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence,
 That you have said slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
 Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
 Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
 To have what we'd have, we speak not what we
 mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his advantage, that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
 If not a feodary, but only he,
 Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
 selves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
 For we are soft as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
 (Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
 Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
 I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
 That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
 If you be one, (as you are well express'd
 By all external warrants,) show it now,
 By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
 Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
 That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
 Which seems a little fowler than it is,
 To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,

My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
 And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
 Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
 Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
 Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
 My unsol'd name, the austereness of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
 Will so your accusation overweigh,

That you shall stifle in your own report,

And smell of calumny. I have begun:

And now I give my sensual race the rein;

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;

Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will;

Or else he must not only die the death,

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out.

To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,

I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,

Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,

That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approval!
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down

On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorrd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A room in the prison.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
 (Serve to all the skiey influences,)

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
 That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
 And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;

For thy own bowels, which do call these sins,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigio, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
 nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied old; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limh, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd.

Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed: Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:

Therefore your best appointment make with
 To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a
 To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
 There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
 If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
 But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restra
 Though all the world's vastidity you had,
 To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to)
 Would bark your honour from that trunk you
 And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the pain

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I qu
 Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this?
 Think you I can a resolution fetch
 From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,
 And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my f
 grave

Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances. This outward-saint
 puty,—

Whose settled visage and deliberate word
 Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enn
 As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
 His filth within being cast, he would appea
 A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning hivery of hell,
 The damnd'st body to invest and cover
 In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claud
 If I would yield him my virginity,
 Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it can

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, for this
 offence,
 So to offend him still: This night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name,
 Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt ne

Isab. O, were it but my life,
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-m

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
 That thus can make him bite the law by th
 When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
 Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so
 Why, would he for the momentary trick
 Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not

is in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 sensible warm motion to become
 headed clod; and the delighted spirit
 bathes in fiery floods, or to reside
 thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 he imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 blown with restless violence round about
 pendent world, or to be worse than worst
 hose, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 gine howling!—'tis too horrible!
 weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 t age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
 lay on nature, is a paradise
 what we fear of death.

ab. Alas! alas!
laud. Sweet sister, let me live:
 at sin you do to save a brother's life,
 ure dispenses with the deed so far,
 t it becomes a virtue.

ab. O, you beast!
 aithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
 t thou be made a man out of my vice?
 not a kind of incest, to take life
 n thine own sister's shame? What should I
 think?
 ren shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
 such a warped slip of wilderness
 r issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
 ; perish! might but my bending down
 ievae thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
 pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 word to save thee.

laud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
ab. O, fie, fie, fie!
 sin's not accidental, but a trade:
 cy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
 best, that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

laud. O' hear me, Isabella.
 Re-enter DUKE.

uke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
 d.
ab. What is your will?
uke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I
 ld by and by have some speech with you: the
 sation, I would require, is likewise your own
 sfit.

ab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay
 t be stolen out of other affairs; but I will at
 you a while.

uke. [*To Claudio, aside.*] Son, I have over-
 d what hath past between you and your sister.
 elo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only
 ath made an essay of her virtue, to practise
 udgment with the disposition of natures: she,
 the truth of honour in her, hath made him
 gracious denial, which he is most glad to re-
 : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this
 : true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do
 satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fal-
 : to-morrow you must die; go to your knees,
 make ready.

laud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out
 ve with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.
uke. Hold you there: Farewell.

[*Exit Claudio.*]
 Re-enter Provost.

rov. a word with you.
rov. What's your will, father?
uke. That now you are come, you will be gone:
 ve me a while with the maid; my mind pro-
 ses with my habit, no loss shall touch her by
 company.

rov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*]
uke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath
 le you good: the goodness, that is cheap in
 ty, makes beauty brief in goodness! but grace,
 ag the soul of your complexion, should keep the
 y of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath
 le to you, fortune hath convey'd to my under-
 nding; and, but that frailty hath examples for
 falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How
 ld you do to content this substitute, and to save
 r brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had
 rather my brother die by the law, than my son
 should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is
 the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he
 return, and I can speak to him, I will open my
 lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as
 the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusa-
 tion; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten
 your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in
 doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make
 myself believe, that you may most uprightly
 do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem
 your brother from the angry law; do no stain to
 your own gracious person; and much please the
 absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return
 to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have
 spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the
 truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
 Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of
 Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words
 went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married;
 he was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial ap-
 pointed: between which time of the contract, and
 limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was
 wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the
 dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this
 befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a
 noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her
 ever most kind and natural; with him the portion
 and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry;
 with both, her combinate husband, this well-seem-
 ing Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of
 them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole,
 pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few,
 bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she
 yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her
 tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this
 poor maid from the world! What corruption in
 this life that it will let this man live!—But how
 out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal:
 and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but
 keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the
 continuance of her first affection; his unjust un-
 kindness, that in all reason should have quenched
 her love, hath, like an impediment in the current,
 made it more violent and unruly. Go you to An-
 gelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obe-
 dience; agree with his demands to the point: only
 refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your
 stay with him may not be long; that the time may
 have all shadow and silence in it; and the place
 answer to convenience: this being granted in course,
 now follows all. We shall advise this wronged
 maid to stand up your appointment, go in your
 place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter,
 it may compel him to her recompense: and here,
 by this, is your brother saved, your honour un-
 tainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the
 corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and
 make fit for his attempt. If you think well to
 carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit
 defends the deceit from reproof. What think you
 of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already;
 and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous
 perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste
 you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat
 you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I
 will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated
 grange, resides this dejected Mariana: At that
 place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo,
 that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you
 well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The street before the prison.

Enter DUKE, as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lambskins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.
Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, hail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha! what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your

mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Off*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of an *Lucio.* Some say, he is with the emperor Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But what he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But, wheresoever wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of his steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he never boru to. Lord Angelo dukes it well i' absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well i't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would harm in him: something too crabbed that friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking i' down. They say, this Angelo was not man and woman, after the downright way of a nation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd hi Some, that he was begot between two stock—But it is certain, that, when he makes water urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak ar

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is t him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take the life of a man? Would the duke, that is a have done this? Ere he would have hang'd: for the getting a hundred bastards, he would paid for the nursing a thousand: He had feeling of the sport; he knew the service, an instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke muctected for women; he was not inclined that

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beg fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat i' clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him would be drunk too: that let me inform you

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A sh low was the duke: and, I believe, I know the of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cau

Lucio. No, pardon;—'tis a secret must be within the teeth and the lips: but this I c you understand,—The greater file of the s held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he wa

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unwe fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, o taking; the very stream of his life, and the bu he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted nec him a better proclamation. Let him be but monied in his own bringings forth, and he appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskillfully; your knowledge he more, it is much darker your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you not what you speak. But, if ever the duke (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire make your answer before him: If it be hone

poke, you have courage to maintain it: I am to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?
io. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to like.

sc. He shall know you better, sir, if I may report you.

io. I fear you not.

sc. O, you hope the duke will return no more, imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear gain.

io. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in that. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if I die to-morrow, or no?

sc. Why should he die, sir?

io. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I'd, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: agentur'd agent will unpeople the province outineency; sparrows must not build in his eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke could have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he never bring them to light: would he were 'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for sinning. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat it on Fridays. He's now past it: yet, and I thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though celt brown bread and garlick: say, that I do. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

e. No might nor greatness in mortality insure 'scape; back-wounding calumny hitest virtue strikes: What king so strong, e the gall up in the slanderous tongue? he comes here?

r ESCALUS, *Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

d. Go, away with her to prison.

d. Good my lord, be good to me; your hos accounted a merciful man: good my lord. I. Double and treble admonition, and still in the same kind? This would make mercy and play the tyrant.

sc. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may as your honour.

d. My lord, this is one Lucio's information to me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with by him in the duke's time, he promised her ge; his child is a year and a quarter old, Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and we he goes about to abuse me.

d. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: him be called before us.—Away with her to: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let: furnished with divines, and have all chari-reparation: if my brother wrought by my t should not be so with him.

sc. So please you, this friar hath been with and advised him for the entertainment of

d. Good even, good father.

e. Bliss and goodness on you!

d. Of whence are you?

e. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contented especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing, which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice, and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side!

How may likeness, made in crimes,

Making practice on the times,

Draw with idle spiders' strings

Most pond'rous and substantial things!

Craft against vice I must apply:

With Angelo to-night shall lie

His old betrothed, but despis'd!

So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,

Pay with falsehood false exacting,

And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A room in Mariana's house.

ARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

SONG.

ake, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights, that do mislead the morn:
 Out my kisses bring again,
 Bring again,
 Calls of love, but seal'd in vain,
 Seal'd in vain.
 Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
 away,

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
 You had not found me here so musical:
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a

charm,

To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummurd' with brick; Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a planced gate, That makes his opening with this bigger key: This other doth command a little door, Which from the vineyard to the garden leads; There have I made my promise to call on him, Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't; With whispering and most guilty diligence, In action all of precept, he did show me The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark; And that I have possess'd him, my most stay Can be but brief: for I have made him know, I have a servant comes with me along, That stays upon me; whose persuasion is, I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up. I have not yet made known to Mariana A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself, that I respect you? *Mari.* Good friar, I know you do; and have found it

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand, Who hath a story ready for your ear: I shall attend your leisure; but make haste; The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes Are stuck upon thee! 'volumes of report Run with these false and most contrarious quests Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dream, And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent, But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say, When you depart from him, but soft and low, Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all: He is your husband on a pre-contract: To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin; Sith that the justice of your title to him Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go; Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithes to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Claudio.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it

shall redeem you from your gyves; if not shall have your full time of imprisonment your deliverance with an unpitied whipping you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, out of mind; but yet I will be content to lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you, morrow in your execution: If you think it compound with him by the year, and let him here with you; if not, use him for the present dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will credit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a t will turn the scale.

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, sir, a good favour you have, but that you hang looking,) do you call, sir, your occupa mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a tery; and your whores, sir, being members occupation, using painting, do prove my occupa mystery: but what mystery there should hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot im; *Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits you If it be too little for your thief, your tru thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your your thief thinks it little enough: so every man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find hangman is a more pient trade than your he doth often ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block an axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, have occasion to use me for your own tur shall find me yare: for, truly, sir, for you ness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio

[*Exeunt Claudio and Ab*]

One has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my broth

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-m Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barn

Clo. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as g

labour,

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him? Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Knocking*]

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve, For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, fa

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits night

Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here.

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke.

Not Is

Prov. No.

Duke.

They will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke.

There's some in *Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'

with the stroke and line of his great justice;
 with holy abstinence subdued
 himself, which he spurs on his power
 to edify in others: were he meald
 that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

is being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[A knocking within.—Provost goes out.]

a gentle provost: Seldom, when

celed gaoler is the friend of men.—

ow? What noise! That spirit's possess'd

with haste,

ounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

ost returns, speaking to one at the door.

. There he must stay, until the officer

to let him in; he is call'd up.

e. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

s must die to-morrow?

. None, sir, none.

e. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,

all hear more ere morning.

. Happily,

omething know; yet, I believe, there comes

ntermand; no such example have we:

s, upon the very siege of justice,

Angelo hath to the publick ear

s'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

. This is his lordship's man.

. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

. My lord hath sent you this note; and by

s further charge, that you swerve not from

allest article of it, neither in time, matter, or

ircumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take

almost day.

. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

e. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin.

[Aside.]

hich the pardon himself is in:

hath offence his quick celerity,

it is borne in high authority;

vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

or the fault's love is the offender friended.—

sir, what news?

. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking

miss in mine office, awakens me with this

ted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he

ot used it before.

e. Pray you, let's hear.

. [Reads.] *Whosoever you may hear to the*

y, let Claudio be executed by four of the

and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my

ntisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me

. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought,

ore depends on it than we must yet deliver.

ill not to do your office, as you will answer it

-peril.

say you to this, sir?

e. What is that Barnardine, who is to be

d in the afternoon?

. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up

ed: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

e. Hew came it, that the absent duke had

her deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed

have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

. His friends still wrought reprieves for him:

ndeed, his fact, till now in the government

Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

e. Is it now apparent?

. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

s. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?

eems he to be touch'd?

. A man that apprehends death no more

ully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reck-

less fearless of what's past, present, or to come;

ble of mortality, and desperately mortal.

e. He wants advice.

. He will hear none: he hath evermore had

erty of the prison; give him leave to escape

he would not: drunk many times a day, if

any days entirely drunk. We have very often

d him, as if to carry him to execution, and

d him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not

him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in
 your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I
 read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but
 in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in
 hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant
 to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than
 Angelo, who hath sentenced him: To make you
 understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but
 four days respite; for the which you are to do me
 both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Luke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it! having the hour
 limited; and an express command, under penalty,
 to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may
 make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the
 smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you,
 if my instructions may be your guide. Let this
 Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head
 borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will dis-
 cover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may
 add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and
 say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared
 before his death: You know, the course is common.
 If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks
 and good fortune, by the saint, whom I profess, I
 will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my
 oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the
 deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence,
 if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet
 since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, inte-
 grity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt
 you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all
 fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand
 and seal of the duke. You know the character, I
 doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the
 duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure;
 where you shall find, within these two days he will
 be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not:
 for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor;
 perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering
 into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of
 what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the
 shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how
 these things should be: all difficulties are but easy,
 when they are known. Call your executioner, and
 off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a pre-
 sent shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet
 you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve
 you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clow. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in
 our house of profession: one would think, it were
 mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many
 of her old customers. First, here's young master
 Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and
 old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of
 which he made five marks, ready money: marry,
 then, ginger was not much in request, for the old
 women were all dead. Then is there here one mas-
 ter Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the
 mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin,
 which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we
 here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and
 master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the
 rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that
 kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Fortbricht the
 tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller,
 and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think,
 forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are
 now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorsou? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father: Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorsou and Clown.]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we omit This reprobate, till he were well inclined; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Despatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them in secret holds, Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice The sun hath made his journal greeting to The under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, despatch,

And send the head to Angelo.

[Exit.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head: I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov.

I'll make all

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel!—She's come
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and
daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, far
world;

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close]

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to the
Mark what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay,
eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you
your wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go
And you shall have your bosom on this
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give
'Tis he that sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, as
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring
Before the duke; and to the head of Ange
Accuse him home, and home. For my poe
I am combin'd by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this
Command these fretting waters from my
With a light heart; trust not my holy or
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good e

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within;

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale
heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou mu
tient: I am fain to dine and sup with w
bran; I dare not for my head fill my b
fruitful meal would set me to't: But they
duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth
I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical
dark corners had been at home, he had liv
[Exit.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little
to your reports; but the best is, he lives not

ucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well do: he's a better woodman than thou takest for.

uke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare well.

ucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

uke. You have told me too many of him a day, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were a day.

ucio. I was once before him for getting a wench a child.

uke. Did you such a thing?

ucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to for- ar it; they would else have married me to the en medlar.

uke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: t you well.

ucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the 's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, all stick. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His as show much like to madness: pray heaven, wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour e his entering, that, if any crave redress of ice, they should exhibit their petitions in the t?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a atch of complaints; and to deliver us from es hereafter, which shall then have no power and against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: mes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: e notice to such men of sort and suit, re to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.]

Ang. Good night.— deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant, duld to all proceeding. A deflower'd maid!

by an eminent body, that enforce'd law against it!—But that her tender shame

not proclaim against her maiden loss, might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her?

—no: ny authority bears a erdent bulk, t particular scandal once can touch,

t confounds the breather. He should have liv'd, that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life, With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; and we would, and we would not. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Fields without the town.

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.]
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do hench from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Valentinius, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[Exit Friar.]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste;

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Street near the city gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it; He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick, That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you; Twice have the trumpets sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens Have hent the gates, and very near upon

The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A public place near the city gate.

MARIANA, (veil'd), ISABELLA, and PETER, a distance. Enter at opposite doors, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, UCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

uke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:— old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

g. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

uke. Many and hearty thankings to you both have made inquiry of you; and we hear of goodness of your justice, that our soul not but yield you forth to public thanks, running more requital.

g. You make my bonds still greater.

uke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,

ck it in the wards of covert bosom, n it deserves with characters of brass

ted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,

And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim Favours that keep within:—Come, Escalus; You must walk by us on our other hand; And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid! O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object,

Till you have heard me in my true complaint, And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?

Be brief: Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice; Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke, You bid me seek redemption of the devil:

Hear me yourself; for that, which I must speak,

L

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me,
here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin violator;

Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,

Than this is all as true as it is strange:

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,

She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion,

That I am touch'd with madness: make not impos-

sible

That, which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,

If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,

Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad, (as I believe no other),

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,

Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason

For inequality: but let your reason serve

To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;

And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,

Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would

you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,

Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:

I, in probation of a sisterhood,

Was sent by my brother: one Lucio

As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an'd like your grace:

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her

To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,

For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;

Pray you, take note of it: and when you have

A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then

Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong

To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd;

How he refus'd me, and how I reply'd;

(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter:

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscent intemperate lust,

Release my brother; and, after much debatement,

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,

And I did yield to him: But the next morn betw
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most like

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st

what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,

In hateful practice: First, his integrity

Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no rea

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himself; if he had so offend

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself

And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice

Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,

Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,

Unfold the evil, which is here wrapt up

In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace:

woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An offi

To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall

On him so near us? This needs must be a prac

—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodovick

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who is

that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my

For certain words he spake against your grace

In your retirement, I had swing'd him sound

Duke. Words against me? This, a good

belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our substitute!—Let this friar be four

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and

friar,

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,

A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal g

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard

Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this wom

Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;

Who is as free from touch or soil with her,

As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no le

Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speak

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler;

As he's reported by this gentleman;

And, on my trust, a man, that never yet

Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to

himself;

But at this instant, he is sick, my lord,

Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,

(Being come to knowledge that there was com

Intend'd 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth l

Is true, and false; and what he with his oath

And all probation, will make up full clear,

Whensoever he's convented. First, for this wo

(To justify this worthy nobleman,

So vulgarly and personally accus'd,)

Her shall you hear disprov'd to her eyes,

Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear

[*Isabella is carried off, guarded; and*

riana comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—

O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar

First, let her show her face; and, after, speak

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you mar

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my

ie. A widow then?
 ri. Neither, my lord.
 ie. Why, you
 thing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?
 io. My lord, she may be a punk; for many
 m are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
 ie. Silence that fellow: I would, he had
 some cause
 attle for himself.
 io. Well, my lord.
 ri. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
 I confess, besides, I am no maid:
 e known my husband; yet my husband knows
 not.
 ever he knew me.
 io. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be
 tter.
 ie. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou
 so too.
 io. Well, my lord.
 ie. This is no witness for lord Angelo.
 ri. Now I come to't, my lord:
 that accuses him of fornication,
 f-same manner doth accuse my husband;
 harges him, my lord, with such a time,
 a I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
 all the effect of love.
 f. Charges she more than me?
 ri. Not that I know.
 ie. No? you say, your husband.
 ri. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
 thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
 nows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.
 g. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.
 ri. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
 [Unveiling.
 is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
 h, once thou swor'st, was worth the look-
 ing on:
 is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
 fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
 took away the match from Isabel,
 did supply thee at thy garden-house
 r imagin'd person.
 ie. Know you this woman?
 io. Carnally, she says.
 ie. Sirrah, no more.
 io. Enough, my lord.
 g. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
 five years since, there was some speech of
 marriage
 ixt myself and her; which was broke off,
 y, for that her promised proportions
 short of composition; but, in chief,
 hat her reputation was disvalued
 ity: since which time, of five years,
 r spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
 my faith and honour.
 ri. Noble prince,
 ere comes light from heaven, and words from
 breath,
 ere is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
 affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
 ords could make up vows: and, my good lord,
 Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
 ew me as a wife: As this is true,
 ne in safety raise me from my knees;
 se for ever be confixed here,
 urble monument!
 g. I did but smile till now;
 , good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
 atience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
 e poor informal women are no more
 instruments of some more mightier member,
 sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
 and this practice out.
 ie. Ay, with my heart;
 punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
 i foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
 pact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy
 oaths,
 igh they would swear down each particular
 saint,
 e testimonies against his worth and credit,
 's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
 with my cousin; lend him your kind pains

To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
 There is another friar that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.
 F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord! for he,
 indeed,
 Hath set the women on to this complaint:
 Your provost knows the place where he abides,
 And he may fetch him.
 Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [Exit Provost.
 And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
 Whom it concerns to bear this matter forth,
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,
 In any chastisement: I for a while
 Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
 Determined upon these slanderers.
 Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.— [Exit
 Duke.] Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew
 that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?
 Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in
 nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath
 spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.
 Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
 come, and enforce them against him: we shall find
 this friar a notable fellow.
 Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.
 Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again;
 [To an Attendant.] I would speak with her: Pray
 you, my lord, give me leave to question; you
 shall see how I'll handle her.
 Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.
 Escal. Say you?
 Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
 privately, she would sooner confess; perchance,
 publicly, she'll be ashamed.
 Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the Duke in
 the Friar's habit, and Provost.
 Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.
 Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
 midnight.
 Escal. Come on, mistress: [To Isabella.] here's
 a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.
 Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
 of; here with the provost.
 Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to
 him, till we call upon you.
 Lucio. Mum.
 Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on
 to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you
 did!
 Duke. 'Tis false.
 Escal. How! know you where you are?
 Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
 devil
 Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
 Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.
 Escal. The duke is in us; and we will hear you
 speak:
 Look, you speak justly.
 Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls,
 Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
 Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
 Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
 Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
 And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
 Which here you come to accuse.
 Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.
 Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
 Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
 To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
 And in the witness of his proper ear,
 To call him villain?
 And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
 To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
 To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by
 joint,
 But we will know this purpose:—What! unjust?
 Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
 Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
 Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
 Nor here provincial: My business in this state
 Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
 Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
 But faults so countenance'd, that the strong statutes
 Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his reasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?

—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companions!

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pax to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thon art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—Sneak not away, sir; [*To Lucio.*]

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him!

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession; Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again:—Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and the Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour, Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:

Your friar is now your prince: As I was then Advertising, and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart: And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself, Labouring to save his life; and would not rat: Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with it! That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that, which lives to fear: make it your com: So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETEE and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approach here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd you bro (Being criminal, in double violation Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach, Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,) The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue, *An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.* Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers lei: Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Mea* Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; Which though thou would'st deny, denies vantage:

We do condemn thee to the very block, Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with haste:—

Away with him!

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,

I hope you will not mock me with a husband

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you w: husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach you: I And choke your good to come: for his possess: Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord:

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Knee*]

Duke. You do but lose your lal: Away with him to death!—Now, sir, [*To Lu* to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, tak part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do impfortune: Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paven bed would bre: And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak: They say, best men are moulded out of faults: And, for the most, become much more the be: For being a little bad: so may my husband. O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous: [*Knee*]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd: As if my brother liv'd: I partly think, A due sincerity govern'd his deeds, Till he did look on me; since it is so, Let him not die: My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing, for which he died: For Angelo, His act did not o'ertake his bad intent; And must be buried but as an intent, That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subj: Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I sa: I have bethought me of another fault:—

ost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
at an unusual hour?

It was commanded so.

Had you a special warrant for the deed?

No, my good lord; it was by private
message.

For which I do discharge you of your
office:

up your keys. Pardon me, noble lord:
ought it was a fault, but knew it not;
and repent me, after more advice:

estimony whereof, one in the prison,
should by private order else have died,
were reserr'd alive.

What's he?

His name is Barnardine.

I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.]

I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
as you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
and slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
I crave death mote willingly than mercy;
I am deserving, and I do entreat it.

ter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO,
and JULIET.

Which is that Barnardine?

This, my lord.

There was a friar told me of this man:—
thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
apprehends no further than this world,
quar'rst thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;

for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
pray thee, take this mercy to provide
better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I'll give him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
should have died when Claudio lost his head;
I'll give almost to Claudio, as himself.

[Unmuffles Claudio.]

If he be like your brother, [To Isabella.]
for his sake
pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
I'll give you your hand, and say you will be mine,
my brother too: But fitter time for that.

By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah, [To Lucio.] that knew me for a fool,
a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may,
but I had rather it would please you, I might be
whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me
to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made
you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me,
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness:

There's more behind, that is more gratefull.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's, and what is yours is mine:—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.]



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.
 BIRON,
 LONGAVILLE, } lords, attending on the king.
 DUMAIN, }
 BOYET, } lords, attending on the princess
 MERCADE, } of France.
 Don ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical
 Spaniard.
 Sir NATHANIEL, a curate.
 HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable.
 COSTARD, a clown.
 MOTTH, page to Armado.
 A Forester.

Princess of France.
 ROSALINE,
 MARIA, } ladies, attending on the princess
 KATHARINE, }
 JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

Scene,—Navarre.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Navarre. A park, with a palace in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
 When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
 The endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honour, which shall hate his scythe's keen edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
 That war against your own affections,
 And the huge army of the world's desires,—
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
 Our court shall be a little Academe,
 Still and contemplative in living art.
 You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
 My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes,
 That are recorded in this schedule here;
 Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
 That his own hand may strike his honour down,
 That violates the smallest branch herein:
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
 Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
 The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
 With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, To live and study here three years.
 But there are other strict observances:
 As, not to see a woman in that term;
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
 And, one day in a week to touch no food;
 And but one meal on every day beside;
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day;)
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, as if you please:
 I only swore, to study with your grace,
 And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
 What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should
 not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from
 common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know:
 As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;
 Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
 When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
 Study to break it, and not break my troth.
 If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
 Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
 And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
 vain,
 Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
 As, painfully to pore upon a book,
 To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
 Light, seeking light, doth light of light be-
 guile:

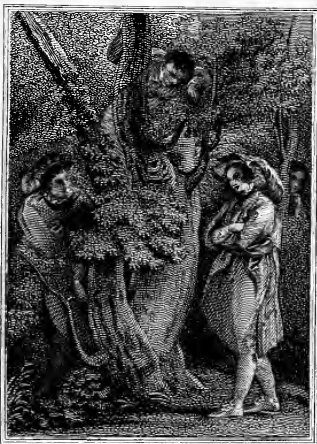
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that was it blinded by.
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they
 are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he's read, to reason against
 reading!

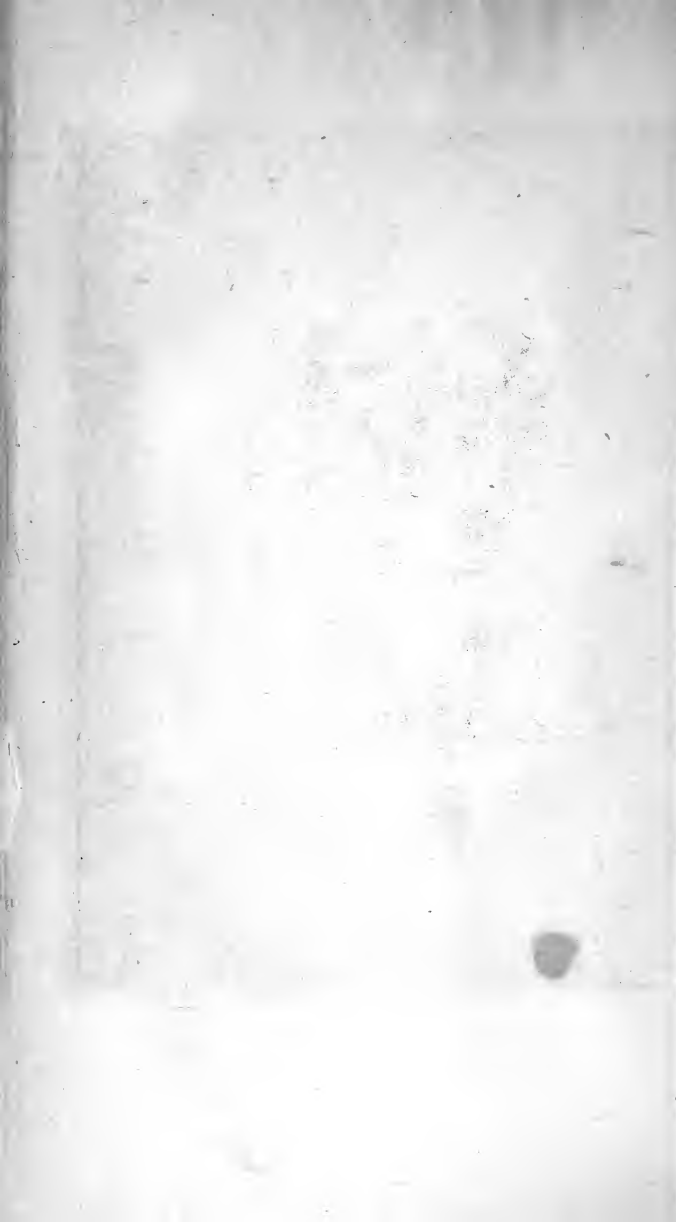
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act 4. Sc. 3.

Published by W. Pickering, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1823.



Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing, that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [Reads.] Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—*

And hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

[Reads.]—*On pain of losing her tongue—*

Who devis'd this?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[Reads.] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise—*

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy The French King's daughter, with yourself to speak—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this you quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And, when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name:

[Subscribes.]

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to others, as to me;

Not, I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last, that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.

There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriuess.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together,

is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Grant deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of ether men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour

to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk.

The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper.

So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is clyped thy park.

Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event,

that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebony-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me.
King. —*that unletter'd small-knowing soul,*
Cost. Me.
King. —*that shallow vassal,*
Cost. Still me.
King. —*which, as I remember, hight Costard,*
Cost. O me!
King. —*sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.*
Cost. With a wench.
King. —*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.
Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.— My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.— And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Armado's house.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent

epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertine to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, ar saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefo

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same;

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses

not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three year

the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the

of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamest

Arm. I confess both; they are both the v

of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how

the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than tw

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of s

Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice

and how easy it is to put years to the word

and study three years in two words, the d

horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in

and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I

love with a base wench. If drawing my

against the humour of affection would deliv

from the reprobate thought of it, I would

desire prisoner, and ransom him to any l

courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think

to sigh; methinks, I should outwear Cupid.

comfort me, hoy: What great men have been in

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More autl

dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, le

be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man o

carriage, great carriage; for he carried the

gates on his back, like a porter: and he v

love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed

son! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much a

didst me in carrying gates. I am in love

Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the

or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexi

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of

too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of l

but to have a love of that colour, methinks,

son had small reason for it. He, surely, ad

her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green

Arm. My love is most immaculate white an

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are n

under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's t

assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most i

and pathetic!

MA. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.
Dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of
and red.

MA. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and
beggar?

JA. The world was very guilty of such a ballad
three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to
and; or, if it were, it would neither serve
he writing, nor the tune.

MA. I will have the subject newly writ o'er,
I may example my digression by some mighty
deat. Boy, I do love that country girl, that
c in the park with the rational hind Costard;
eserves well.

JA. To be whipped; and yet a better love than
vaster.

MA. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.
JA. And that's great marvel, loving a light
h.

MA. I say, sing.

JA. Forbear till this company be past.

DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

JA. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep
red safe; and you must let him take no de-
nor no penance; but a' must fast three days
k: For this damsel, I must keep her at the
she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare
vell.

JA. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid!
Man!

MA. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JA. That's hereby.

MA. I know where it is situate.

JA. Lord, how wise you are!

MA. I will tell thee wonders.

JA. With that face?

MA. I love thee.

JA. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jag. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences,
ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do
it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fel-
lows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast,
being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou
shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of
desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they
look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent
in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing;
I thank God, I have as little patience as another
man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base,
where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot,
which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,
(which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love:
And how can that be true love, which is falsely
attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil:
there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was
so tempted: and he had an excellent strength:
yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very
good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Her-
cules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Span-
nard's rapier. The first and second cause will not
serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the
duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called
boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu,
valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your
manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me
some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I
shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for
I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*Part of the same. A pavilion and tents at
a distance.*

*the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MA-
KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other
attendants.*

MA. Now, madam, summon up your dearest
spirits:

For who the king your father sends;

Whom he sends; and what's his embassy:

Self, held precious in the world's esteem;

Whom with the sole inheritor

Perfections, that a man may owe,

Less Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.

Whom as prodigal of all dear grace,

Whom he was in making graces dear,

Whom she did starve the general world beside,

Whom he did starve them all to you.

1. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
mean,

Whom he not the painted flourish of your praise;

Whom he is bought by judgment of the eye,

Whom he is ster'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:

Whom he is less proud to hear you tell my worth,

Whom he is you much willing to be counted wise

Whom he is finding your wit in the praise of mine.

Whom he is to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,

Whom he is to be not ignorant, all-telling fame

Whom he is to noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,

Whom he is to fulfil study shall out-wear three years,

Whom he is to man may approach his silent court:

Whom he is to be to us seemeth it a needful course,

Whom he is to we enter his forbidden gates,

To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,

Bold of your worthiness, we single you

As our best-moving fair solicitor:

Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,

On serious business, craving quick despatch,

Impertunes personal conference with his grace.

Haste, signify so much; while we attend,

Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,

That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin.

Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,

Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir

Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnized,

In Normandy saw I this Longaville:

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;

Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:

Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,

(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still

Will

It should none spare, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't not so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours

know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd

youth,

Of all, that virtue love, for virtue lov'd:

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good, I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [The ladies mask.]

*Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE,
BIRON, and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome
I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base
to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and no-

thing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bald;
To teach a teacher ill besemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner; that I were away;
For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such
questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,
'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour, that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half, which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not dem-
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemly to confess receipt
Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
Where that and other specialties are bound.
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which inter-
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my ha-

As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gate
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my house
Though so denied fair harbour in my house
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and for
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comf-
grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every
[Exeunt King and his
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my
heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I
be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick says, I.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No poynt, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [R

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What
that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you

Long. I beseech you a word; What is she
white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw
the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I de-
name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to
that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard!

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

a most sweet lady.
et. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit Long.*]
an. What's her name, in the cap?
et. Katherine, by good hap.
an. Is she wedded, or no?
et. To her will, sir, or so.
an. You are welcome, sir; adieu!
et. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
 [*Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.*]
 That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
 word with him but a jest.
et. And every jest but a word.
f. It was well done of you to take him at his
 word.
et. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
 board.
 Two hot sheeps, marry!
et. And wherefore not ships?
ep. Sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
 You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish
 the jest?
f. So you grant pasture for me.
 [*Offering to kiss her.*]
 Not so, gentle beast;
 As are no common, though several they be.
f. Belonging to whom?
 To my fortunes and me.
 Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
 agree:
 All war of wits were much better used
 than and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
f. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
 heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
 me not now, Navarre is infected.
 With what?
 With that, which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
 retire
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
 His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
 Who, tending their own worth, from where they
 were glass'd,
 Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
 hath disclos'd:
 I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
 skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
 of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her
 father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*Warble, child; make passionate my sense
of hearing.

i. Concofines!— [*Singing.*]
 Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take
 up, give enlargement to the swain, bring him
 ely hither; I must employ him in a letter
 ove.

Master, will you win your love with a
brawl?

How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

No, my complete master: but to jig off a
the tongue's end, canary to it with your
amour it with turning up your eye-lids;
note, and sing a note; sometime through
out, as if you swallowed love with singing
metime through the nose, as if you snuffed
by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-
er the shop of your eyes; with your arms
on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on
or your hands in your pocket, like a man
old painting; and keep not too long in one
at a snip and away: These are complements,
e humours, these betray nice wenches—that
be betrayed without these; and make them
note, (do you note, men?) that most are
to these.

How hast thou purchased this experience?

By my penny of observation.

But O,—but O,—

—the hobby-horse is forgot.

Callst thou my love, hobby-horse?

No, master; the hobby-horse is but a
nd your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have
got your love?

Almost I had.

Negligent student! learn her by heart.

By heart, and in heart, boy.

And out of heart, master: all those three
rove.

What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and
 without, upon the instant: By heart you love her,
 because your heart cannot come by her; in heart
 you love her, because your heart is in love with
 her; and out of heart you love her, being out of
 heart, that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet
nothing at all.*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me
a letter.*Moth.* A message well sympathised; a horse to
be ambassador for an ass!*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon
the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.*Arm.* The way is but short; away.*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, mas-
ter, no.*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun?*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*]*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of
grace!By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.*Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.**Moth.* A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken
in a shin.*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy
l'envoy;—begin.*Cost.* No enigma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve
in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain;
no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforeest laughter; thy

silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Dost the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence, that hath tofore been said.
I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose;
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat:—

Sir, your pennyworth's good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this
argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came
your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard*
broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will
speak that *l'envoy*:

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *France*;—I smell
some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at
liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert im-
mured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my pur-
gation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from
durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee
nothing but this: Bear this significant to the
country maid *Jaquenetta*: there is remuneration;
[Giving him money.] for the best ward of mine
honour is, rewarding my dependents. *Moth*, fol-
low. [Exit.]

Moth. Like the sequel, l.—Signior *Costard*, adieu.
Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incoy
Jew!— [Exit *Moth*.]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration!
O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:
three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of
this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remunera-
tion: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it

is a fairer name than French crown. I will
buy and sell out of this word.

Enter *BIRON*.

Biron. O, my good knave *Costard*! exceed
well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation
may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three farthings-worth

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wit

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave

Do one thing for me, that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have don

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first

Cost. I will come to your worship to-
morrow.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.

slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they

name,

And *Rosaline* they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do com-
me

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guard

[Gives him]

Cost. *Guerdon*.—O sweet *guerdon*! bet

remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better

sweet *guerdon*!—I will do it, sir, in

Guerdon—remuneration.

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that

been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupi*

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces:

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart!

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all

And, among three, to love the worst of all

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the

Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her g

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague,

That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, an

Some men must love my lady, and some

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA,
KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants,
and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king that spur'd his horse
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Who'er he was, he show'd a r
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our des

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bu

That we must stand and play the murder

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder

A stand, where you may make the fairest

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, th

And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest s

or. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
 rin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?

hort-liv'd pride! not fair? alack for woe!
 or. Yes, madam, fair.

Nay, never paint me now;
 ere fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
 re, good, my glass, take this for telling true;
 [Giving him money.]

payment for foul words is more than due.
 or. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.
 rin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
 rin. In fair, fit for these days!

ring hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
 come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
 shooting well is then accounted ill.

as will I save my credit in the shoot:
 wounding, pity would not let me do't;
 wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

out of question, so it is sometimes;
 y grows guilty of detested crimes;
 n, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 bend to that the working of the heart:

for praise alone, now seek to spill
 poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
 yet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
 for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 s o'er their lords?

in. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
 ay lady, that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

in. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

et. God dig-you-den all! Pray you which is
 ead lady?

in. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
 have no heads.

it. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
 in. The thickest, and the tallest.

it. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so;
 truth is truth.

our waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
 yet. Of those maids' girdles for your waist should
 be fit.

not you the chief woman? you are the thickest
 here.

in. What's your will, sir? what's your will?
 t. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one
 lady Rosaline.

in. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend
 of mine:

aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
 up this capon.

et. I am bound to serve.—
 letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
 writ to Jaquenetta.

in. We will read it, I swear:
 the neck of the wax, and every one give
 ear.

et. [Reads.] By heaven, that thou art fair, is
 nfallible; true, that thou art beautiful; true,
 that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair,
 ful than beautiful; truer than truth itself,
 commiseration on thy heroic vassal! The
 unanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set
 on the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zene-
 and he it was that might rightly say, veni,
 vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O
 ad obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and
 me he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three.

come? the king? Why did he come? to see;
 did he see? to overcome: To whom came he?
 beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who
 me he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory;
 base side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd;
 base side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a
 d; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both,
 or, one in both. I am the king; for so stands
 comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth
 witness. Shall I command thy love? I may:
 I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat
 ve? I will. What shalt thou exchange for
 robes; For titles, titles; For thyself, me.
 expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy

foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
 every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
 Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemeau lion roar
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his
 prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,
 And he from forage will incline to play:
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
 this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever
 hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the
 style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it
 erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps
 here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
 To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
 Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
 To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come,
 lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another
 day. [Exit Princess and Train.]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why she, that bears the bow.

Finely put off!
 Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou
 marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
 Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come
 near.

Finely put on, indeed!—
 Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
 strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit
 her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
 that was a man when king Pepin of France was
 a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old,
 that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Bri-
 tain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [Singing.
 Thou canst not hit it, my good man.]

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
 An I cannot, another can.

[Exit Ros. and Kath.]
 Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did
 fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they
 both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A
 mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.
 Mar. Wide o'the bow hand! I'faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er
 hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your
 hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving
 the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk gressily, your lips
 grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; chal-
 lenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my
 good owl. [Exit Boyet and Maria.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown
 Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
were, so fit.

Armatho' o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly
a' will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!
Sola, sola!

[Shouting within.
[Exit Costard, running.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and
DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in
the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—
blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth
like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*,—the sky, the welkin,
the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the
face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are
sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But,
sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.
Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of
insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explica-
tion; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather,
ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination,—
after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, un-
pruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest,
unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud
credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas
a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou
monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that
are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it
were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not
replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in
the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we
thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts,
that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indis-
creet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him
in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by
your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not
five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dietyinna, good man Dull; Dietyinna, good
man Dull.

Dull. What is Dietyinna?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam
was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to
fivescore.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the
exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allu-
sion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the ex-
change; for the moon is never but a month old:
and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the
princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal
epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour
the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess
kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so
it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it
argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a
pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made
with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sore;
from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sore; the people
hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sore
sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding be-
more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he
him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, sir,
a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, fi-
shes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, moti-
volutions: these are begot in the ventricle o'
mory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*:
deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: B
gift is good in those in whom it is acute,
am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; a
may my parishioners; for their sons are
tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit
greatly under you: you are a good member o'
commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious
shall want no instruction: if their daughters
capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapi-
pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master p
Hol. Master person,—*quasi pers-on*.—And
should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he t
liketh to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lu
conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for;
pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is

Jaq. Good master person, be so good as re
this letter; it was given me by Costard, an
me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read

Hol. *Fausta, precor gelida quando pecus om-
umbra*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Man
I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of V

—*Vinogia, Vinogia*,

Ch! non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who underst
thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi*
Under pardon, sir, what are the contents;
rather, as Horace says in his—What, my
verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a
Leges, domine.

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how;
swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty v
Thought to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to th
osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thin
Where all those pleasures live, that art
comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee
suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well co
commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee w
wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy
admire.)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voi
dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and
fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this v
That sings heaven's praise with such an e
tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and se
the accent: let me supervise the canzonet,
are only numbers ratified; but, for the clef,

ty, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but melting out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, erks of invention? *Initiari*, is nothing: so doth sound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired his rider. But damocella virgin, was this staid to you?

9. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of strange queen's lords.

4. I will overglance the superscript. To the white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline. I'll look again on the intellect of the letter, for nomination of the party writing to the person ten unto:

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,
BIRON.

Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries the king; and here he hath framed a letter sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath misad.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this into the royal hand of the king; it may conmuch: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive luty; adieu.

7. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save life!

st. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jag.*]

24. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, religiously; and as a certain father saith—

7. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear rable colours. But, to return to the verses; they please you, sir Nathaniel?

24. Marvellous well for the pen.

7. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain of mine; where if, before repast, it shall be you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, by privilege I have with the parents of the aid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; and I will prove those verses to be very undue, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor inon: I beseech your society.

24. And thank you too: for society, saith the is the happiness of life.

7. And, certes, the text most infallibly consents it.—Sir, [To Dull.] I do invite you too; shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; 'tween are at their game, and we will to our ution. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another part of the same.

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

on. The king he is hunting the deer; I am ing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am g in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the

Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is ad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a: Well proved again on my side! I will not if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, ter eye,—by this light, but for her eye. I d not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my t. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught o rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, hath one of my sonnets already; the clown it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: t clown, sweetest fool, sweetest lady! By rold, I would not care a pin, if the other were in: Here comes one with a paper; God him grace to groan! [Gets up into a tree.]

Enter the KING, with a paper.

ng. Ah me!

ron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, t Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bolt under the left pap:—i' faith secrets.—

ng. [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

those fresh morning drops upon the rose,

ny eye beams, when their fresh rays have smote

night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep.

As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,

So videst thou triumphing in my woe;

Do but behold the tears, that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show:

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! I listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!

[Aside.]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing

[Aside.]

papers.

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in

[Aside.]

shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

[Aside.]

Long. Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not

by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to

move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wanton

Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.—

[He reads the sonnet.]

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye

(Guinst whom the world cannot hold argument),

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;

Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which

makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out

o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company I

stay. [Stepping aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [Aside.]

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth she is but corporal: there you

lie. [Aside.]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[Aside.]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Scoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must

shine. [Aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [Aside.]

King. And I mine too, good Lord ! [*Aside.*
Biron. Amen, so I had mine : Is not that a good word ?

Dum. I would forget her ; but a fever she reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision would let her out in saucers ; sweet misprision !

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day !)*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air ;
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Now, alack, for youth unmet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send ; and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
 Were lovers too ! fill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society :
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush ; as his, your case is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much :
 You do not love Maria ! Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart !
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion ;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
 Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
 You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[*To Long.*
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
 [*To Dumain.*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
 A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear ?
 How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit ?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
 For all the wealth, that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me ;

[*Descends from the tree.*
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
 Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears,
 There is no certain princess, that appears :
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing ;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
 But are you not asham'd ? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
 You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat !
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critick Timon laugh at idle toys !
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?
 And where my liege's ? all about the breast—
 A candle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you
 I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in ;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company

With moon-like men, of strange inconsistency.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhye
 Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me ? When shall you hear, that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft ; Whither away so fast
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Biron. I post from love ; good lover, let me

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou ?
Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing the
 The treason, and you, go in peace away together

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter
 read ;

Our parson misdoubts it ; 'twas treason, he
 says.
King. Biron, read it over.

[*Giving him the*
Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it ?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost
 tear it ?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace
 not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and the
 let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his :

[*Picks up the*
Biron. Ah, you whorson loggerhead, [*To*
tard.] you were born to do me shame—

Guilty, my lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.
King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me to
 make up the mess :

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
 Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die
 O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell
 more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are fo
 Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs ; aw
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the tr
 stay. [*Exeunt Costard and Jaque.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us em
 As true we are, as flesh and blood can his

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his
 Young blood will not obey an old decree

We cannot cross the cause why we were born
 Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show
 love of thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the
 venly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
 Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind
 Kisses the base ground with obedient brea

What preempry eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
 My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;
 She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron,
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night

all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
ere several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that wantitself doth seek.
d me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
ither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
ty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.

Who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
as she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils socnest tempt, resembling spirits
of light.

in black my lady's brows be deckt,
t mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
ld ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

m. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black.

King. And, since her time, are colliers counted
bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

m. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
ow. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
r fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell
you plain,

I find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

ow. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

m. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

King. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her
face see. [*Showing his shoe.*]

ow. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
I'er feet were much too dainty for such tread!

m. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
the street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

ow. O, nothing so sure: and thereby all for-
sworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
now prove

our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

n. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

King. O, some authority how to proceed;

tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

n. Some salve for perjury.

ow. O, 'tis more than need!—
at you then, affection's men at arms:

der, what you first did swear unto;—

it,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

reason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
abstinence engenders maladies.

where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
each of you hath forsworn his book:

ou still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

hen would you, my lord, or you, or you,
found the ground of study's excellence,

out the beauty of a woman's face?

owen's eyes this doctrine I derive:
are the ground, the books, the academes,

whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

universal plodding prisons up

limble spirits in the arteries;

otion, and long during-action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow:

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;

And therefore finding barren practisers,

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power;

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible;

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:

For valour, is not love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?

Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,

Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,

And plant in tyrants mild humility.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,

That show, contain, and nourish all the world;

Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:

Then fools you were these women to forswear;

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;

Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;

Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,

Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:

It is religion to be thus forsworn:

For charity itself fulfils the law;

And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloses by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;

For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! Allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no
corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;

If so, our copper buys no better-treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; and pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick lunatick.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—bone, for bene: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[To Moth.

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [To Costard aside.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick renew of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-odd.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy fig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*: A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is

the very remuneration I had of thy master, half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of dition. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that wert but my bastard! what a joyful father would thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dum*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *ung*. Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be si from the barbarous. Do you not educate you the charge-house on the top of the mountain.

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the moun

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet ple and affection, to congratulate the princess; whic rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most genero is liable, congruent, and measurable for the noon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman my familiar, I do assure you, very good frie For what is inward between us, let it pass: beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I b thee, apparel thy head;—and among other i tunate and most serious designs,—and of import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for tell thee it will please his grace (by the s sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder with his royal finger, thus, dally with my ment, with my mustachio; but sweet hea that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: certain special honours it pleaseth his great impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of trave hath seen the world: but let that pass.—Th all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do imprecy,—that the king would have me prese princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful tation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire Now, understanding that the curate and you self are good at such eruptions, and sudden ing out of mirth, as it were, I have acquaint withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her th worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning soj tertainment of time, some show in the poste this day, to be rendered by our assistanc king's command, and this most gallant, illu and learned gentleman,—before the prin say, none so fit as to present the nine worth

Nath. Where will you find men worthy to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, t of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pomy great; the page Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not q enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* strangling a snake; and I will have an apl that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hen now thou crushest the snake!* that is the make an offence gracious; though few ha grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, Goodman Dull! thou hast spol word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Attens!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or

on the tabor to the worthies, and let them
e the hay.

J. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Other part of the same. Before the Princess's
pavilion.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSA-
LINE, and MARIA.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
Spirits come thus plentifully in :
My wall'd about with diamonds !

Kath. You, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yes, as much love in
rhyme,

Would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
on both sides the leaf, margent and all ;
He was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax ;
He hath been five thousand years a boy.

Prin. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd
your sister.

Prin. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
so she died : had she been light, like you,
such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
might have been a grandam ere she died :
so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
light word ?

Prin. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Prin. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ;
before, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Prin. So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

Prin. You weigh me not, — O, that's you care
not for me.

Ros. Great reason ; for, Past cure is still past
care.

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd.

Ros. Rosaline, you have a favour to :

to sent it ? and what is it ?

Prin. I would, you knew :

if my face were but as fair as yours,
favour were as great ; be witness this.

Ros. I have verses too, I thank Birón :

numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,
were the fairest goddess on the ground :

I compar'd to twenty thousand fairs ;
he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much, in the letters ; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Ros. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Prin. 'Ware pencils ! How ? let me not die your
debtor,

red dominical, my golden letter :

that your face were not so full of O's !

Ros. A pox of that jest ! and beshrew all shrews !

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain ?

Ros. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain ?

Ros. Yes, madam ; and moreover,
a thousand verses of a faithful lover :

age translation of hypocrisy.

ly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Prin. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville ;
letter is too long by half a mile.

Ros. I think no less : Dost thou not wish in heart,
chain were longer, and the letter short ?

Prin. Ay, or I would these hands might never
part.

Ros. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Prin. They are worse folks to purchase mocking so.

It same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

That I knew he were bnt in by the week !

For I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;

wait the season, and observe the times,

spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes ;

shape his service wholly to my behests ;

make him proud to make me proud that jests !

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's
her grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare ! —

Arm, wench, arm ! encounters mounted are
Against your peace : Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpris'd :

Must your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid ! What are they,
That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close my eyes some half an hour ;

When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions : warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear ;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage :

Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :

And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical must put him out ;

For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see ;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.

The boy reply'd, An angel is not evil ;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the
shoulder ;

Making the hold wax by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and flier'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before :

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*

The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well :*

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus, —

Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :

And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be
task'd : —

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face. —

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;
And then the king will court thee for his dear ;

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in
sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :

They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unshom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
 But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; he mask'd, the maskers come.
 [Trumpets sound within. [The ladies mask.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their backs—to mortal views!

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
 —with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
 That some plain man recount their purposes:
 Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
 To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them, how many inches

Is in one mile; if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,

And many miles; the princess bids you tell,

How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,

Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing, that we spend for you;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without account.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine

(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change:

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, musick, then: nay, you must do it soon.

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to *Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come he chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not do

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure

King. More measure of this measure; but

rice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price

King. Prize you yourselves; what buys company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so a

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet

with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you gu

rice.)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run,

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, a

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore

[They converse

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to ch

word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse

Kath. What, was your visor made with

tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you;

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I

Long. You have a double tongue within your

And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is no

a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in

sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hear

cry.

[They converse

Boyet. The tongues of mocking venches are a

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, s

things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; brea

break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure

King. Farewell, mad venches; you have a

wits.

[Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Musick

Attendants.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovit

these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
 et. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
 puff'd out.
 Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross;
 fat, fat.
 O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
 they not, think you, hang themselves to-
 night?
 ever, but in visors, show their faces?
 Bert Birón was out of countenance quite.
 O! they were all in lamentable cases!
 thing was weeping-ripe for a good word.
 Birón did swear himself out of all suit.
 Damaín was at my service, and his sword:
 at, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
 Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
 row you, what he call'd me?
 Qualm, perhaps.
 Yes, in good faith.
 Go, sickness as thou art!
 Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
 caps.
 Will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
 And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.
 And Longaville was for my service born.
 Damaín is mine, as sure as bark on ear:
 Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
 liately they will again be here
 in their own shapes; for it can never be,
 will digest this harsh indignity.
 Will they return?
 They will, they will, God knows;
 rap for joy, though they are lame with blows;
 ore, change favours; and, when they repair,
 like sweet roses in this summer air.
 How blow! how blow! speak to be un-
 derstood.
 Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;
 mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
 angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.
 Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
 return in their own shapes to woo?
 God madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
 knock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
 complain to them what fools were here,
 his'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
 wonder, what they were; and to what end
 shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
 their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 not be presented at our tent to us.
 Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
 Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
 [Exit Princess, Ros. Kath. and Maria.]
 KING, BIRÓN, LONGAVILLE, and
 DUMAÍN, in their proper habits.
 Fair sir, God save you! Where is the
 princess?
 Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
 and me she vouchsafes to her thither?
 That she vouchsafes me audience for one
 word.
 I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
 [Exit.]
 This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
 sters it again, when God doth please:
 wit's pedler; and retails his wares
 es, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
 he that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 not the grace to grace it with such show.
 Allant pins the wench on his sleeve;
 been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
 carve too, and lip: Why, this is he,
 ess'd away his hand in courtesy;
 the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 ourable terms; nay, he can sing
 most meanly; and, in ushering,
 him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
 airs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
 the flower that smiles on every one,
 w his teeth as white as whales bone:
 nsciences, that will not die in debt,
 n the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
 A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 at Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, usher'd by BOYET; ROSA-
 LINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.
 Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what
 wert thou,
 Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?
 King. Ah-hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
 Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
 King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
 Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
 King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
 To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it them.
 Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your
 vow:
 Nor God, nor I, delight in perjurd men.
 King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
 The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
 Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should
 have spoke.
 For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
 Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
 As the unsullied lily, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yield to be your house's guest:
 So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
 King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
 Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
 We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
 A mess of Russians left us but of late.
 King. How, madam? Russians?
 Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
 Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.
 Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
 My lady, (to the manner of the days),
 In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
 We four, indeed, confronted here with four
 In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
 And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
 They did not bless us with one happy word.
 I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
 When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
 Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
 Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
 With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
 By light we lose light: Your capacity
 Is of that nature, that to your huge store
 Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
 Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
 eye,—
 Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
 Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
 Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.
 Ros. All the fool mine!
 Biron. I cannot give you less.
 Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?
 Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand
 you this?
 Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
 That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
 King. We are descried: they'll mock us now
 downright.
 Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
 Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your high-
 ness sad?
 Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why
 look you pale!—
 Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
 Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
 perjury.
 Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
 Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
 Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a fount;
 Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
 Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
 And I will wish thee never more to dance,
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
 O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
 Nor never come in visor to my friend;
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
 Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
 Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them : and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows !)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage :—Bear with me, I am sick ;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three ;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
These lords are visited : you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so ; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

Biron. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect
her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear ;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine.

Prin. I will ; and therefore keep it :—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight ; and did value me
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my
troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give ;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear :—

What ; will you have me, or your pearl again ?
Biron. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't ;—Here was a consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy :
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years ; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—

Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn ; in will, and error.

Much upon this it is :—And might not you
[To Boyet.]

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Do you not know my lady's foot by the squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
You put our page out ; Go, you are allow'd ;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been re-
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ;
done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in,
Biron. What, are there but three ?

Cost. No, sir ; but it is vary
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is ni-
Cost. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir ; I

it is not so :
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir,
know what we know :

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is no

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whe-
it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three thr-
nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were a pity you shot
your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it ?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves

actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth an-
for my own part, I am, as they say, but to
one man,—e'en one poor man ; Pompion the
sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies ?
Cost. It pleaseth them to think me wor-

Pompion the great : for mine own part, I kn-
the degree of the worthy ; but I am to stand fo-

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir ; w-

take some care. [Exit C]
King. Biron, they will shame us, let the

approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord : s-

some policy
To have one show worse than the King's a

company.
King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-ri-
now ;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know
Where zeal strives to content, and the conte-

Die in the zeal of them, which it presents ;
Their form confounded makes most form in

When great things labouring perish in their
Biron. A right description of our sport, m-

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much exp-
thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a b

words.
[Armado converses with the King, and

him a paper.]
Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Biron. Why ask you ?
Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's n-

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet,
monarch : for, I protest, the school-master

ceeding fantastical ; too, too vain ; too, too
But we will put it, as they say, to fortun-

guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, mos
couplement ! [Exit A

King. Here is like to be a good presence o-
thies : He presents Hector of Troy ; the

Pompey the great ; the parish curate, Alex-
Armado's page, Hercules ; the pedant,

Macchabæus.
And if these four worthies in their first show

These four will change habits, and present th-
fire.

Biron. There is five in the first show.
King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the
priest, the fool, and the boy ;—

Abate a throw at novum ; and the whole world
Cannot prick out five such, take each one

vein.
King. The ship is under sail, and here she

amain.
[Seats brought for the King, Princes

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.

I Pompey am,—— You lie, you are not he.

I Pompey am,—— With libbard's head on knee.

Well said, old mocker; I must needs be s with thee.

I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,——

The great.

It is great, sir;—*Pompey surnam'd the great; sit in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:*

travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

My ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Great thanks, great Pompey.

'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I perfect: I made a little fault in great.

My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves t worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

the Arabian plain declares, that I am Ailsander.

Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;——

Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Ailsander.

Pompey the great,——

Your servant, and Costard.

Take away the conqueror, take away Ailsander.

O, sir, [*To Nath.*] you have overthrown the conqueror! You will be scraped out painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds

l-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given x: he will be the ninth worthy. A con-

and afeard to speak! run away for shame, er. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an't shall please

foolish mild man; an honest man, look and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good

our insooth; and a very good howler: but, ander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little

ed: But there are worthies a-coming will heir mind in some other sort.

Stand aside, good Pompey.

HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.

Great Hercules is presented by this imp, use club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed

canns;

en he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, as did he strangle serpents in his manus:

n, he seemeth in minority;

come with this apology.—

ome state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Exit Moth.*]

Judas I am,——

A Judas!

Not Iscariot, sir.—

om, yeilded Machabæus.

Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Judas I am,——

The more shame for you, Judas.

What mean you, sir?

To make Judas hang himself.

Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an der.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Caesar's Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—

Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best ended in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift,——

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so break'd, that certain he would fight, yea,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,——

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs

against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;

sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:

when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will for-

ward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the Princess*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*Biron whispers Costard.*]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,——

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is

gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,

the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; and

the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamously me among potentates?

thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaque-

netta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pom-

pey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll flash; I'll do it by the sword!—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woodward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies.]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,

The liberal opposition of our spirits:

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath, your gentleness

Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!

A heavy heart bears not as humble tongue:

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form

All causes to the purpose of his speed;

And often, at his very loose, decides

That, which long process could not arbitrate:

And though the morning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,

The holy suit, which fain it would convince;

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of

grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty,

ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents:

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

As love is full of unbefitting strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:

Which party-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these

Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love

Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove

By being once false for ever to be true

To those, that make us both,—fair ladies,

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

As bombast, and as lining to the time:

But more devout than this, in our respect

Have we not been; and therefore met you

In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd me

than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote

King. Now, at the latest minute of the

Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, to

To make a world-without-end bargain in:

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd

Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this

If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this shall you do for:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with

To some forlorn and naked hermitage

Remote from all the pleasures of the world

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning;

If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer, made in heat of blood

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and this

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love;

Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge, challenge me by these

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing this

I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut

My woeful self up in a mourning house;

Raining the tears of lamentation

For the remembrance of my father's death

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would

To flatter up these powers of mine

The sudden hand of death close up mine

Hence ever then my heart is in thy

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins

You are ataint with faults and perjury;

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never

But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and

With three-fold love I wish you all these

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gent

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth

I'll mark no words, that smooth-fac'd

woe Come, when the king doth to my lady

Then, if I have much love, I'll give you

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully

Kath. Yet, swear not, lest you be forsworn

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth

I'll change my black gown for a faithful

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

What humble suit attends thy answer

that impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord

Before I saw you: and the world's large

Proclaims you for a man replete with

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;

Which you on all estates will execute,

That lie within the mercy of your wit:

weed this wormwood from your faithful brain;
 I, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
 (without the which I am not to be won,) shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
 sit the speechless sick, and still converse
 with groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
 to kill all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
 to enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Iron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
 Cannot be; it is impossible:
 I cannot move a soul in agony.
Pro. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
 whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
 which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
 His prosperity lies in the ear
 of him, that hears it, never in the tongue
 of him, that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
 I'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 I'll hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 I will have you, and that fault withal;
 if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 I shall find you empty of that fault,
 yet joyful of your reformation.
Iron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will
 befall,
 I'll best a twelvemonth in an hospital.
Pro. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my
 leave. *[To the King.]*
Pro. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.
Iron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
 hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
 shall well have made our sport a comedy.
Pro. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
 when 'twill end.
Iron. That's too long for a play.
Enter ARMADO.
Pro. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Pro. Was not that Hector?
Pro. The worthy knight of Troy.
Pro. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave:
 I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold
 my tongue for her sweet love three years. But,
 esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue
 between the two learned men have compiled, in praise
 of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed
 the end of our show.
Pro. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
Pro. Holla! approach.
**HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH,
 COSTARD, and others.**
Pro. This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring;

the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the
 cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer
 smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
 songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.
[Exeunt.]



MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Duke of Venice.
 Prince of Morocco, } suitors to Portia.
 Prince of Arragon, }
 ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice :
 BASSANIO, his friend.
 SALANIO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
 SALARINO, }
 GRATIANO, }
 LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
 SHYLOCK, a Jew :
 TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.
 OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
 SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.
 LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
 BALTHAZAR, } servants to Portia.
 STEPHANO, }
 PORTIA, a rich heiress.
 NERISSA, her waiting maid.
 JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.

Scene,—partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Venice. A street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
 It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn ;
 And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
 There, where your argosies with partly sail,—
 Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
 Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sulan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
 Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;
 And every object, that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats ;
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ?
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad ?
 But, tell not me ; I know, Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year :
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Why then you are in love.

Ant.

Salar. Not in love neither ? Then let's say, you
 are sad,

Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Janus,

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
 Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
 And other of such vinegar aspect ;
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Sulan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo : Fare you well ;
 We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you
 merry

If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?
 Say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : Must it be so ?
Salar. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.
 [Exit Salarino and Sclanio.]

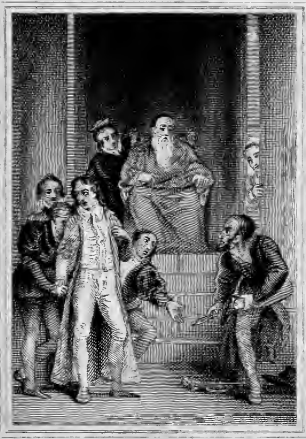
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
 Antonio,

We two will leave you : but, at dinner time,
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
 You have too much respect upon the world :
 They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
 Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
 A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool :
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep, when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;



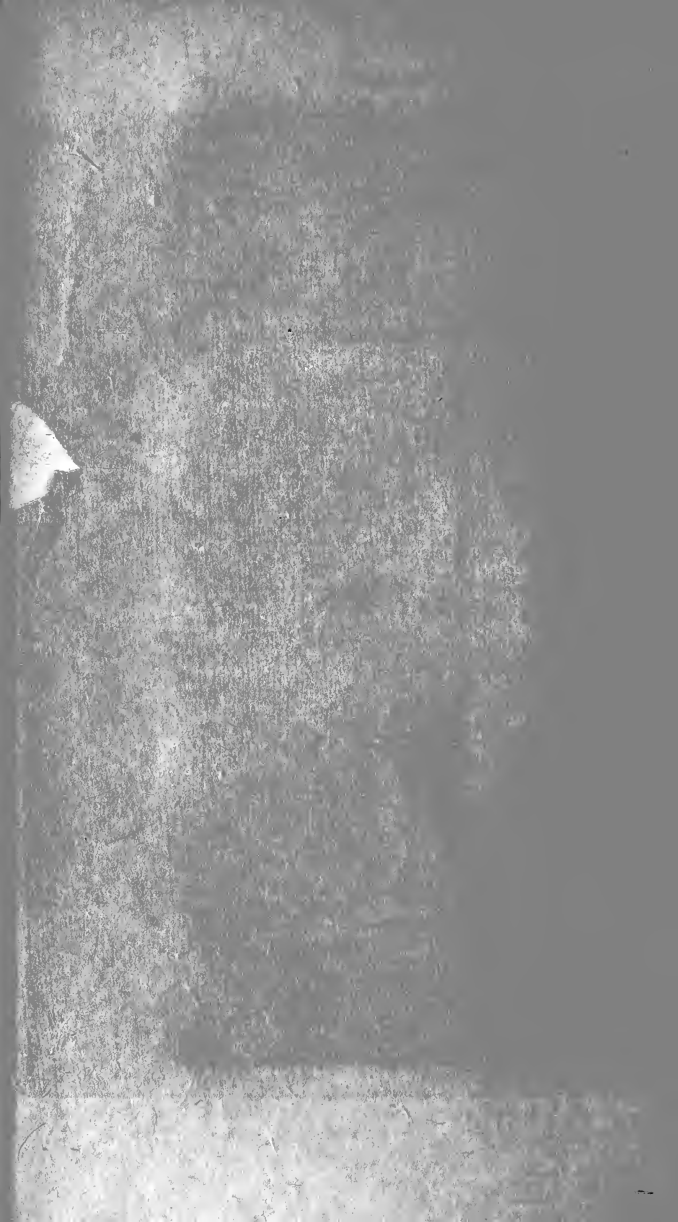
T. Stothard del.

R. Graves sc.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act 4. Sc. 1.

Published by W. Pickering, Lincolns Inn Fields 1823.



As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,
 fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable

In a nest's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now?
Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
 more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are
 as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;
 you shall seek all day ere you find them: and,
 when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same,
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
 That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
 How much I have disabled mine estate
 By something showing a more swelling port,
 Than my faint means would grant continuance:
 Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
 From such a noble rate; but my chief care
 Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
 Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
 Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
 I owe the most, in money, and in love;
 And from your love I have a warranty
 To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
 How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
 And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
 Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
 My purse, my person, my extremest means,
 Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
 I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
 That, which I owe, is lost: but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way,
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
 time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
 In making question of my uttermost,
 Than if you had made waste of all I have:
 Then do but say to me what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages:
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renewed suitors; and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchus' strand,
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 O my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,

I have a mind presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.
Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Nor have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
 Try what my credit can in Venice do;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is; and I no question make,
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a
 weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
 fortunes were in the same abundance as your good for-
 tunes are: And, yet, for aught I see, they are as
 sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
 with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore,
 to be seated in the mean; and superfluity comes sooner
 by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were
 good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
 men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine
 that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach
 twenty what were good to be done, than be one of
 the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain
 may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper
 leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness
 the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel
 the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion
 to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose!
 I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse
 whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter
 curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard,
 Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy
 men, at their death, have good inspirations; there-
 fore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three
 chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who
 chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt,
 never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you
 shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in
 your affection towards any of these princely suitors
 that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou
 namest them, I will describe them; and, according
 to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing
 but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great ap-
 propriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe
 him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother
 played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should
 say, *An if you will not love me, choose:* he hears
 merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove
 the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being
 so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had
 rather be married to a death's head with a bone in
 his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me
 from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mon-
 sieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass
 for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a
 mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than
 the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than
 the count Palatine: he is every man in no
 man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering;
 he will fence with his own shadow: if I should
 marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: for if
 he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if
 he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the
 young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he
 understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither
 Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into

the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Monterrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that?

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me,

that he is sufficient: yet his means are in question: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, and to the Indies; I understand moreover upon Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-thieves, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The more is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats; I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: may I speak to Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habit which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so follow; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican looks!

I hate him for he is a christian: But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store; And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me: But soft; How many monies Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our world [To An]

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd, How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me: Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But you;

Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf) The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised, That all the earnings which were streak'd, and Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being in the end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was Between these woolly breeders in the act, The skilful shepherd peel'd 'm certain wands

And, in the doing of the deed of kind, He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes; Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's:

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest; And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd A thing not in his power to bring to pass, But sway'd, and fashioned, by the hand of heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?

your gold and silver, ewes and rams ?
 I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :—
 Note me, signior.
 Mark you this, Bassanio,
 Evil can cite scripture for his purpose.
 'Til soul, producing holy witness,
 A villain with a smiling cheek ;
 A dly apple rotten at the heart ;
 'Tis but a goodly outside falsehood hath !
 Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
 sum.
 Months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
 Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?
 Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 Rialto you have rated me
 my monies, and my usances :
 I have borne it with a patient shrug ;
 Difference is the badge of all our tribe :
 All me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 Pit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 I'll for use of that which is mine own.
 Then, it now appears, you need my help :
 Then ; you come to me, and you say,
 'Tis but *would have monies* ; You say so ;
 'Tis but did void your rheum upon my beard,
 You spit on me, as you spurn a stranger cut
 your threshold ; monies is your suit.
 Should I say to you ? Should I not say,
dog money ? is it possible
can lend three thousand ducats ? or
 I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 'Tis bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 is,—
er, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
turn'd me such a day ; another time
it'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
did you thus much monies.
 I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 I will lend thee this money, lend it not
 thy friends ; (for when did friendship take
 'Tis but barren metal of his friend ?)
 And it rather to thine enemy ;
 If he break, thou may'st with better face
 the penalty.
 Why, look you, how you storm !
 I did befriends with you, and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doot
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :
 This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :—
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
 And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
 Within these two months, that's a month before
 This bond expires, I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians
 are ;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
 If he should break his day, what should I gain
 By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
 To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
 If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;

And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
 Give him direction for this merry bond,
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard
 Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
 I will be with you. [Exit.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
 My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.
of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco,
as Train ; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other
Attendants.
 Mislake me not for my complexion,
 Adow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 For I am a neighbour, and near bred.
 None the fairest creature northward born,
 Whom Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 Can make incision for your love,
 Nor whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
 Hee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Seem'd the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
 He regard'd virgins of our climate
 As he'd it too : I would not change this hue,
 To steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
 In terms of choice I am not solely led
 In direction of a maiden's eyes :
 'Tis the lottery of my destiny
 To chuse the right of voluntary choosing :
 My father had not scanted me,
 He'd me by his will, to yield myself
 To him who wins me by that means I told you,
 He, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
 As comers I have look'd on yet,
 In affection.

Even for that I thank you ;
 For, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
 My fortune. By this scimitar,—
 I swear the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
 On three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
 Did out-stare the sternest eyes that look,

Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !
 If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
 So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that, which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance ;
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage : therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my
 chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then ! [Cornets.
 To make me blest, or curs'd 'st among men. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Venice. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Loun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to
 run from this Jew, my master : The fiend is at
 mine elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo,*
Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo,
or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start,
run away : My conscience says,—no ; take heed hon-
est Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gobbo ; or, as

aforsaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels*: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *viva!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens; youse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run*. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not*; *budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn on the right hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sotties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir. *Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership. *Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fall of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn,

if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How thou and thy master agree? I have brought thee present; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, have set up my rest to run away, so I will not till I have run some ground: my master's a Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: famish'd in his service; you may tell every

I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him, I will run as far as God has any ground for rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so that supper be ready at the farthest by five o'clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the letters to making; and desire Gratiano to come an my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would't thou anight with me? Here's my son, sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's that would, sir, as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one says, to serve.

Laun. Indeed the short and the long is, the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father specifies.

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, father, being I hope an old man, shall fruitfully say,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent myself, as your worship shall know by this old man; and, though I say it, though old yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you? *Laun.* Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter. *Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd the Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, and hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well par-tween my master Shylock and you, sir; you the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out: Give him a livery [*To his Followers.*]

More guarded than his fellows: See it done. *Laun.* Father, in:—I cannot get a service: I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*On his pain.*]

if any man in Italy have a faire which doth offer to swear upon a book,—have good fortune; Go to, here's a simple life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas,

wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine is a simple coming-in for one man: and 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I

my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exit Launcelot and old Bassanio.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think of These things being brought and orderly best Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

st-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.
 My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Where is your master?

Yonder, sir, he walks.

[Exit Leonardo.]

Signior Bassanio,—
 Gratiano!
 I have a suit to you.

You have obtain'd it.
 You must not deny me; I must go with Belmont.

Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
 art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
 that become thee happily enough,
 such eyes as ours appear not faults;
 ere thou art not known, why, there they show
 ting too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
 y with some cold drops of modesty
 ipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
 instructed in the place I go to,
 ee my hopes.

Signior Bassanio, hear me:
 not put on a sober habit,
 ith respect, and swear but now and then,
 prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
 ore, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
 irth my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
 the observance of civility,
 ae well studied in a sad ostent
 use his grandam, never trust me more.
 Well, we shall see your hearing.

Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not
 rage me
 at we do to-night.

No, that were pity;
 d entreat you rather to put on
 oldest suit of mirth, for we have friends,
 rpose merriment: But fare you well,
 some business.

And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
 will visit you at supper-time. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
 use is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
 ob it of some taste of tediousness:
 e thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
 uncelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
 e, who is thy new master's guest:
 m this letter; do it secretly,
 farewell; I would not have my father
 talk with thee.

Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
 eautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a
 u did not play the knave, and get thee, I
 h deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops
 what drown my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit.]

Farewell, good Launcelot.—
 what heinous sin is it in me,
 sham'd to be my father's child!
 ough I am a daughter to his blood,
 st to his manners: O Lorenzo,
 keep promise, I shall end this strife;
 a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO,
 and SALANIO.

Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
 e us at my lodging, and return
 an hour.

We have not made good preparation.
 We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
 tier, in my mind, not undertook.
 Tis now but four a'clock; we have two hours
 ish us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
 Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,
 it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
 And whiter than the paper, it writ on,
 Is the fair hand, that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew
 to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
 I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
 Gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Salar. and Salan.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,

How I shall take her from her father's house;

What gold, and jewels, she is fureish'd with;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
 judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could
 do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;

There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master
 doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will
 not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do,
 then it was not for nothing that my nose fell
 a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i'the
 morning, falling out that year on Ash-wednesday
 was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me,
 Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street,

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:

But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:

But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;

Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Lauan.*]
Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.
Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.
Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things, that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here-
after.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within.

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear, that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that
thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*]
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come!—O, gentlemen, away
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the
'Tis nine o' clock; our friends all stay for you,
No masque to night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delay
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with
Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*
Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and disco-
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bear
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men a
The second, silver, which this promise carries
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he des
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blue
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all a
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, pri-
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, shall give and hazard all h
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for l
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he dese
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Mor
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
'Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lad
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men a
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing sair
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly pict
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damn
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I cherish, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in Eng
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden c*
Mor. O hell! what have we here

on death, within whose empty eye
s a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
When have you heard that told:
Sany a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Filded toms do worms infold,
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscol'd:
Are you well; your suit is cold.*

d, indeed; and labour lost:
m, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.
A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,
of his complexion choose me so.

SCENE VIII.

Venice. A street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
in is Gratiano gone along;
their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
sent him to search Bassanio's ship.
He came too late, the ship was under sail:
the duke was given to understand,
a gondola were seen together
and his amorous Jessica:
Antonio certify'd the duke,
we not with Bassanio in his ship.
I never heard a passion so confus'd,
ge, outrageous, and so variable,
og Jew did utter in the streets:
"Her!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Is a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—
the Jew! my ducats and my daughter!
bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
e ducats, stot a from me by my daughter!
his; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
all pay for this.

Marry, well remember'd:
d with a Frenchman yesterday;
d me,—in the narrow seas, that part
ch and English, there miscarried
of our country, richly fraught:
upon Antonio, when he told me;
'd in silence, that it were not his.
You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
od suddenly, for it may grieve him.
A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
Bassanio and Antonio part:
told him, he would make some speed
turn; he answer'd—*Do not so,
ot business for my sake, Bassanio,
the very ripping o' the time;
he Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
enter in your mind of lore:
and employ your chiefest thoughts
hip, and such fair ostents of love
conveniently become you there:*
there, his eye being big with tears,
his face, he put his hand behind him,
affection wondrous sensible
g Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
I think, he only loves the world for him.
So, let us go, and find him out,
ken his embraced heaviness
as delight or other.

Do we so. [Exit.

SCENE IX.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
light;

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,
PORTIA, and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and begone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the food eye doth teach;
Which prides not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title dost thou bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too; For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserv'd dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many he commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me, shall yet as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that, which you find
there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss:
Some there he, that shadow's bliss:
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.*

*Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So hegone, sir, you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exit Arrogan, and Trains.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one, that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising!
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly
Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Venice. A street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the
narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the
place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the
carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they
say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of
her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in
that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neigh-
bours believe she wept for the death of a third
husband: But it is true,—without any slips of
prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—
that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O
that I had a title good enough to keep his name
company!

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end
is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil
cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness
of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the
tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the
bird was fleg'd; and then it is the complexion of
them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these
years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh
and hers, than between jet and ivory; more be-
tween your bloods, than there is between red wine
and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether
Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt,
a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the
Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon
the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont
to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he
was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;
—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt
not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing
else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced
me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at
my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation,
thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated
mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a
Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands,
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?
fed with the same food, hurt with the same weap-
ons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the
same means, warmed and cooled by the same
winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you

prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us,
not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?
if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we
you in the rest, we will resemble you in that
a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his hun-
dredth part? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what
his sufferance be by Christian example? we
venge. The villany, you teach me, I will e-
and it shall go hard, but I will better the insti-

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is
house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to see

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe;
cannot be matched, unless the devil himself tu-
[*Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and*

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from
hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her
cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a d
gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Pr
The curse never fell upon our nation till
never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats
and other precious, precious jewels.—I we
daughter were dead at my foot, and the je
her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my fi
the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?
so:—and I know not what's spent in the
Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone
much, and so much to find the thief; and r
faction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirri
what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but
breathing: no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too;
as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill lu

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, comi
Tripolis

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it
it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sail
escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good
good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as
one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st at a dagger in me:—
never see my gold again: Fourscore duc-
sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's cred
my company to Venice, that swear he
choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague hi
torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring,
lad of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me,
it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah,
was a bachelor: I would not have given
wilderness of monies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very tru
Tubal, fec me an officer, bespeak him a f
before: I will have the heart of him, if he
fer were he out of Venice, I can make wh

e I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at agogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

ASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NE-
s, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, on hazard; for, in choosing wrong, our company; therefore, forbear a while: something tells me, (hut it is not love,) not lose you; and you know yourself, unsels not in such a quality:
you should not understand me well, t a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) detain you here some month or two, on venture for me. I could teach you, choose right, but then I am forsworn; I never be: so may you miss me; on do, you'll make me wish a sin, ad been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, ve o'er-look'd me, and divided me; f of me is yours, the other half yours,— n, I would say; but if mine, then yours, all yours: O! these naughty times ; between the owners and their rights; though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, me go to hell for it,—not I.
oo long; but 'tis to prize the time; t, and to draw it out in length, you from election.

Let me choose;
I am, I live upon the rack.
pon the rack, Bassanio? then confess eason there is mingled with your love. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, makes me fear the enjoying of my love. ay as well be amity and life now and fire, as treason and my love. ty, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack, men enforced do speak any thing. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth. Well then, confess, and live.

Confess, and love,
a the very sum of my confession:
torment, when my torturer
ch me answers for deliverance!
ae to my fortune and the caskets.
way then: I am lock'd in one of them;
e love me, you will find me out.—
and the rest, stand all aloof.—
ck sound, while he doth make his choice;
he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
a musick: that the comparison
d more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
it is musick then? then musick is
the flourish, when true subjects bow
r-crowned monarch: such it is,
ose dulcet sounds in break of day,
p into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
mon him to marriage. Now he goes,
less presence, but with much more love,
ing Alcides, when he did redeem
n tribute paid by howling Troy
a-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
aloof are the Dardanian wives,
ared visages, come forth to view
e of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
a, I live:—With much much more dismay
e fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least them- selves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than doth promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!
Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embred despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass.: What find I here?
[Opening the leaden casket.

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends! Here in her
hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs! But her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;
[Kissing her.

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for my self alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,

I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
Mere rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted; but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being hlent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord,
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio

Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio*

Bass.

Ere I ope his letter

I pray you tell me how my good friend doth
Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer you 'stranger; bid I
come.

Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio
I know he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece
Sale. 'Would you had won the fleece

hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents
same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and w
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself
And I must freely have the half of any thi
That this same paper brings you.

Bass.

O sweet

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;

And then I told you true: and yet, dear l

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart: When I tol

My state was nothing, I should then have

That I was worse than nothing; for, inde

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady

The paper as the body of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio

Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not c

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful tou

Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale.

Not one, my

Besides, it should appear, that if he had

The present money to discharge the Jew,

He would not take it: Never did I know

A creature, that did bear the shape of ma

So keen and greedy to confound a man:

He plies the duke at morning, and at night

And doth impeach the freedom of the stat

If they deny him justice: twenty merchan

The duke himself, and the magnifices

Of greatest port, have all persuaded with

But none can drive him from the envious:

Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes.

When I was with him, I have he

swear,

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,

That he would rather have Antonio's flesh

Than twenty times the value of the sum

That he did owe him: and I know, my l

If law, authority, and power deny not,

It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por.

Is it your dear friend, that is

trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kind

The best condition'd and unwearied spirit

In doing courtesies; and one, in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears

Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por.

What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass.

For me, three thousand ducats.

Por.

What, n

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bon

Double six thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

First, go with me to church, and call me

And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have g

To pay the petty debt twenty times over;

When it is paid, bring your true friend al

maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
 all live as maids and widows. Come, away;
 you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
 your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
 as you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
 Let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all
 carried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is
 all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since,
 paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts
 cleared between you and I, if I might but see
 at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure:
 our love do not persuade you to come, let not my
 er.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste: but, till I come again,
 bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
 No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Venice. A street.

SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and
 Gaoler.

Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of
 mercy;—

Antonio is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

Gaoler, look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

as I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond;

as I call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause:

since I am a dog, beware my fangs;

duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

that a naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond

to come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I will have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

Antonio. Not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,

to shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

to Christian intercessors. Follow not;

and have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[Exit Shylock.]

Antonio. It is the most impenetrable cur,

that ever kept with men.

Gaoler. Let him alone;

allow him no more with bootless prayers.

Antonio. He seeks my life; his reason well I know;

deliver'd from his forfeitures

the gaoler, that have at times made moan to me;

before he hates me.

Antonio. I am sure, the duke

never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Gaoler. The duke cannot deny the course of law;

he commends that strangers have

in us in Venice, if it be denied,

much impeach the justice of the state;

that the trade and profit of the city

standeth of all nations. Therefore, go;

your griefs and losses have so 'bated me,

I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

inorrow to my bloody creditor.—

Gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come

to me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO,
 JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

Portia. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

as I have a noble and a true conceit

of a like amity; which appears most strongly

in thus the absence of your lord.

Antonio. If you knew to whom you show this honour,

how true a gentleman you send relief,

and dear a lover of my lord your husband,

how you would be prouder of the work,

and customary bounty can enforce you.

Antonio. I never did repent for doing good,

and shall not now: for in companions

do converse and waste the time together,

and our souls do bear an equal yoke of love,

There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
 Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,
 Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul
 From out the state of hellish cruelty?
 This comes too near the praising of myself;
 Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry and manage of my house,
 Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return:
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,
 Not to deny this imposition;
 The which my love, and some necessity,
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;

I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,

And will acknowledge you and Jessica

In place of lord Bassanio and myself.

So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on

you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well

pleas'd.

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,

So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,

And use thou all the endeavour of a man,

In speed to Padua; see thou render this

Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;

And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed

Unto the tranect, to the common ferry,

Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,

But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[Exit.]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,

That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished

With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,

When we are both accouter'd like young men,

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

And wear my dagger with the braver grace;

And speak, between the change of man and boy,

With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps

Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,

Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love,

Which I denying, they fell sick and died;

I could not do with all;—then I'll repent,

And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,

That men shall swear, I have discontinued school

Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,

If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device,

When I am in my coach, which stays for us

At the park gate; and therefore haste away,

For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. A garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Launc. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the

father are to be laid upon the children; therefore,

I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with

you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, J pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare or dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomas.
Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover it word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion! thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them to the table, serve in the meat, and we will con to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as hum and conceits shall govern. [*Exit Laun*]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are! The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; And I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet, The lord Bassanio live an upright life; For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And, if on earth he do not mean it, it Is reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly r And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude w Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I h stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-t Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*E*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio heré?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of fl
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never tr
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what pose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that
But, say, it is my humour; Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd?
Some men there are, lovè not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the n
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your an
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,

offend, himself being offended ;
 an I give no reason, nor I will not,
 than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
 Antonio, that I follow thus
 ing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?
 ss. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 excuse the current of thy cruelty.

1. I am not bound to please thee with my
 answer.

ss. Do all men kill the things, they do not
 love ?

1. Hates any man the thing, he would not kill ?
 ss. Every offence is not a hate at first.

1. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting
 thee twice ?

1. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
 may as well go stand upon the beach,
 bid the main flood bate his usual height ;

may as well use question with the wolf,
 he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;

may as well forbid the mountain pines
 ag their high tops, and to make no noise,

o they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
 may as well do any thing most hard,

ek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
 ewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,

no more offers, use no further means,
 with all brief and plain conveniency,

oe have judgment, and the Jew his will.

ss. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
 1. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

is in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 wd not draw them, I would have my bond.

ss. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
 none ?

1. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
 wrong ?

ss. Have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 bh, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,

use in abject and in slavish parts,
 use you bought them:—Shall I say to you,

hem be free, marry them to your heirs ?
 sweat they under burdens ? let their beds

ade as soft as yours, and let their palates
 ason'd with such viands ? You will answer,

Javes are ours:—So do I answer you:
 ound of flesh, which I demand of him,

arly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
 deny me, fie upon your law !

ss. It is no force in the decrees of Venice:
 ud for judgment: answer; shall I have it ?

ss. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
 s Bellario, a learned doctor,

in I have sent for to determine this,
 here to-day.

ss. My lord, here stays without
 ssenger with letters from the doctor,

come from Padua.

ss. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.
 ss. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! cou-
 rage yet!

ss. How shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 ou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ss. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 est for death; the weakest kind of fruit

earliest to the ground, and so let me:
 cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,

to live still, and write mine epitaph.

ss. My lord, here stays without
 ssenger with letters from the doctor,

come from Padua.

ss. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.
 ss. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! cou-
 rage yet!

ss. How shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 ou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ss. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 est for death; the weakest kind of fruit

earliest to the ground, and so let me:
 cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,

to live still, and write mine epitaph.

ss. My lord, here stays without
 ssenger with letters from the doctor,

come from Padua.

ss. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.
 ss. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! cou-
 rage yet!

ss. How shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 ou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ss. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 est for death; the weakest kind of fruit

earliest to the ground, and so let me:
 cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,

to live still, and write mine epitaph.

ss. My lord, here stays without
 ssenger with letters from the doctor,

come from Padua.

ss. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.
 ss. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! cou-
 rage yet!

ss. How shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 ou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ss. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 est for death; the weakest kind of fruit

earliest to the ground, and so let me:
 cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,

Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'st rail the sea' from off my
 bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court:—
 Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four
 of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
 Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] Your grace shall understand, that,
 at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in
 the instant that your messenger came, in loving
 visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his
 name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause
 in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the
 merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is
 furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his
 own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough
 commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill
 up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you,
 let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack
 a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young
 a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious
 acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his com-
 mendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he
 writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario ?
 Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
 Are you acquainted with the difference
 That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am inform'd thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?
 Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?
 Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
 Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
 Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
 You stand within his danger, do you not ?

[To Antonio.]
 Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?
 Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptre'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court; Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er, On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart: If this will not suffice, it must appear, That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you, Wrest once the law to your authority: To do a great right, do a little wrong; And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established: 'Twill be recorded for a precedent; And many an error, by the same example, Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Sky. A Daniel come to judgment!—yea, a Daniel!

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Sky. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Sky. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven: Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit; And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful; Take thrice thy money; hid me tear the bond.

Sky. When it is paid according to the tenour.—

It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment: By my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Sky. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Sky. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Sky. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?

Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh

The flesh?

Sky. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your

charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Sky. Is it not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is so express'd; But what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Sky. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well pre-

par'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend;

And he repents not, that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thank

that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest, I love

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this curish Jew

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Sky. These be the christian husbands: I have

daughter;

'Would any of the stock of Barrabas

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's fle-

thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it

Sky. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his

back: The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Sky. Most learned judge!—A sentence; c-

prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something els-

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O let

judge!

Sky. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew!—A let

judge!

Sky. I take this offer then;—pay the bond

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no has

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the:

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more

Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so

As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeit

Sky. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word

Sky. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeit

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Sky. Why then the devil give him good

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect, attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rebear'd.

therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
 Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
 thyself:
 et, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 hast not left the value of a cord;
 fore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
 That thou shalt see the difference of our
 spirit,
 on thee thy life, before thou ask it:
 alf thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
 her half comes to the general state,
 a humbleness may drive unto a fine.
 Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
 Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
 ake my house, when you do take the prop,
 loth sustain my house; you take my life,
 you do take the means whereby I live.
 What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
 A halter gratis; nothing else; for God's
 sake.
 So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
 t the fine for one half of his goods;
 ontent, so he will let me have
 her half in use,—to render it,
 is death, unto the gentleman,
 utely stole his daughter:
 ings provided more,—That, for this favour,
 gently become a Christian;
 her, that he do record a gift,
 a the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 is son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
 t. He shall do this; or else I do recant
 rdon, that I late pronounced here.
 Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say?
 I am content.

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
 I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
 ot well; send the deed after me,
 will sign it.

Get thee gone, but do it.
 In christening thou shalt have two god-
 athers;
 een judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
 ug thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.]
 Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
 I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
 away this night toward Padua,
 is meet I presently set forth.

I am sorry that your leisure serves you not,
 to gratify this gentleman;
 my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exit Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.]
 Most worthy gentlemen, I and my friend
 y your wisdom been this day acquitted
 ous penalties; in lieu whereof,
 ousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
 ly cope your courteous pains withal.
 And stand indebted, over and above,
 and service to you evermore.
 He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
 delivering you, am satisfied,
 rein do account myself well paid;
 d was never yet more mercenary.
 ou, know me, when we meet again;
 you well, and so I take my leave.
 Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
 me remembrance of us, as a tribute,
 a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
 deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
 Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
 And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
 Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
 And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
 I will not shame myself to give you this.
 Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
 And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the
 value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
 And fir'd it out by proclamation;
 Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
 You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
 wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
 That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
 gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
 And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
 She would not hold out enemy for ever,
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exit Portia and Nerissa.]
 Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
 Let his deservings, and my love withal,
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
 Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
 Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[Exit Gratiano.]
 Come, you and I will thither presently;
 And in the morning early will we both
 Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this
 deed,

And let him sign it; we'll away to night,
 And he a day before our husbands home:
 This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:
 My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
 Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
 Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
 This ring I do accept most thankfully,
 And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
 I pray you show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
 I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To Portia.]
 Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant; We shall have
 old swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;
 But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will
 tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
 house? [Exit.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

The moon shines bright:—In such a night
 as this,

the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
 y did make no noise; in such a night,
 methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
 h'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
 Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
 Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
 And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
 And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
 Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
 To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
 Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
 That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;
And with an unbrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come :
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend ? what friend ? your name, I pray
you, friend ?

Steph. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her ?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ?

Laun. Sola ! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo ! sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hollaing, man ; here.

Laun. Sola ! where ? where ?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news ; my mas-
ter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter :—Why should we go in ?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;

And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[*Exit Stephano.*]

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica : Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins :

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet
music. [*Music.*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick : Therefore, the poet
Did feign, that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature :

The man, that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light, we see, is burning in my eye !
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection !—
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awak'd ! [*Music.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knot
cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our hus-
band's welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our w-
Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;—
Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket is heard.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear
trumpet :

We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the dayling
It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO,
and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Ant
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband
And never be Bassanio so for me ;
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, n-
Bass. I thank you, madam : give welcome
friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much be-
him.

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk*]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you
wrong,

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That she did give me ; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the w-
You swore to me, when I did give it you,

you would wear it till your hour of death ;
that it should lie with you in your grave ;
that not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
should have been respectful, and have kept it.
it a judge's clerk !—but well I know,
clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that
had it.

He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
I of boy ; a little scrubbed boy,
rather than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
that boy, that begg'd it as a fee ;
did not for my heart deny it him.

You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
not so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
I was stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
I was devoted so with faith unto your flesh.

My love a ring, and made him swear
to part with it ; and here he stands ;
I have sworn for him, he would not leave it,
I took it from his finger, for the wealth
of the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
I give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;
I care not for me, I should be mad at it.

Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
I wear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]
My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
to judge, that begg'd it, and, indeed,
I took it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :
either man, nor master, would take aught
of two rings.

What ring gave you, my lord ?
I hope, which you receiv'd of me ?
If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I deny it ; but you see, my finger
is not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Even so void is your false heart of truth :
I have sworn, I will ne'er come in your bed,
I see the ring.

Nor I in yours,
I shall again see mine.

Sweet Portia,
I did know to whom I gave the ring,
I did know for whom I gave the ring,
I could conceive for what I gave the ring,
I gave it unwillingly I left the ring,
I thought nought would be accepted but the ring,
I could abate the strength of your displeasure.

If you had known the virtue of the ring,
I had her worthiness that gave the ring,
I had my own honour to contain the ring,
I could not then have parted with the ring.
A man is there so much unreasonable,
I had pleas'd to have defended it
in any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
to be the thing held as a ceremony ?
I teaches me what to believe ;
I am for't, but some woman had the ring.

No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
no man had it, but a civil doctor,

I did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
I begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,
I offer'd him to go displeas'd away ;
I was that had held up the very life
of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
I enforc'd to send it after him,
I beset with shame and courtesy ;
I honour would not let ingratitude
out of his besmear it : Pardon me, good lady ;
I have these blessed candles of the night,
I have seen there, I think, you would have begged
of me to give the worthy doctor.

Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :
I have heath got the jewel that I lov'd,
I have that which you did swear to keep for me,
I have become as liberal as you ;
I will not deny him any thing I have,
I will not deny my body, nor my husband's bed :
I will not deny him I shall, I am well sure of it :
I will not deny a night from home ; watch me, like Argus :
I will not deny to do, if I be left alone,
I will not deny by mine honour, which is yet my own.

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk ; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let me not take him then ;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you ; You are welcome not-
withstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,— Mark you but that !

Por. In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :
In each eye, one ;—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me :
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety : Give him this ;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !
Por. I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario ;

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold !

Ner. Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
living ;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo ?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full : Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : The first interrogatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay ;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day :
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DUKE, living in exile.
 FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.
 AMIENS, { Lords attending upon the Duke in his
 JAQUES, { banishment.
 LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
 CHARLES, his wrestler.
 OLIVER, }
 JAQUES, } sons of sir Rowland de Bois.
 ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, }
 DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
 SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a vicar.
 CORIN, }
 SYLVIVS, } shepherds.
 WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
 A person representing Hymen.
 ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
 CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
 PHEBE, a shepherdess.
 AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The Scene lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An orchard, near Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing, that he so plentifully gives me, the something, that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, hars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.
Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness!

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well, here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me:

The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begets villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this band from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exit Orlando and Adam.*]
Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hold, Dennis!

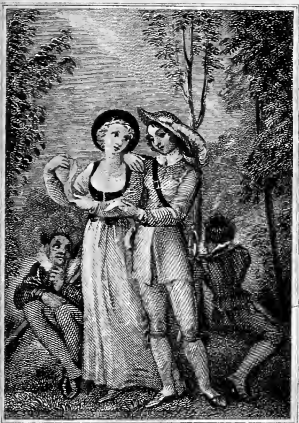
Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*—] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.



T. Stothard R.A.

Aug. Fox sc.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act 2 Sc. 4.

Published by W. Pickering Lincoln's Inn Fields 1823.



Enter CHARLES.

a. Good morrow to your worship.
 i. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new at the new court!

a. There's no news at the court, sir, but the news: that is, the old duke is banished by his brother the new duke; and three or four lords have put themselves into voluntary with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave and order.

a. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's sister, be banished with her father?

i. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, and her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or died to stay behind her. She is at the court, no less beloved of her uncle than his own sister; and never two ladies loved as they do.

a. Where will the old duke live?

i. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and they live like the old Robin Hood of England: as many young gentlemen flock to him every day and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the idle world.

a. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the duke?

i. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, disposition to come in disguise'd against me to fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my life; and he, that escapes me without some limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother young and tender; and, for your love, I would I could foil him, as I must, for my own honour, some in: therefore, out of my love to you, I desire to acquaint you withal; that either you stay him from his intendment, or brook such a fall as he shall run into; in that it is a fall of his own search, and altogether against my

Charles, I think thee for thy love to me, thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Orlando,—it is the stubborn young fellow of Arden; full of ambition, an envious emulaturer of his own good parts, a secret and villainous conspirator against me his natural brother; therefore use caution; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; or dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do but disgrace himself on thee, he will practise thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee, till he hath thy life by some indirect means or other: for, Orlando, thee, and almost with tears I speak it, not one so young and so villainous this day I speak but brotherly of him; but should I name him to thee as he is, I must blush and blush and thou must look pale and wonder.

I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize with him; and so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*]
 Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir my sister: I hope I shall see an end of him; and, yet I know not why, hates nothing on earth. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, learned; full of noble device; of all sorts of loves beloved; and, indeed, so much in the world, and especially of my own people, best know him, that I am altogether mis-taken: it shall not be so long; this wrestler or all: nothing remains, but that I kindle him, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ay thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am

mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmanly your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards, that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but, if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't, that thou mean'st?

Touch. One, that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?*

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Ros. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time, that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attended them, with all respect and
Ros. Young man, have you challenged the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to equal enterprise. We pray you, for your sake, to embrace your own safety, and give up this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation should therefore be misapplied: we will make it known to the duke, that the wrestling might not be forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much bound to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing: let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is no shame, that was never gracious; if kill but one dead, that is willing to be so: I shall not be friends no wrong, for I have none to lament the world no injury, for in it I have nothing in the world I fill up a place, which may be supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I will give you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be not in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires he with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall entreat him to a second, that have so persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you shall have mocked me before: but come your way.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the fellow by the leg. [*Charles and Orlando*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye

to tell who should down. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am well breath'd.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [*Charles is borne off.*]

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; and the youngest son Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been some other man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable; But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with death,

Hadst thou descended from another house; But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would, thou hadst told me of another fall.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred. Train, and Orlando.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I did!

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's youngest son;—and would not change calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his own; And all the world was of my father's mind;

Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreat;

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle! Let us go thank him, and encourage him: My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well doted; If you do keep your promises in love,

thly, as you have exceeded promise,
mistress shall be happy.

Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.
his for me; out of suits with fortune,
uld give more, but that her hand lacks
ceans.—
re go, coz?

Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
hrown down; and that, which here stands up,
a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

He calls us back: My pride fell with my
rtunes:
him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
I have wrestled well, and overthrown
an your enemies.

Will you go, coz?

Have with you:—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

What passion hangs these weights upon my
ngue?

I speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Orlando! thou art overthrown;
les, or something weaker, masters thee.
u. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
mmendation, true applause, and love,
h is now the duke's condition,
miconstrues all that you have done.
e is humorous; what he is, indeed,
its you to conceive, than me to speak of.
thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
of the two was daughter of the duke,
re was at the wrestling?

u. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
anners;

indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
r is daughter to the banish'd duke,
e detain'd by her usurping uncle,
his daughter company; whose loves
er than the natural bond of sisters.
n tell you, that of late this duke
en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
d upon no other argument,
the people praise her for her virtues,
her for her good father's sake;
my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
lidenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
r, in a better world than this,
esire more love and knowledge of you.
rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[Exit Le Beau.

ist I from the smoke into the smother;
rant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
venly Rosalind!

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A room in the palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Why, cousin; why, Rosalind:—Cupid have
Not a word?
lot one to throw at a dog.
o, thy words are too precious to be cast
on curs, throw some of them at me; come,
with reasons.

hen there were two cousins laid up; when
ould be lamed with reasons, and the other
out any.

ut is all this for your father?
o, some of it for my child's father: O,
of briars is this working-day world!
hey are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
oliday foolery; if we walk not in the
aths, our very petticoats will catch them.
ould shake them off my coat; these burs
y heart.

em them away.
ould try; if I could cry hem, and have

me, come, wrestle with thy affections.
, they take the part of a better wrestler
elf.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in
time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests
out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it
possible on such a sudden, you should fall into so
strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest
son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love
his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate
him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I
hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve
well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love
him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest
haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;

If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's
enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his
dukedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:

It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;

I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide
yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.
 Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
 Which teacheth thee, that thou and I am one:
 Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
 No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
 And do not seek to take your change upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
 Cel. To seek my uncle.
 Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
 The like do you; so shall we pass along,
 And never stir assailables.

Ros. Were it not better,
 Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
 A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heel)
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there
 We'll have a swashing and a martial out
 As many other mannish cowards have,
 That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art
 Ros. I'll have no worse a name than *Jovian*
 page,
 And therefore look you call me *Ganymede*
 But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to
 No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to
 The clownish fool out of your father's court
 Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world
 Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
 And get our jewels and our wealth together
 Devise the fittest time, and safest way
 To hide us from pursuit that will be made
 After my flight: Now go we in content,
 To liberty, and not to banishment.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in
 the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
 Being native burghers of this desert city,—
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
 To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook, that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
 Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right, quoth he; this misery doth part

The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's
 To fright the animals, and to kill them
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this
 plation?
 2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

SCENE II.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and *Ad*

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man
 It cannot be: some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any, that did
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber
 Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning earl
 They found the bed untreasur'd of their

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at
 Your grace was wont to laugh, is also mi
 Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
 Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
 Your daughter and her cousin much com
 The parts and graces of the wrestler,
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Char
 And she believes, wherever they are gone,
 That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch the
 hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
 I'll make him find him: do this suddenly
 And let not search and inquisition quail
 To bring again these foolish runaways.

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meet

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, m
 master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory
 Of old sir Rowland? why, what make you
 Why are you virtuous? Why do people

wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 y would you be so fond to overcome
 bony priser of the humorous duke?
 r praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 rv you not, master, to some kind of men
 ir graces serve them but as enemies?
 more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
 sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 what a world is this, when what is comely
 enoms him that bears it!

Why, what's the matter?

O unhappy youth,
 e not within these doors; within this roof
 enemy of all your graces lives:
 r brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
 not the son;—I will not call him son—
 tim I was about to call his father.)—
 a heard your praises; and this night he means
 am the lodging where you use to lie,
 you within it: if he fail of that,
 will have other means to cut you off:
 e heard him, and his practices.

is no place, this house is but a butchery;
 r it, fear it, do not enter it.

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
 me go?

Now. No matter whither, so you come not here.
 What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
 my food?

with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
 ieivish living on the common road?

I must do, or know not what to do:
 this I will not do, do how I can;

her will subject me to the malice
 diverted blood, and bloody brother.

But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
 thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

sh I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
 a service should in my old limbs lie lame,

unregarded age in corners thrown;
 that: and He, that doth the ravens feed,

providently caters for the sparrow,
 mfort to my age! Here is the gold;

via I give you: Let me be your servant;
 gh I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:

a my youth I never did apply
 und rebellious liquors in my blood;

lid not with unbashful forehead woo
 means of weakness and debility;

fore my age is as a lusty winter,
 y, but kindly: let me go with you;

o the service of a younger man
 your business and necessities.

O good old man; how well in thee appears
 onstant service of the antique world,

i service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 art not for the fashion of these times,

e none will sweat, but for promotion;
 aving that, do choke their service up

with the having: it is not so with thee.
 or old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 u of all thy pains and husbandry:

ome thy ways, we'll go along together;
 re we have thy youthful wages spent,

light upon some settled low content.
 m. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,

s last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
 seventeen years till now almost fourscore

lived I, but now live here no more.
 enteen years many their fortunes seek;

t fourscore, it is too late a week:
 rtune cannot recompense me better,

to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden.

ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed
 as a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Oh, I care not for my spirits, if my legs were
 weary.

I could find in my heart to disgrace my
 apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I

must comfort the weaker vessel, as doubteth
 and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat:
 therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no
 further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you,
 than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did
 bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your
 purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool
 I; when I was at home, I was in a better place;
 but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you,
 who comes here; a young man, and an old, in
 solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
 But, if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love so,)
 How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
 Cor. Into a thousand, that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,

That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not lov'd:

Or, if thou hast not sat as I do now,
 Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:
 Or, if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in
 love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him

take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I
 remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's
 dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and

I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her;
 from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them

again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my
 sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange

capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all
 nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own
 wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
 Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale
 with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
 If he for gold will give us any food;

I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—
 Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,

Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
 Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And fainfs for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
 And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
 But I am shepherd to another man,
 And do not shear the fleeces, that I graze;
 My master is of charlish disposition,
 And little recks to find the way to heaven
 By doing deeds of hospitality:
 Besides, his cote, his hocks, and bounds of feed,
 Are now on sale, and at our sheeppcote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing,
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but
erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:

Go with me; if you like, upon report,

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur
Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks
eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please
you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do de-
sire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza;
Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you: but that, they call compliment, is like
the encounter of two dog-apes; and, when a man
thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a
penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your
tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the
while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he
hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company: I think of as
many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and
make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*]
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I
made yesterday in spite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools by a
circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll
against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet
prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: I
die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out
grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart
thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer t
a little: If this uncouth forest yield any
savage, I will either be food for it, or bring
food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than
powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold
awhile at the arm's end; I will here be with
presently; and if I bring thee not something
I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest
I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.
said! thou look'st cheerily: and I'll be wit
quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: C
I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt
die for lack of a dinner, if there live any th
this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*E.*]

SCENE VII.

The same.

*A table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS,
Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a
For I can no where find him like a man.

I Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow must
We shall have shortly discord in the sphere
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with

Enter JAQUES.

I Lord. He saves my labour by his own app
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur: what
is this,

That your poor friends must woo your comp
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool! the

A motley fool;—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he

Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune

And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*

Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world woe

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;

And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we rot and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One, that hath been a co

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his hr

Which is as dry as the remainder bisket

After a voyage,—he hath strange places eraz

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only

Provided, that you weed your better judgment

Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please; for so fools hav

7.
 i they, that are most galled with my folly,
 y most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so?
 y why is plain as way to parish church :
 y that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 h very foolishly, although he smart,
 o seem senseless of the hob : if not,
 wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 n by the squandering glances of the fool.
 est me in my motley ; give me leave
 speak my mind, and I will through and through
 use the foul body of the infected world,
 hey will patiently receive my medicine.
 Duke S. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou
 wouldst do.

sp. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
 Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
 thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
 all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
 all thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
 sp. Why, who cries out on pride,
 can therein tax any private party ?
 it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 that the very very means do ebb ?
 at woman in the city do I name,
 en that I say, The city-woman bears
 cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
 can come in, and say, that I mean her,
 en such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?
 what is he of basest function,
 says, his bravery is not on my cost,
 asking that I mean him,) but therein suits
 folly to the mettle of my speech ?
 ven then ; How, what then ? Let me see wherein
 tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,
 he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
 then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 aim'd of any man.—But who comes here ?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

l. Forbear, and eat no more.
 p. Why, I have eat none yet.
 l. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
 p. Of what kind should this cock come of ?
 Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
 distress ;
 use a rude despiser of good manners,
 in civility thou seem'st so empty ?
 l. You touch'd my vein at first ; the thorny point
 do distress hath ta'en from me the show
 mouth civility : yet am I inland bred,
 know some nurture : But forbear, I say ;
 jes, that touches any of this fruit,
 I and my affairs are answered.
 i. An you will not be answered with reason,
 sit die.
 Duke S. What would you have ? Your gentleness
 shall force,
 than your force move us to gentleness.
 I almost die for food, and let me have it.
 Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
 table.
 l. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you :
 ought that all things had been savage here ;
 therefore put I on the countenance
 stern commandment : But whate'er you are,
 in this desert inaccessible,
 r the shade of melancholy boughs,
 and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
 r you have look'd on better days ;
 n been, where bells have knoll'd to church ;
 n sat at any good man's feast ;
 r from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
 know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;
 entleness my strong enforcement be :
 e which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
 Duke S. True is it, that we have seen better days ;
 have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;
 sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes
 ops, that sacred pity hath engender'd :
 therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 take upon command what help we have,
 to your wanting may be ministered.
 l. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
 es, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,—
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste, till you return.
 Or. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good
 comfort ! [Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than this scene,
 Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits, and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal out,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big many voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome : Set down your venerable
 burden,
 And let him feed.

Or. I thank you most for him.
 Adam. So had you need ;
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—
 Give us some musick ; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIEENS sings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh, ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's
 son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were ;
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke,
 That lov'd your father ! The residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is :
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*A room in the palace.**Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things, that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou can'st quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Off. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him
out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The forest.**Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is
a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's
life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I
like it very well; but in respect that it is private,
it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the
fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not
in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life,
look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is
no more plenty in it, it goes much against my
stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one
sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that
wants money, means, and content, is without three
good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet,
and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat
sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack
of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by
nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or
comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-
roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou
never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st
good manners, then thy manners must be wicked;
and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation:
Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are
good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the
country, as the behaviour of the country is most
mockable at the court. You told me, you salute

not at the court, but you kiss your hands;
courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers
shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes;
they fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sv
and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome
the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A b
instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. S
low, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with
surgery of our sheep; And would you have us
tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-
in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—I
of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser
than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat.
the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help
shallow man! God make incision in thee!
art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn t
eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate; en
man's happiness; glad of other men's good;
tent with my harm; and the greatest of my
is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in yo
bring the ewes and the rams together, and to
to get your living by the copulation of cattl
be hawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a
lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated
cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If
be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himsel
have no shepherds; I cannot see else how
shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede
new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures, fairest lin'd,

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind,

But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years toge
dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours exce
it is the right butter-woman's rank to market

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a kind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,

So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Winter-garments must be fin'd,

So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;

Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find,

Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; Wh
you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them
tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall
it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest
in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be
ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wise
no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Peace!
comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Why should this desert silent be?

For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence's end,

Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all, that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Hea would that she these gifts should have,
I to live and die her slave.

O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily
have you wearied your parishioners withal,
er cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off
—Go with him, sirrah.

Come, shepherd, let us make an honour-
reast; though not with bag and baggage,
I scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*
Didst thou hear these verses?

O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;
of them had in them more feet than the
ould bear.

That's no matter; the feet might bear the
ly, but the feet were lame, and could not
mselves without the verses, and therefore
mely in the verse.

But didst thou hear, without wondering
name should be hang'd and carved upon
es?

was seven of the nine days out of the
before you came; for look here what I
a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed
thagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,
can hardly remember.

row you, who hath done this?
s it a man?

nd a chain, that you once wore, about his
hange you colour?
pr'ythee, who?

lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends
; but mountains may be removed with
kes, and so encounter.

ay, but who is it?
it possible?

ay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary
ce, tell me who it is.

wonderful, wonderful, and most wonder-
erful, and yet again wonderful, and after
of all whooping!

ood my complexion! dost thou think,
I am caparison'd like a man, I have a
nd hose in my disposition? One inch of
re is a South-sea-off discovery. I pr'y-
me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace;
thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st
concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine
t of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too
once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the
of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of
man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth
a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man
will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his
beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his
chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the
wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak
sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my
doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou
saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he?
Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did
he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted
he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again?
Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth
first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this
age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars,
is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know, that I am in this forest,
and in man's apparel? Looks he as fresh as he did
the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve
the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of
my finding him, and relish it with a good ob-
servance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd
acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it
drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded
knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it
will become the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it
curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like
a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden:
thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I
think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not
here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*
Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good
faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I
thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we
can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing
love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with
reading them ill-favourably.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when
she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you
not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and
conan'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted
cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made
of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me?
and we two will rail against our mistress the
world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but
myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.—Celia and Rosalind come forward.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray, what isn't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and he who stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest, that lacks Latin, and a rich man, that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he goes as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherd, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you can purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one, that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love;

in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a l' eye, and sunken; which you have not: an questionable spirit; which you have not: a neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon for that; for, simply, your having a beard, younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose shall be ungarter'd, and your bonnet unbanded, sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and e thing about you demonstrating a careless desolay. But you are no such man; you are rather p device in your accoutrements; as loving your than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee lieve I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make that you love believe it; which, I warrant, sl apter to do, than to confess she does: that is of the points, in the which women still give th to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are he, that hangs the verses on the trees, wh Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rh speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as men do: and the reason why they are n punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so nary, that the whippers are in love too: profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He w imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set every day to woo me: At which time wou being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effem changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantas apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, fr smiles; for every passion something, and f passion truly any thing, as boys and wome for the most part cattle of this colour: would like him, now loath him; then entertain him, forswear him; now weep for him, then sp him; that I drave my suitor from his mad hu of love, to a living humour of madness; w was, to forswear the full stream of the world to live in a nook merely monastick: And cured him; and this way will I take upon wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's t that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but c Rosalind, and come every day to my cot woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it and, by the way, you shall tell me where i forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:— sister, will you go? [E.]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQ at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? the man yet? Doth my simple feature c you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was amon Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be stood, nor a man's good wit seconded with forward child, understanding, it strikes a man

than a great reckoning in a little room:—
; I would the gods had made thee poetical.

d. I do not know what poetical is: Is it
t in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

sch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the
feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and
they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers,
to feign.

f. Do you wish then, that the gods had made
satirical?

ch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me,
art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might
some hope thou didst feign.

f. Would you not have me honest?

ch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd:
nasty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a
to sugar.

A material fool! *[Aside.]*

f. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray
d'st make me honest!

ch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a
lut, were to put good meat into an unclean

I. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I
l.

ch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness!
hness may come hereafter. But be it as it
e, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have
with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next

; who hath promised to meet me in this
of the forest, and to couple us.

I would fain see this meeting. *[Aside.]*

Well, the gods give us joy!

A. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful
stagger in this attempt; for here we have no
but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts.

hat though? Courage! As horns are odious,
e necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows
of his goods: right; many a man has good
and knows no end of them. Well, that is
wry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting,

Even so:—Poor men alone!—No, no;
olest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.

single man therefore blessed! No: as a
town is more worthier than a village, so is
head of a married man more honourable
he bare brow of a bachelor: and by how
ference is better than no skill, by so much
rn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you
ll met: Will you despatch us here under
e, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

W. Is there none here to give the woman?

A. I will not take her on gift of any man.

W. Truly, she must be given, or the mar-
rriage not lawful.

[Discovering himself.] Proceed, proceed; I'll
r.

f. Good even, good master *What ye call't*:
o you, sir? You are very well met: God'll'd
your last company: I am very glad to see
Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray,
r'd.

Will you be married, modley?

f. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his
nd the falcon her bells, so man hath his
; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be
g.

And will you, being a man of your breeding,
ried under a bush, like a beggar? Get you
ch, and have a good priest, that can tell you
rriage is: this fellow will but join you
r as they join wainscot; then one of you will
r shrunk pannel, and, like green timber,
varp.

I. I am not in the mind but I were better to
died of him than of another: for he is not
marry me well; and not being well married,
be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave
e.

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

i. Come, sweet Audrey;
st be married, or we must live in bawdry.
ll, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee.
[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave
of them all shall flout me out of my calling. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before a cottage.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee, but yet have the grace to
consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; there-
fore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry,
his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever
the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the
touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:
a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more reli-
giously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this
morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a
horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think
him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-
eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover
is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are
both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends
here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much
question with him: He asked me, of what parentage
I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd,
and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when
there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave
verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths,
and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart
the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs
his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a
noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts,
and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd, that complain'd of love;

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess,
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Ph. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible,
That love's keen arrows make.

Ph. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more
beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed),
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd!—fare you well.

Ph. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year to-
gether;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and
she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as
fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll
sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so
upon me?

Ph. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with
For I am false than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him be
And be not proud: though all the world could
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and*
Ph. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Ph. Ha! what say'st thou, *Sil*?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Ph. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Sil*!
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both exterrin'd.

Ph. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighb'ring
Sil. I would have you.

Ph. Why, that were covetous
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness, that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man,
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Ph. Know'st thou the youth that spoke
erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him of
And he hath bought the cottage, and the boy
That the old carlot once was master of.

Ph. Think not I love him, though I ask for
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them, pleases those that hear:
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride he
him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little ripier and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the
ference

Between the constant red, and mingled damask:
There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love:
For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quitance
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Ph. I'll write it straight
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short
Go with me, *Silvius*. [E]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAUQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow
Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laugh
Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either
abominable fellows; and betray themselves to
modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say no

Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, s emulation; nor the musician's, which is all; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the lawyer's, which is ambitious; nor the politician's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy own, compounded of many simples, drawn from many objects; and, indeed, the contemplation of my travels, in which my imagination wraps me, is a most humorous

traveller! By my faith, you have great cause to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own eyes to other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor

ears, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

And your experience makes you sad: I had thought you a fool to make me merry, than expect me to be sad; and to travel for it too. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind! I say then, God be wi' you, an you talk in jest.

[Exit.] Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your own almost chide God for making you so tenacious you are; or I will scarce think you swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, where have you been all this while?—An you serve me such another trick, I will be in my sight more.

Why fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of your promise in love? He, that takes a minute into a thousand parts, and a part of the thousandth part of a minute into a million of parts, it may be said of him, that I clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant not whole.

Why, I warrant not whole. I warrant not whole, dear Rosalind. I warrant not whole, dear Rosalind. I warrant not whole, dear Rosalind. I warrant not whole, dear Rosalind.

Why, an you be so tardy, come no more in my way, I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Why, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, his house on his head; a better jointure, than you can make a woman: Besides, he is his own destiny with him.

Why, horns; which such as you are fain to wear, to your wives for; but he comes with his fortune, and prevents the slander of his horns.

Why, true is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is no horn-maker.

Why, I am your Rosalind.

Why, please him to call you so; but he hath a better leer than you.

Why, me, woo me, woo me; for now I am in humour; and like enough to consent:—I would say to me now, an I were your Rosalind?

Why, would kiss, before I spoke.

Why, you were better speak first; and when you have gavelled for lack of matter, you might as well kiss. Very good orators, when they are in love; and for lovers, lacking God's matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Why, if the kiss be denied?

Why, then she puts you to entreaty, and there is the matter.

Why, could be out, being before his beloved.

Why, why, that should you, if I were your own, I should think my honesty ranker than mine.

Why, what, of my suit?

Why, t out of your apparel, and yet out of your pocket. Am not I your Rosalind?

Why, like some joy to say you are, because I have said so of her.

Why, well, in her person, I say—I will not have you to be a fool.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this kind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin.—Will you, Orlando,—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are wives, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man, that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths, that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice, that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[*Exit Orlando.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird bath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Ariana, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he, that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

1. Then sing him home:

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it:

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess, By the stern brow, and waspish action, Which she did use as she was writing it, It bears an angry tenour: pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this And play the swaggerer; hear this, bear all She says, I am not fair, that I lack manner She calls me proud; and, that she could not Were man as rare as phoenix; Od's my will Her love is not the hare, that I do hunt: Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the content Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter I say, she never did invent this letter; This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style A style for challengers; why, she defies me Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle br Can not drop forth such giant-rude inven Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect Than in their countenance:—Will you be letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet Heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me: Mark how the writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Attack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves —Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, thee an instrument, and play false strain thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tamer) and say this to her:—That if she love me, her to love thee: if she will not, I will never, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be lover, hence, and not a word; for here com company. [Exeunt.]

Enter OLIVER.

Ol. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stand

A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees

Cel. West of this place, down in the ne

bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream

Left on your right hand, brings you to the

But at this hour the house doth keep itself

There's none within.

f that an eye may profit by a tongue,
should know you by description;
ments, and such years: *The boy is fair,
's favour, and bestows himself
ipe sister: but the woman low,
woner than her brother.* Are not you
er of the house I did inquire for?
: is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Orlando doth commend him to you both;
hat youth, he calls his Rosalind,
s this bloody napkin; Are you he?
am: What must we understand by this?
me of my shame; if you will know of me
an I am, and how, and why, and where
dkerchief was stain'd.

I pray you, tell it.
hen last the young Orlando parted from you,
s promise to return again
n hour; and, pacing through the forest,
the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
t befel I he threw his eye aside,
rk, what object did present itself!
oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
s top bald with dry antiquity,
ed ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
ping on his back: about his neck
nd gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
h her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
ing of his mouth; but suddenly
Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
intended glides did slip away
sh: under which bush's shade
s, with udders all drawn dry,
ing, head on ground, with catlike watch,
at the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
disposition of that beast,
n nothing, that doth seem as dead:
Orlando did approach the man,
d it was his brother, his elder brother.
I have heard him speak of that same
ther;
id render him the most unnatural,
l'mongst men.

And well he might do so,
I know he was unnatural.
it, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
e suck'd and hungry lioness?
ice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
ess, nobler ever than revenge,
e, stronger than his just occasion,
give battle to the lioness,
kly fell before him; in which hurtling
rable slumber I awak'd.
: you his brother?

Ros. Was it you, he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you, that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin!
Oli. By, and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Gany-
mede?
[Rosalind faints.]
Oli. Many will swoon, when they do look on
blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!
Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit
to be a man.
Ros. So I do: but, i'faith I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,
draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something: But I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you
go?
[Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,
re.
sith, the priest was good enough, for all
stleman's saying.
most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
xt. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
st lays claim to you.
; I know who 'tis; he hath no interest
e word: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

t is meat and drink to me to see a
my troth, we, that have good wits, have
nswer for; we shall be flouting; we
l.
ood even, Audrey.
d ye good even, William.
d good even to you, sir.
Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy
thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered.
re you, friend?
re and twenty, sir.
ripe age; Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name: Was't born i' the forest here?
Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touch. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?
Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.
Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excel-
lent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so.
Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now re-
member a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but
the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The hea-
then philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a
grape, would open his lips, when he put it into
his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were
made to eat and lips to open. You do love this
maid?

Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your band: Art thou learned?
Will. No, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to
have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink,
being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling
the one doth empty the other: For all your writers
do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*,
for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company, of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I will kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oliv. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptials. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a

greater esteem than may in some little draw a belief from you, to do yourself good not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, I can do strange things: I have, since I was years old, conversed with a magician, as found in this art, and yet not damnable. do love Rosalind so near the heart as you cries it out, when your brother marries shall you marry her: I know into what fortune she is driven; and it is not impo me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, t before your eyes to-morrow, human as sh without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender though I say I am a magician: Therefore, in your best array, bid your friends; for if be married to-morrow, you shall; and to l if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungu To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my stu To seem desperate and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shep Look upon him, love him; he worships!

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth wh love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and te And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and s And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of vis All adoration, duty and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impati All purity, all trial, all observance;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you m you? [To

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to [To

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to *Ros.* Who do you speak to, why blame love you?

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis howling of Irish wolves against the moon, help you, [To *Silvius.*] if I can:—I w you [To *Phebe.*] if I could.—To-morrow all together.—I will marry you, [To ever I marry woman, and I'll be married row:—I will satisfy you, [To *Orlando.*] satisfied man, and you shall be married to.—I will content you [To *Silvius.*] if wh you contents you, and you shall be marrie row.—As you [To *Orlando.*] love Rosalind,—as you [To *Silvius.*] love Phebe, meet: I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare yo have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDR

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my bea hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire woman of the world. Here comes two o nished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

Page. Well met, honest gentleman.
Ch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, sit, sit.
Page. We are for you: sit i'th' middle.
Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without song, or spitting, or saying, we are hoarse: are the only prologues to a bad voice?
Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like psies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

A lover, and his lass,
 In a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 Ere the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
 When the birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
 And lovers love the spring.

II.

In the acres of the rye,
 In a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 Pretty country folks would lie,
 In the ring time, &c.

III.

When they began that hour,
 In a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 At a life was but a flower
 In the ring time, &c.

IV.

Therefore take the present time,
 In a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 As is crowned with the prime
 In the ring time, &c.

A truly, young gentlemen, though there
 great matter in the ditty, yet the note was
 tuneable.

e. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we
 our time.

f. By my troth, yes; I count it but time
 ear such a foolish song. God be with you;
 I mend your voices.—Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
 ll that he hath promised?
 sometimes do believe, and sometimes do
 t;

that fear they hope, and know they fear.

ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Patience once more, whiles our compact is
 g'd:—
 if I bring in your Rosalind,

[*To the Duke.*]

bestow her on Orlando here?
 That would I, had I kingdoms to give
 th her.

and you say, you will have her, when I
 ug her?

[*To Orlando.*]

hat would I, were I of all kingdoms king,
 on say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[*To Phebe.*]

hat will I, should I die the hour after.
 ut, if you do refuse to marry me,
 ve yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
 o is the bargain.

on say, that you'll have Phebe, if she
 ll?

[*To Silvius.*]

ough to have her and death were both one
 ug.

ave promis'd to make all this matter even.
 your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
 s, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
 r word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
 refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
 If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
 To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
 Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
 these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a
 pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues
 are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is
 the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often
 met in the forest: He hath been a courtier, he
 swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me
 to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have
 flattered a lady; I have been politic with my
 friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone
 three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to
 have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel
 was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like
 this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.
 I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country
 copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according
 as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor
 virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine
 own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that,
 that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a
 miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your
 foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sen-
 tentious.

Touch. According to the fool's halt, sir, and such
 dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you
 find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear
 your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir,
 I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;
 he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut
 well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the
Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was
 not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to
 please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If
 again, it was not well cut, he said my judg-
 ment: This is called the *Reply churlish*. If again,
 it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not
 true: This is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again,
 it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is
 called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the
Lie circumstantial, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was
 not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie cir-*
cumstantial, nor he durst not give me the *Lie*
direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees
 of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;
 as you have books for good manners: I will name
 you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous;
 the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply
 churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth,
 the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie
 with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All
 these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you
 may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew, when
 seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but
 when the parties were met themselves, one of
 them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then*
I said so; and they shook hands, and swore bro-

Q

thers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Musick.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,

Ye, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando.]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To Duke S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To Orlando.]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[To Phebe.]

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

[To Orlando and Rosalind.]

You and you are heart in heart:

[To Oliver and Celia.]

You [To Phebe.] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[To Touchstone and Audrey.]

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mi
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[To Side]

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word,
two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends,
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegroom
all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fit
Jaq. Sir, by your patience; if I heard you right
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;

[To Duke]

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it;
You [To Orlando.] to a love, that your true faith
doth merit:—

You [To Oliver.] to your land, and love, and good
allies:—

You [To Silvius.] to a long and well deserv'd
bed;—

And you [To Touchstone.] to wrangling; for t
loving voyage

is but for two months victual'd:—So to yo
pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would ha
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Ex

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin the
rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[A drum]

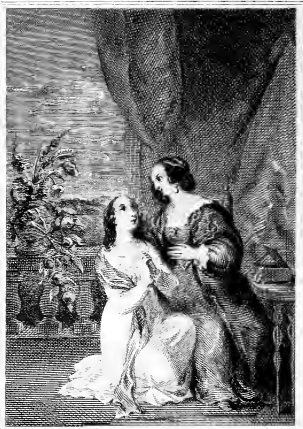
EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see
the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good
wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs
no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good
bushes; and good plays prove the better by the
help of good epilogues. What a case am I in
then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot
insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I
am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg
will not become me: my way is to conjure you;
and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O

women, for the love you bear to men, to like
much of this play as please them: and so I charge
you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as
perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them)
that between you and the women, the play was
please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many
of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions
that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and
I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good
faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind office
when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt]





W.H. Worthington del.

Aug^r Fox sc.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act 1 Sc 3.

Published by W. Pickering, 31 Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1873.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King of France.
 Duke of Florence.
BERTRAM, count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
 Several young French lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
 Steward, }
 Clown, } Servants to the countess of Rousillon.

A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the countess.
 An old widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the widow.
VIOLENTA, { neighbours and friends to the
MARIANA, { widow.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.

Scene,—partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis! whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly; he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, these commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all liveliness from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven moves will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best

That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*To Helena.*] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me; In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind, that would be mated by the lion, Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table; heart, too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One, that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you;
let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity;
how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though
valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us
some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before
you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers,
and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how
virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will
quickerlier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down
again with the breach yourselves made, you lose
your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth
of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity
is rational increase; and there was never virgin
got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were
made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by
being once lost, may be ten times found: by being
ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion;
away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I
die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against
the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity,
is to accuse your mothers; which is most
infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is
a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be
buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as
a desperate offense against nature. Virginity
breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself
to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its
own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud,
idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited
sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose
but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it
will make itself ten, which is a good increase; and
the principal itself not much the worse: Away
with't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her
own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him, that
ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss
with lying; the longer kept, the less worth; off
with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of re-
quest. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her
cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable:
just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not
now: Your date is better in your pie and your
porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity,
your old virginity, is like one of our French withered
pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a with-
ered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet
'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—
Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's the pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes
Might with effects of them follow our frier
And show what we alone must think; which
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born
charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under,
must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think,

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear pro-
safety: But the composition, that your ve-
fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good w-
I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot
thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier
which, my instruction shall serve to r-
thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's
and understand what advice shall thrust up;
else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, a
ignorance makes thee away: farewell. W-
hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou
remember thy friends: get thee a good
and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated si-
Gives us free scope: only, doth backward
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are
What power is it, which mounts my love?
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine
The mightiest space in fortune nature brin-
To join like likes, and kiss like native thi-
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do
What hath been cannot be: Who ever st-
To show her merit, that did miss her love
The king's disease—my project may deceiv-
But my intents are fix'd, and will not lea-

SCENE II.

Paris. A room in the King's palace
Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of
with letters; Lords and others attend.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by
Have fought with equal fortune, and conti-
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Aus-
With caution that the Florentine will mo-
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest frier
Prejudicates the business, and would see
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wa-
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leav-
To stand on either part.

2 Lord.

It may well ser-
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King.

What's he com-

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my g-
Young Bertram.

g. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; nature, rather curious than in haste, well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

My thanks and duty are your majesty's. g. I would I had that corporal soundness now, on thy father, and myself, in friendship try'd our soldiership! He did look far as service of the time, and was led of the bravest: he lasted long; us both did baggish age steal on, tore us out of act. It much repairs me of your good father: In his youth d the wit, which I can well observe y in our young lords; but they may jest, air own scorn return to them unnoted, ey can hide their levity in honour. a courtier, contempt nor bitterness in his pride or sharpness; if they were, nal had awak'd them; and his honour, to itself, knew the true minute, when ion bid him speak, and, at this time, ague obey'd his hand: who were below him d as creatures of another place; w'd his eminent top to their low ranks, r them proud of his humility, r poor praise he humbled: Such a man be a copy to these younger times; follow'd well, would demonst'rate them now ers backward.

His good remembrance, sir, cher in your thoughts, than on his tomb; proof lives not his epitaph, our royal speech.

'Would I were with him! He would always say, ks, I hear him now; his plausible words ter'd not in ears, but grafted them, w there and to bear,—*Let me not live,*— is good melancholy oft began, catastrophe and heel of pastime, it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he, *my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff* *ager spirits, whose apprehensive senses new things disdain; whose judgments are thers of their garments; whose constancies before their fashions:*—This he wish'd: him, do after him wish too, nor wax, nor honey, can bring home, y were dissolved from my hive, some labourers room.

You are lov'd, sir; hat least lend it you, shall lack you first. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, eunt, e physician at your father's died? much fam'd.

Some six months since, my lord. If he were living, I would try him yet;—e an arm;—the rest have worn me out ernal applications:—nature and sickness it at their leisure. Welcome, count; 's no dearer.

Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III.

silon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

I will now hear: what say you of this man?

Madam, the care I have had to even your I wish might be found in the calendar of endeavours; for then we wound our mod make foul the clearness of our deservings, onrselves we publish them.

What does this knave here? Get you rrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, t all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do r, I know, you lack not folly to commit d have ability enough to make such knave-

'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a low.

Well, sir.

Cl. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Cl. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Cl. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Cl. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Cl. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Cl. I have beer, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Cl. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Cl. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howso'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Cl. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Cl. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
[*Singing.*]

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Cl. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Cl. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit Clown.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom'd afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: still this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those,
That were enwomb'd mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or, were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,

Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true
But, tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a
Whereof the world takes note; come, come, do
The state of your affection; for your passion
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you
That before you, and next unto high heaven
I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my

Be not offended; for it hurts not him,

That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him

Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest man

Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your

Was both herself and love; O then, give

To her, whose state is such, that cannot chide

But lend and give, where she is sure to lose

That seeks not to find that her search imply

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she die

Count. Had you not lately an intent, special

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell me

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I see

You know, my father left me some prescript

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his read:

And manifest experience, had collected

For general sovereignty; and that he will'd

In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,

More than they were in note: amongst the

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,

To cure the desperate languishes, whereof

The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your

For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king

Had, from the conversation of my thoughts

Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you,

If you should tender your supposed aid,

He would receive it? He and his physician

Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help

They, that they cannot help: How shall the

A poor unlearn'd virgin, when the schools,

Embovell'd of their doctrine, have left off

The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in

More than my father's skill, which was the

Of his profession, that his good receipt

Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture

The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure

By such a day, and hour.

nt. Dost thou believe't?
nt. Ay, madam, knowingly.
nt. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
 and love,
 and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
 And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
 Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Paris. A room in the King's palace.

sk. Enter King, with young Lords taking
 for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PA-
 LLES, and Attendants.

g. Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles
 I throw from you:—and you, my lord, fare-
 well:—
 the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
 it doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
 enough for both.

rd. It is our hope, sir,
 well-enter'd soldiers, to return
 and your grace in health.

g. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
 not confess, he owes the malady
 both my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
 here I live or die, be you the sons
 of France: let higher Italy
 be that, that inherit but the fall
 of last monarchy, see, that you come
 with honour, but to wed it; when
 the questant shrinks, find what you seek,
 some may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

rd. Health, at your bidding, serve your ma-
 jesty!

g. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
 say, our French lack language to deny,
 demand: beware of being captives,
 you serve.

Our hearts receive your warnings.
g. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a couch.]

rd. O my sweet lord, that you will stay be-
 hind us!

'Tis not his fault; the spark—
rd. O, 'tis brave wars!

Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
 I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
ng. and the next year, and 'tis too early.

An thy mind stand to it, bey, steal away
 bravely.

I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
 my shoes on the plain masonry,
 pour be brought up, and no sword worn,
 e to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.
rd. There's honour in the theft.

Commit it, count.

rd. I am your accessory; and so farewell.
 I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured

rd. Farewell, captain.

rd. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
 parks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
 I'll find in the regiment of the Spinili, one
 Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
 ire on his sinister cheek; it was this very
 entrenched it: say to him, I live; and ob-
 is reports for me.

rd. We shall, noble captain.

Mars dote on you for his novices! [Exeunt]

What will you do?

Stay: the king— [Seeing him rise.]

Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble
 you have restrained yourself within the list
 hold an adieu: be more expressive to them;
 y wear themselves in the cap of the time,
 o master true gait, eat, speak, and move
 the influence of the most received star; and
 the devil lead the measure, such are to be
 d: after them, and take a more dilated
 l.

And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most
 sinewy sword-men. [Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [Kneeling.] for me and
 for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
 Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would you
 Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
 That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
 And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across:
 But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
 Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
 No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
 My noble grapes, and if my royal fox
 Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
 That's able to breathe life into a stone;
 Quicken a rock, and make you dance cleanly,
 With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
 Is powerful to arise king Pepin, nay,
 To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
 And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
 If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 In this my right deliverance, I have spoke
 With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
 Than I dare blame my weakness; Will you see her
 (For that is her demand,) and know her business?
 That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
 Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
 By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
 And not be all day neither. [Exit Lafeu.]

King. Thus he is special, nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
 This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
 A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
 His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
 That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
 My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
 him;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
 Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
 Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
 And of his old experience the only darling,
 He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
 Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
 And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
 With that malignant cause wherein the honour
 Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
 I come to tender it, and my appliance,
 With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
 But may not be so credulous of cure,—
 When our most learned doctors leave us; and
 The congregated college have concluded,
 That labouring art can never ransom nature
 From her inaidable estate,—I say, we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when shall past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those, that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have
flow'd

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there,
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Professors, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor your past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and accidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak:

And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all

That happiness and prime can happy call:

Thou thus to hazard, needs must intimate

Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;

That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;

And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France;

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state.

But such a one, thy vassal whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises obs'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I m'nd
Though, more to know, could not be more to
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted bliss
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou protest
As high as word, my deed shall match thy
[Flourish. Enter

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you
height of your breeding.

Clow. I will show myself highly fed, and
taught: I know my business is but to the
Count. To the court! why, what place men
special, when you put off that with such count
But to the court!

Clow. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
manners, he may easily put it off at court
that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his
and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, nor
cap; and indeed, such a fellow, to say pro
were not for the court; but, for me, I have
swer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, to
all questions.

Clow. It is like a barber's chair, that fits a
tocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,
brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all que
Clow. As fit as ten groats is for the hand
attorney, as your French crown for your
punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger
pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for M
as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his h
a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as th
lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the ped
his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of s
ness for all questions?

Clow. From below your duke, to beneath
constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most mo
size, that must fit all demands.

Clow. But a trifle neither in good faith,
learned should speak truth of it: here it is,
that belongs to't; Ask me, if I am a cour
shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could
be a fool in question, hoping to be the w
your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a cou
Clow. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple
off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours th
you.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare ne
Count. I think, sir, you can eat some th
homely meat.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warr
Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as
Clow. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir, at your w
and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord, sir
sequent to your whipping; you would answe
well to a whipping, if you were but bound.

Clow. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, i
O Lord, sir: I see, things may serve long,
serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with t
to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves me
Count. An end, sir, to your business: Gi
this,

And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsman, and my son

This is not much.

Clow. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you:
derstand me?

Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.
Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.

BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Paris. A room in the King's palace.

They say, miracles are past; and we have
 philosophical persons, to make modern and
 us things, supernatural and causeless. Hence
 hat we make trifles of terrors; and ensconcing
 res into seeming knowledge, when we should
 ourselves to an unknown fear.

Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder,
 ash shot out in our latter times.

And so 'tis.

To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Of all the learned and authentick fellows,—

Right, so I say.

That gave him out incurable,—

Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Not to be helped,—

Right: as 'twere a man assured of an—

Uncertain life, and sure death.

Just, you say well; so would I have said.

I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

It is, indeed: if you will have it in show—

—shall read it in,—What do you call

—

A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly

That's it I would have said; the very same.

Why, your dolphin is not lustier; 'fore me

in respect—

Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is

of and the tedious of it; and he is of a most

us spirit, that will not acknowledge it to

Very hand of heaven.

Ay, so I say.

In a most weak—

And debile minister, great power, great

adence: which should, indeed, give us a

use to be made, than alone the recovery of

g, as to be—

Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

I would have said it; you say well: Here

he king.

Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a

etter, whilst I have a tooth in my head:

he's able to lead her a coranto.

Mort du Vainqueur! Is not this Helen?

'Fore God, I think so.

Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

preserver, by thy patient's side;

h this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

st repeal'd, a second time receive

firmation of my promis'd gift,

but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

id, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

e bachelors stand at my bestowing,

om both sovereign power and father's voice

o use: thy frank election make;

st power to choose, and they none to forsake.

o each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

hen love please!—marry, to each, but one!

I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,

th no more were broken than these boys,

it as little beard.

Peruse them well:

o of those, but had a noble father.

Gentlemen,

hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

Ve understand it, and thank heaven for you.

am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,

protest, I simply am a maid:—

t your majesty, I have done already:

shes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

h, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,

white death sit on thy cheek for ever;

We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,
 Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw

ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair

eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her, that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons

of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send

them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a Lord.*] that I your hand

should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none

have her: sure, they are bastards to the English;

the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy

father drank wine.—But if thou he'st not an ass, I

am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*To Bertram.*]

but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,

Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's

thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your

highness,

In such a business give me leave to use

The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,

What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my

sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

Must answer for your raising? I know her well;

She had her breeding at my father's charge:

A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain

Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the

which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

In differences so mighty: if she be

All, that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,

A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st

Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

Where great additions swell, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honour: good alone

Is good, without a name; vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir;

And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour's born,

And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive

Than our fore-goers: the mere word 's a slave,

Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,

Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,

I can create the rest: virtue, and she,

Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad; Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat, I must produce my power: Here, take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift; That dost in vile misprision shackle up My love, and her desert; that canst not dream, We, poisoning us in her defective scale, Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine honour, where We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt: Obey our will, which travails in thy good: Believe not thy disdain, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right, Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims; Or I will throw thee from my care for ever, Into the staggers, and the careless lapse Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate, Loosing upon thee in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity: speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit My fancy to your eyes: When I consider, Wit at great creation, and what dole of honour, Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now The praised of the king; who, so ennobled, Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand, And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise A counterpoise; if not to thy estate, A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.
King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king, Smile upon this contræct; whose ceremony Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief, And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast Shall more attend upon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her, Thy love's to me religious; else, do err.

[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what's man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the banners, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy easement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a

desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy soul my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past will by thee, in what motion age will give leave.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take thy grace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fette authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I catch him with any convenience, an he were and double a lord. I'll have no more pity, age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's news there's news for you; you have a new mist

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lord make some reservation of your wrongs: How good lord: whom I serve above, is my master?

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants Thou wert best set thy lower part where thou stands. By mine honour, if I were but thy younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou a neral offence, and every man should beat thee, think, thou wast created for men to breathe selves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you're a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are saucy with lords, and honourable personages, the heraldry of your hirth and virtue give commission. You are not worth another else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I've I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it is no more: The tread of a man's foot; to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; I import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To tell my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen, That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home

Spending his manly marrow in her arms, Which should sustain the bound and high

Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions! France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, ja!

Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled; write to the king

That, which I durst not speak: his presence Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,

Where noble fellows strike: War is no st To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, at

Ber. Go with me to my chamber and ad I'll send her straight away: To-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; and there's it.—'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man, that's r Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go

The king has done you wrong; but, hush

SCENE IV.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

My mother greets me kindly: Is she well? She is not well; but yet she has her health: sry merry; but yet she is not well: but be given, she's very well, and wants no the world; but yet she is not well. If she be very well, what does she all, that it very well?

Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two

What two things?

One, that she's not in heaven, whither God r quickly! the other, that she's in earth, hence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Bless you, my fortunate lady!

I hope, sir, I have your good-will to have n good fortunes.

You had my prayers to lead them on; and them on, have them still.—O, my knave! es my old lady?

So that you had her wrinkles, and I her I would she did as you say.

Why, I say nothing.

Marry, you are the wiser man: for many a tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To sing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and nothing, is to be a great part of your title; within a very little of nothing.

Away, thou'rt a knave.

You should have said, sir, before a knave: a knave; that is, before me thou art a his had been truth, sir.

Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found

Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were t to find me? The search, sir, was pro- and much fool may you find in you, even old's pleasure, and the increase of laughter. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—

my lord will go away to-night;

erious business calls on him. t prerogative and rite of love, as your due, time claims, he does acknow- ledge;

it off by a compell'd restraint; want, and whose delay, is strewed with eets, hey distil now in the curbed time, the coming hour o'erflow with joy, are drown the brim.

What's his will else? hat you will take your instant leave o' the ig,

is this haste as your own good proceeding, n'd with what apology you think as it probable need.

What more commands he? hat, having this obtain'd, you presently is further pleasure.

every thing I wait upon his will. shall report it so.

I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another room in the same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

ut, I hope, your lordship thinks not him

es, my lord, and of very valiant proof. ou have it from his own deliverance. nd by other warranted testimony.

hen my dial goes not true; I took this t bunting.

do assure you, my lord, he is very great dge, and accordingly valiant.

have then sinned against his experience, gressed against his valour; and my state is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To Bertram.*]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to Parolles.*]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given orders for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,—

And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one, that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him, that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office.

On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem; And my appointments have in them a need, Greater than shows itself, at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother: [*Giving a letter.*]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go: My haste is very great: Farewell; his home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe; Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is; But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;— Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
Farewell. [Exit Helena.]

Go thou toward home; where I will never
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Florence. A room in the Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended;
two French lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fall
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.
2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had
it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clow. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing;
pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had
this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a
song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come. [Opening a letter.]

Clow. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at
court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country
are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the
court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and
I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with
no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clow. E'en that you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [Reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-
law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I
have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make
the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away;
know it, before the report come. If there be breadth
enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My
duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clow. O, madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clow. Nay, there is some comfort in the
some comfort; your son will not be killed
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clow. So say I, madam, if he run away, and
he does: the danger is in standing to't; the
loss of men, though it be the getting of
Here they come, will tell you more: for
I only hear, your son was run away. [Exit.]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you

gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grie
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto:—Where is my son

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the

Florence:

We met him thitherward; from thence we
And, after some despatch in hand at court
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my
[Reads.] *When thou canst get the ring o'
finger, which never shall come off, and th
child begotten of my body, that I am father
call me husband: but in such a then I write
This is a dreadful sentence.*

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen

1 Gen. Ay,

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for o

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cl
If thou engrosses all the griefs are thine,
Thou robbst me of a moiety: He was my
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Floren

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, l
The duke will lay upon him all the honou
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
Hel. [Reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have
in France.*

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, m

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand
which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have
There's nothing here, that is too good for
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend up
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was w

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, w

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wic
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entre

Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, ma

t and all your worthiest affairs.
st. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
ing in France, until he has no wife!
shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I,
hast thee from thy country, and expose
tender limbs of thine to the event
none-sparing war? and is it I,
give thee from the sportive court, where thou
shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
of muskets? O you leaden messengers,
ride upon the violent speed of fire,
th false aim; move the still-piercing air,
ings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
er shoots at him, I set him there;
er charges on his forward breast,
er caittif, that do hold him to it;
hough I kill him not, I am the cause
ath was so effected: better 'twere,
the ravin lion when he roar'd
sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
ll the miseries, which nature owes,
nine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
e honour but of danger wins a scar,
it loses all; I will be gone:
ng here it is, that holds thee hence:
stay here to do't? no, no, although
e of paradise did fan the house,
ngels offic'd all: I will be gone;
tful rumour may report my flight,
solate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
th the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the Duke's palace.

Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

The general of our horse thou art; and we,
our hope, lay our best love and credence,
y promising fortune.

Sir, it is
too heavy for my strength; but yet
strive to bear it for your worthy sake
extreme edge of hazard.

Then go thou forth;
tune play upon thy prosperous helm,
auspicious mistress!

This very day,
ars, I put myself into thy file:
e but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Alas! and would you take the letter of
et?
ou not know, she would do as she has done,
ling me a letter? Read it again.

*I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
tious love hath so in me offended,
re-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
sainted vow my faults to have amended.
write, that, from the bloody course of war,
carest master, your dear son may lie;
m at home in peace, whilst I from far,
ame with zealous fervour sanctify:
en labours did him me forgive;
despiteful Juno, sent him forth
wrtly friends, with camping foes to live,
e death and danger dog the heels of worth:
o good and fair for death and me;
I myself embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest
ords!

you did never lack advice so much,
ag her pass so; had I spoke with her,
have well diverted her intents,
thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.

Count.

What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Without the walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander: and that with his own hand
he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our
labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you
may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice our-
selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is
her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Pa-
rolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions
for the young earl—Beware of them, Diana; their
promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these
engines of lust, are not the things they go under:
many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the
misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the
wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade
succession, but that they are limed with the twigs
that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise
you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep
you where you are, though there were no further
danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pil-
grim: I know she will lie at my house: thither
they send one another: I'll question her.—
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?
Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!

[*A march afar off.*]
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel.

I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel.

His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Rousillon; Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

R

Dia. Whatso'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel.

O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: whereso'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might
do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son,
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He; *He;*
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's that
same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he
melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoind penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let
him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?
1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of
him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward,
an infinite and endless liar, an hourly-promise-

breaker, the owner of no one good quality
your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, re-
too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he
at some great and trusty business, in a main
ger, fall you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular
to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch
drum, which you hear him so confidently
take to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
denly surprise him; such I will have, whom
sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will
and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppo-
other but that he is carried into the leaguer
adversaries, when we bring him to our tent,
but your lordship present at his examination
do not, for the promise of his life, and in the
compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you
deliver all the intelligence in his power to
you, and that with the divine forfeit of hi-
upon oath, never trust my judgment in any.

2 Lord. O for the love of laughter, let him
his drum; he says, he has a stratagem
when your lordship sees the bottom of his
in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump
will be melted, if you give him not John I
entertainment, your inclining cannot be re-
Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, him
the humour of his design; let him fetch
drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? 'this drum sticks
in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pax on't, let it go; 'tis but a d-
Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A
so lost!—There was an excellent comma-
charge in with our horse upon our own wing
to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the
mand of the service; it was a disaster of w-
Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if
been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn
cess: some dishonour we had in the loss
drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the
service is seldom attributed to the true
performer, I would have that drum or ano-
hic jacet.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, me-
if you think your mystery in stratagem ca-
this instrument of honour again into his
quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise,
on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy e-
if you speed well in it, the duke shall bot-
of it, and extend to you what further beco-
greatness, even to the utmost syllable of yo-
thiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will unde-

Ber. But you must not now slumber in i-

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I w-
sently pen down my dilemmas, encourage
in my certainty, put myself into my mortal
ration, and, by midnight, look to hear furth-
me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his gra-
are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will
lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thee art valiant; and, to f-
sibility of thy soldiiership, will subscribe fo-
Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water—
this a strange fellow, my lord? that so con-
seems to undertake this business, which h-
is not to be done; damns himself to do, an-
better he damned than to do't.

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord
do: certain it is, that he will steal himsel-

avour, and, for a week, escape a great deal
varies; but when you find him out, you
my ever after.

Why, do you think, he will make no deed
of this, that so seriously he does address
unto?

d. Nouse in the world; but return with an
on, and clap upon you two or three probable
at we have almost embossed him, you shall
fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for
rdship's respect.

d. We'll make you some sport with the fox,
case him. He was first smoked by the old
few: when his disguise and he is parted,
what a sprat you shall find him; which
ll see this very night.

d. I must go look my twigs; he shall be
aught.

Your brother, he shall go along with me.

i. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

Now will I lead you to the house, and show
ou

s. I spoke of.

t. But, you say, she's honest.
That's all the fault: I spoke with her but
oce,

and her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
and letters which she did re-send;

s is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
a go see her?

t. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Scene. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
not how I shall assure you further,
all lose the grounds I work upon.
Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
acquainted with these businesses;
ld not put my reputation now
staining act.

Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again.

When I have found it. The count he wooses your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny

That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents,

Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich-choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she sees as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded;
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes

With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us, after this,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Without the Florentine camp.

Lord, with five or six soldiers in ambush.

He can come no other way but by this
corner: When you sally upon him, speak
rrible language you will; though you uo-
it not yourselves, no matter: for we must
to understand him; unless some one among
we must produce for an interpreter.

Good captain, let me be the interpreter.
Art not acquainted with him? knows he
voice?

No, sir, I warrant you.
But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak
ain?

Even such as you speak to me.

He must think us some band of strangers
rersary's entertainment. Now he hath a
f all neighbouring languages; therefore we
ry one be a man of his own fancy, not to
at we speak one to another; so we seem to
to know straight our purpose: chough's
gabble enough, and good enough. As for
rpreter, you must seem very politick. But,
o! here he comes; to beguile two hours in
and then to return and swear the lies he

Enter PAROLLES.

Ten o'clock: within three hours 'twill
enough to go home. What shall I say I
ie? It must be a very plausible invention
ies it: They begin to smoke me; and dis-

graces have of late knocked too often at my door.
I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart
hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures,
not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own
tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to under-
take the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant
of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say,
I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry
it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and
great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the
instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-
woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule,
if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he
is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would
serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it
was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was
stripped.

Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window
of the citadel—

Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that
be believed. [*Aside.*]

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's;

I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord*. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarum within.*]

1 *Lord*. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All *cargo, cargo, viltianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

1 *Sold*. *Boskos throumido boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that, which shall undo The Florentine.

1 *Sold*. *Boskos vauvado*—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—*Kerelybonto*:—Sir, Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold*. O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revanua dutche.

1 *Lord*. *Oscorbi dutchos volivorca.*

1 *Sold*. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that, Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold*. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold*. *Acordo linta*.— Come on, thou art granted space.

1 *Lord*. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled, Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold*. Captain, I will.

1 *Lord*. He will betray us all unto ourselves;— Inform 'em that.

2 *Sold*. So I will, sir.

1 *Lord*. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pry'thee, do not strive against my vows: I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth; But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by, But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I do love you ill? this has no holding To swear by him, whom I protest to love, That I will work against him: Therefore, you Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,

That you do charge men with: Stand no more

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and

My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have not

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house

Bequeathed down from many ancestors:

Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world

In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors:

Which were the greatest obloquy in the world

In me to lose: Thus your own proper ward

Brings in the champion honour on my part,

Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my

My house, mine honour, yea, my life be that

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my

ber window;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me

My reasons are most strong, and you shall

them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring; that, what in time proceeds

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have

A wife of me, though there my hope be do

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by

thee.

Dia. For which live long to thank both

and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would wo

As if she sat in his heart; she says, all me

Have the like oaths: he had sworn to mar

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie w

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are s

Marry, that will, I'll live and die a maid:

Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin

To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

SCENE III.

The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three

1 *Lord*. You have not given him his letter?

2 *Lord*. I have delivered it an hour since; is something in't, that stings his nature; the reading it, he changed almost into another.

1 *Lord*. He has much worthy blame lay him, for shaking off so good a wife, and a lady.

2 *Lord*. Especially he hath incurred the eating displeasure of the king, who had ever his bounty to sing happiness to him. I give you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly on you.

1 *Lord*. When you have spoken it 'tis dead I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord*. He hath perverted a young gentleman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of honour: he hath given her his monument, and thinks himself made in the unchaste position.

1 *Lord*. Now, God delay our rebellion are ourselves, what things are we!

nd. Merely our own traitors. And as in the a course of all treasons, we still see them themselves, till they attain to their abhorred so he, that in this action contrives against n nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows

d. Is it not mesnt damnable in us, to be ters of our unlawful intents? We shall not ve his company to-night?

d. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted our.

d. That approaches apace: I would gladly im see his company anatomized; that he ake a measure of his own judgments, where- riously he had set this counterfeit.

d. We will not meddle with him, till he for his presence must be the whip of the

d. In the mean time, what hear you of ars?

d. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

d. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

d. What will count Rousillon do then? will el higher, or return again into France?

d. I perceive, by this demand, you are not er of his council.

d. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a sal of his act.

d. Sir, his wife, some two months since, n his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage : Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, ost austere sanctimony, she accomplished: ere residing, the tenderness of her nature as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan ast breath, and now she sings in heaven.

d. How is this justified?

d. The stronger part of it by her own let- hich makes her story true, even to the point eath: her death itself, which could not be e to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed rector of the place.

d. Hath the count all this intelligence?

d. Ay, and the particular confirmations, on point, to the full arming of the verity.

d. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of

d. How mightily, sometimes, we make us s of our losses!

d. And how mightily, some other times, we ur gain in tears! The great dignity, that ur hath here acquired for him, shall at s encountered with a shame as ample.

d. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, dults whipped them not; and our crimes despair, if they were not cherish'd by our

Enter a Servant.

w? where's your master?

He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom taken a solemn leave; his lordship will rning for France. The duke hath offered ers of commendations to the king.

d. They shall be no more than needful y they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

d. They cannot be too sweet for the king's e. Here's his lordship now. How now, my ot after midnight?

I have to night despatched sixteen husi- a month's length-a-piece, by an abstract of

I have conge'd with the duke, done my ith his nearest; buried a wife, mourned wrot to my lady mother, I am returning; ed my convoy; and, between these main of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the s the greatest, but that I have not ended

d. If the business be of any difficulty, and rning your departure hence, it requires your lordship.

I mean, the business is not ended, as fear- ear of it hereafter: But shall we have this

dialogue between the fool and the soldier?— Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarassa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Bobitindo chicurmurco.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.* What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Gaultian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or*

whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them singly.

I Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

I Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

I Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

I Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

I Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

I Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

I Lord. Excellently.

I Sold. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

I Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

I Sold. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before!

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd a thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the ardent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

I Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

I Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing, that an honest man should not have;

what an honest man should have, he hathing.

I Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honest pox upon him for me, he is more and more.

I Sold. What say you to his expertness in

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not more of his soldiery I know not; except in country, he had the honour to be the office place there called Mile-end, to instruct in doubling of files: I would do the man what I can, but of this I am not certain.

I Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so fit the rarity redeems him!

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

I Sold. His qualities being at this poor need not ask you if gold will corrupt him to

Par. Sir, for a quart d'ecu he will sell the simple of his salvation, the inheritance of cut the entail from all remainders, and a poor succession for it perpetually.

I Sold. What's his brother, the other Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

I Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not ther so great as the first in goodness, but great deal in evil. He excels his brother coward, yet his brother is reputed one of that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey in coming on he has the cramp.

I Sold. If your life be saved, will you not to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse Rousillon.

I Sold. I'll whisper with the general, at his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plagu'd drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and guile the supposition of that lascivious you the count, have I run into this danger: I would have suspected an ambush where taken?

I Sold. There is no remedy, sir; but you die: the general says, you, that have so tra discovered the secrets of your army, as such pestiferous reports of men very not can serve the world for no honest use; you must die. Come, headsman, off head!

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me death!

I Sold. That shall you, and take you all your friends. [Unmus.]

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

I Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you lord Lafen? I am for France.

I Lord. Good captain, will you give me of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf count Rousillon? an I were not a very I'd compel it of you: but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram, I*]

I Sold. You are undone, captain: all scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a pl.

I Sold. If you could find out a count but women were that had received so much you might begin an impudent nation. well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall you there.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart w 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no But I will eat and drink, and sleep as so As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself gart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass That every bragart shall be found an ass Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery There's place, and means, for every man I'll after them.

SCENE IV.

Scene. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter HELENA, *Widow,* and DIANA.

That you may well perceive I have not roog'd you, the greatest in the Christian world my surety: 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful, an perfect mine intents, to kneel: as, I did him a desired office, most as his life; which gratitude i flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, swer, thanks: I duly am inform'd, ce is at Marseilles: to which place e convenient convoy. You must know, pposed dead: the army breaking, and hies him home; where, heaven aiding, the leave of my good lord the king, e, before our welcome.

Gentle madam, er had a servant, to whose trust iness was more welcome.

Nor you, mistress, riend, whose thoughts more truly labour ppende your love; doubt not, but heaven ought me up to be your daughter's dower, th fated her to be my motive per to a husband. But O strange men! a such sweet use make of what they hate, aucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts the pitchy night! so lust doth play hat it loaths, for that which is away: e of this hereafter:—Yon, Diana, y poor instructions yet must suffer ng in my behalf.

Let death and honesty your impositions, I am yours ur will to suffer.

Yet, I pray you,— i the word, the time will bring on summer, riars shall have leaves as well as thorns, as sweet as sharp. We must away; gon is prepar'd, and time revives us: i that ends well: still the fine's the crown; r the course, the end is the renewan.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Scene. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

No, no, no, your son was misled with a fata fellow there; whose villanous saffron ave made all the unbaked and doughy a nation in his colour: your daughter-in- been alive at this hour; and your son ome, more advanced by the king, than by -tailed humble-bee I speak of.

I would I had not known him! it was of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ure had praise for creating; if she had of my flesh, and cost me; the dearest a mother, I could not have owed her a sted love.

'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we t a thousand salads, ere we light on such herb.

Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of l, or, rather, the herb of grace. hey are not salad-herbs, you knave, they -herbs.

I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have a skill in grass.

Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a man's.

Your distinction?

Could cozen the man of his wife, and do ce.

So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness: *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall he jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. *[Exit.]*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*Marseilles. A street.**Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report, that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. And what will? What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.*Hel.* Not here, sir?*Gent.* Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*; yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*Rousillon. The inner court of the Countess's palace.**Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu
this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known
to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher
clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's
moot, and smell somewhat strong of her strong
displeasure.

Clow. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will
henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'y-
thee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I
spake but by a metaphor.

Clow. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will
stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.
Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clow. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away: A paper from
fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look,
here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's sir, or of fortune's cat,
(but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the un-
clean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says,

is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the
you may; for he looks like a poor, decay
genious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity
tress in my smiles of comfort, and leave
your lordship. [Exit.]

Par. My lord, I am a man, whom Fortu-
cruelly scratched.

Lof. And what would you have me to do
too late to pare her nails now. Wherein he
played the knave with Fortune, that she
scratch you, who of herself is a good lad
would not have knaves thrive long under
There's a quart d'ecu for you: Let the
make you and fortune friends; I am fo-
business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear
single word.

Lof. You beg a single penny more: 'cor
shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolle.

Lof. You beg more than one word then
my passion! give me your hand:—How do
drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the fi-
found me.

Lof. Was I, in sooth? and I was the fi-
lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me
grace, for you did bring me out.

Lof. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou
me at once both the office of God and the
one brings thee in grace, and the other
thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's
I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire
after me; I had talk of you last night:
you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat
follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the Countess's palace.
*Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU
Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our
Was made much poorer by it: but your s-
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Lof. This I must
But first I beg my pardon,—The young le-
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his l-
Offence of mighty note: but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well,
hither;

We are reconcil'd, and the first view sha-
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pard-
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it: let him appro-
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my l-

[Exit G.]

King. What says he to your daughter?*Lof.* All that he is hath reference to your

Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, that him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

He looks well on't.

I am not a day of season, a may'st see a sun-shine and a hail once: But to the brightest beams ed clouds give way; so stand thou forth, e is fair again.

My high-repent'd blames, reign, pardon to me.

All is whole; word more of the consumed time. ke the instant by the forward top; are old, and on our quick'st decrees adible and noiseless foot of time re we can effect them: You remember ghter of this lord?

Admiringly, my liege: at first my choice upon her, ere my heart ake too bold a herald of my tongue: he impression of mine eye infixing, t his scornful perspective did lend me, vapp'd the line of every other favour; a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n; d or contracted all proportions, st hideous object: Thence it came, , whom all men prais'd, and whom myself, ave lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye t that did offend it.

Well excus'd: u didst love her, strikes some scores away : great contempt: But love, that comes too late, morseful pardon slowly carried, reat sender turns a sour offence, That's good that's gone: our rash faults vial price of serious things we have, ving them, until we know their grave: lispleasures, to ourselves unjust, our friends, and after weep their dust: love waking cries to see what's done, nameful hate sleeps out the afternoon. weet Helen's knell, and now forget her. h your amorous token for fair Maudlin: e consents are had; and here we'll stay r widower's second marriage-day.

Which better than the first, O dear hea- s, bless! hey meet, in me, O nature, cease! me on, my son, in whom my house's name digested, give a favour from you, ie in the spirits of my daughter, may quickly come.—By my old beard, y hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead, weet creature; such a ring as this, that e'er I took her leave at court, ou her finger.

Hers it was not. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye, was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.— ; was mine; and, when I gave it Helen, r, if her fortunes ever stood sd to help, that by this token elieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her should stead her most?

My gracious sovereign, it pleases you to take it so, was never her's.

Son, on my life, en her wear it; and she reckon'd it e's rate.

I am sure, I saw her wear it. ou are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it: ce was it from a casement thrown me, in a paper, which contain'd the name hat threw it: noble she was, and thought agag'd: but when I had subscrib'd own fortune, and inform'd her fully, ot answer in that course of honour d made the overture, she ceas'd, satisfaction, and would never he ring again.

Plutus himself, wa the tinct and multiplying medicine,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science, Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's, Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety, That she would never put it from her finger, Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, (Where you have never come,) or sent it us Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it. King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me, Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;— And yet I know not:—Thou didst hate her deadly, And she is dead; which nothing, but to close Her eyes myself, could win me to believe, More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize Bertram.] My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall, Shall tax my fears of little vanity, Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;— We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove, This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy Prove, that I husbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet she never was.

[Exit Bertram, guarded.]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts. Gent. Gracious sovereign, Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;

Here's a petition from a Florentine, Who hath, for four or five removes, come short To tender it herself. I undertook it, Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know, Is here attending: her business looks in her With an importing visage; and she told me, In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Roussillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafen, To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:— Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.] I am afraid, the life of Heien, lady, Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you, And that you fly them as you swear them lordship, Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capulet; My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you shall marry,
 You give away this hand, and that is mine.
 You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
 You give away myself, which is known mine;
 For I by vow am so embodied yours,
 That she, which marries you, must marry me,
 Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [To *Bertram*] comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
 Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
 highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
 Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,

Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,

Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
 Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
 He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
 And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
 He might have bought me at a common price:
 Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
 Whose high respect, and rich validity,
 Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
 He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
 If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it
 Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
 Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
 Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
 That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said,
 You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
 So had an instrument; his name's *Parolles*.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
 He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
 With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
 Whose nature sickens, but to speak the truth:
 Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
 That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
 And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
 She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
 Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
 As all impediments in fancy's course
 Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
 Her insult coming with her modern grace,
 Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
 And I had that, which any inferior might
 At market-price have bought.

Dian. I must be patient;
 You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
 May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
 (Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
 Send for your ring, I will return it home,
 And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
 Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter **PAROLLES**.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
 you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge
 you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
 (Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep
 By him, and by this woman here, what kno

Par. So please your majesty, my mas
 been an honourable gentleman; tricks he h
 in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did
 this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But h
King. How, I pray you!

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman
 woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her n
King. As thou art a knave, and no k
 What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your r
 command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a
 orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me m
Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll spea

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I di
 tween them, as I said; but more than
 loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for

talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furie
 know not what: yet I was in that credit w
 at that time, that I knew of their going
 and of other motions, as promising her
 and things that would derive me ill will
 of, therefore I will not speak what I know
King. Thou hast spoken all already, un
 canst say they are married: But thou art
 in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—I
 you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or, wh
 you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did no

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found

King. If it were yours by none of all the
 How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gav
Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my l
 goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his f
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for augh

King. Take her away, I do not like he
 To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st
 Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never te

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail,

King. I think thee now some common c
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'tw

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him
 while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not
 He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swea
 I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows n
 Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life
 I am either maid, or else this old man's

[Pointing
King. She does abuse our ears; to pri
 her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—St
 sir; [Exit

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent
 And he shall surety me. But for this lo

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himse
 Though yet he never harm'd me, here I c

He knows himself, my head he hath defil'
 And at that time he got his wife with ch'

Dead though she be, she feels her young
 So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, i

And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter **Widow**, with **HELENA**

King. Is there n

Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
 Is't real, that I see?

No, my good lord ;
the shadow of a wife you see,
e, and not the thing.

Both, both ; O, pardon !
my good lord, when I was like this maid,
ou wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
: you, here's your letter ; This it says,
: my finger you can get this ring,
by me with child, &c.—This is done :
be mine, now you are doubly won ?
she, my liege, can make me know this
arly,

er dearly, ever, ever dearly.
it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
ivorce step between me and you !—
ar-mother, do I see you living ?
ine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :
om Drum, [To Parolles.] lend me a
ief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home,
sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone,
curry ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[To Diana.
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
'Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish.

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken tinker.
 Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Persons in the Induction.

GREMIO,
HORTENSIO,
TRANIO,
BIONDELLO,
GRUMIO,
CURTIS,
PEDANT, an old fellow, set up to personate Vincentio.

{ suitors to Bianca.

{ servants to Lucentio.

{ servants to Petruchio.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.

KATHARINA, the Shrew;
BIANCA, her sister,
 Widow.

{ daughters to Baptista.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Scene,—sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's house in the country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a haggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds.

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach. Sav'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well, and look unto them all; To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies! Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers, A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes, Would not the beggar then forget himself?

Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy. Then take him up, and manage well the jest:— Carry him gently to my fairest chamber, And hang it round with all my wanton pictures: Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters, And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet: Procure me musick ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound; And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, And, with a low submissive reverence, Say,—What is it your honour will command? Let one attend him with a silver basin, Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers; Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit, And ask him what apparel he will wear; Another tell him of his hounds and horse, And that his lady mourns at his disease; Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick; And, when he says he is,—say, that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mighty lord. This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs; It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty.

Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part, As he shall think, by our true diligence, He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him. And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.— Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.—

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means, Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour, Players, that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow remembers Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;— 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.



T. Stothard RA.

C. Marr sc.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act 4. Sc. 3.

Published by W. Pickering 57. Chancery Lane 1823



I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
1 *Play*. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.
Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play),
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
1 *Play*. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing, that my house affords.—

[*Exit Servant and Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
[*To a Servant.*]
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me. (as he will win my love),
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embraces, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
And, I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentleman;
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Sly is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
1 *Serv*. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
2 *Serv*. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?
3 *Serv*. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.
Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath;

by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom.

What, I am not bestrought: Here's—

1 *Serv*. O, this it is, that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv*. O, this it is, that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shun

your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck,

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Justick.*]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; and we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv*. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds

are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv*. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch

thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook:

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee I^o, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv*. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny

wood;

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv*. And till the tears, that she hath shed for

thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv*. Will't please your mightiness to wash

your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*]

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv*. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;

And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say, you would present her at the leet,

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts;

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv*. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no

such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good man.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly
so long. But I would be loath to fall into
dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in desir'
the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your
ment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengtheneth
your life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is
commonly a Christmas gambol, or a tum-
trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasur'
than a tum-trick.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam, undress
by my side, and let the world slip; we shall
be younger. [They sit]

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he, that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance, that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Musick and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphisicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIONDELLO, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, imp'rtune me no further
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
It either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you we
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife
Kath. I pray you, sir, [To *Bap.*] is it yet
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? I mean
for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd staff,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful fro
Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze!
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displeas thee, good Bianca
For I will love thee ne'er the lass, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she know why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discountenance,
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company.
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear
speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so stur'd?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up
Signior Baptista, for this fiasco of bell,
And make her bear the penance of her ton?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd
Go in, Bianca. [Exit

r I know, she taketh most delight
 ick, instruments, and poetry,
 masters will I keep within my house,
 instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
 nor Gremio, you,—know any such,
 them hither; for to cunning men
 be very kind, and liberal
 e own children in good bringing-up;
 farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
 are more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit.*
 . Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
 shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
 not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[Exit.
 You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts
 good, here is none will hold you. Their love
 so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
 igher, and fast it fairly out; our cake's
 on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love
 my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means
 e a fit man, to teach her that wherein she
 s, I will wish him to her father.

So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I
 Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
 parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth
 —that we may yet again have access to our
 stress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,
 our and effect one thing specially.

What's that, I pray?
 Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.
 A husband! a devil.

I say, a husband.
 I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio,
 her father be very rich, any man is so very
 o be married to hell?

Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience,
 ac, to endure her loud alarms, why, man,
 s good fellows in the world, an a man could
 them, would take her with all faults, and
 enough.

I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her
 with this condition,—to be whipped at the
 ss every morning.

'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
 apples. But, come; since this bar in law
 s friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
 ned,—till by helping Baptista's eldest
 r to a husband, we set his youngest free
 and, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet
 !—Happy man be his dole! He that runs
 gets the ring. How say you, signior Gre-

I am agreed: and 'would I had given him
 t horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that
 heroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her,
 the house of her. Come on.

[Exit Gremio and Hortensio.

[Advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it
 ossible

ve should of a sudden take such hold?

O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

thought it possible, or likely;

! while idly I stood looking on,

the effect of love in idleness:

w in plainness do confess to thee,—

t to me as secret, and as dear,

as to the Queen of Carthage was,—

I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

ieve not this young modest girl:

I me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Master, it is no time to chide you now;

as is not rated from the heart:

have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—

te *captum quam quas minimo.*

Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;

it will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,

s you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

s the daughter of Agenor had,

ade great Jove to humble him to her hand,

with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her

sister

to scold; and raise up such a storm,

That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,

And with her breath she did perfume the air;

Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,

Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it

stands:—

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,

That, till the father rid his bands of her,

Master, your love must live a maid at home;

And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,

Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

But art thou not advis'd, he took some care

To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,

And undertake the teaching of the maid:

That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house;

Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,

For man, or master: then it follows thus;—

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:

I will some other be; some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once

Uncease thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. *[They exchange habits.*

In brief, then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient;

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;

Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,

Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,

Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you

been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now,

where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?

Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his;

For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was desir'd:

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life:

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next

wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest

daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—

I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of

companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—

To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—

Sufficieth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

I Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play. Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua; but, of all, My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:— Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Gru. Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll wring it; I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings Grumio by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruccio!— How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*

Molto honorato signor mio Petruccio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; and we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he hid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—Sirrah, knock me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly? And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruccio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes further than at home, Where small experience grows. But, in a few,

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:— Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;

And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruccio, shall I then come roundly to thee, And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?

Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel: And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we, Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petrucbio's wife, (As wealthy is burthen of my wooing dance,) Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sihyl, and as curst and shrewd As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse, She moves me not, or not removes, at least, Affection's edge in me; were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatick seas: I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though have as many diseases as two and fifty who why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes w—

Hor. Petruccio, since we have stepp'd thus far, I will continue that, I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruccio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young, and beauteful— Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)

Is,—that she is intolerably curst, And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure That were my state far worse than it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not the effect:—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough; For I will board her, though she chide as long As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman:

Her name is Katharina Minola, Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not And he knew my deceased father well:—

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

To give you over at this first encounter, Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as I do, she would think scolding would do good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll

you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little will throw a figure in her face, and so disher with it, that she shall have no more to see withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruccio, I must go with thee For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:

He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;

And her withholds from me, and other more Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:

Supposing it a thing impossible, (For those defects I have before rehears'd,) That ever Katharina will be woo'd,

Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en:— That none shall have access unto Bianca, Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst! A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruccio do me, And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes, To old Baptista as a schoolmaster

Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca: That so I may by this device, at least, Have leave and leisure to make love to her,

And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love Petruccio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They*]

Gru. O, very well; I have perus'd the note: Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that any hand;

e you read no other lectures to her :
 oderstand me :—Over and beside
 Baptista's liberality,
 nd it with a largess :—Take your papers too,
 t me have them very well perfum'd ;
 e is sweeter than perfume itself,
 om they go. What will you read to her ?
 Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
 my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
 sly as yourself were still in place :
 nd (perhaps) with more successful words
 ou, unless you were a scholar, sir.
 O this learning ! what a thing it is !
 O this woodcock ! what an ass it is !
 Peace, sirrah.
 Gremio, mum !—God save you, signior
 Gremio !

And you're well met, signior Hortensio.
 How you,
 er I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.
 is'd to inquire carefully
 a schoolmaster for fair Bianca :
 y good fortune, I have lighted well
 y young man ; for learning, and behaviour,
 her turn ; well read in poetry,
 her books,—good ones, I warrant you.
 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,
 romis'd me to help me to another,
 musician to instruct our mistress ;
 I I no whit be behind in duty
 Bianca, so belov'd of me.
 Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall
 rove.

And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.
 Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :
 to me, and if you speak me fair,
 you news indifferent good for either.
 s a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
 greement from us to his liking,
 nder take to woo carst Katharine ;
 id to marry her, if her dowry please.
 So said, so done, is well :—
 sio, have you told him all her faults ?
 I know, she is an irksome brawling scold ;
 be all, masters, I hear no harm.
 No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?
 Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
 er dead, my fortune lives for me ;
 do hope good days, and long, to see.
 O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
 trange :
 you have a stomach, to't o'God's name ;
 all have me assisting you in all.
 I you woo this wild cat ?

Will I live ?
 Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her. [Aside.
 Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
 ou, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
 not in my time heard lions roar ?
 not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 ke an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
 not heard great ordnance in the field,
 aven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
 not in a pitched battle heard
 arms, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
 you tell me of a woman's tongue ;
 ves not half so great a blow to the ear,
 a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?
 ouch ! fear boys with bugs.
 For he fears none. [Aside.
 Hortensio, hark !
 otleman is happily arriv'd,
 d presumes, for his own good, and yours.
 I promis'd, we would be contributors,
 ur his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will ; provided that be win her.
 Gru. I would I were as sure of a good diuner.

[Aside.

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparell'd ; and
 BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be bold,
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of signior Baptista Minola ?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters :—is't
 [Aside to Tranio.] he you mean ?

Tra. Even he, Biondello !

Gre. Hark you, sir ; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir ; What have you
 to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir :—Biondello, let's away,

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [Aside.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go :—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No ; if, without more words, you will get
 you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
 For me, as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown ;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have :

And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two ;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other forauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth ;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors ;

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister first be wed ;

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;

And if you break the ice, and do this feat,—

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;

And do as adversaries do in law,—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let's
 begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so ;—

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

the same. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Good sisters, wrong me not, nor wrong
 ourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
 That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
 Or, what you will command me, will I do,
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pry'thee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be best, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this
insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Fites after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Katharina.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here!

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of
a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO
as a Musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO
bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God
save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me
leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your
good sake:

But for my daughter Katharina,—this I know,

She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;

Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruccio is my name; Antonio's son,

A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruccio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:

Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am
of it. To express the like kindness myself,
have been more kindly beholden to you than
I freely give unto you this young scholar,
[*sending Lucentio.*] that hath been long study-
ing Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and
languages, as the other in musick and mathe-
matics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his se-

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio:
come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To Tr.*]
methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I
bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:

This liberty is all, that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that will

And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughter

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.

Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To*]

the set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and to
both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them

[*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, L*]

and Biondello.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner: You are passing well

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business ask'd

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him, me

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:

Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love

What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my

And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her

Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me!

In all my lands and leases whatsoever:

Let specialties be therefore drawn between

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well o-

This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing, that feeds their fire:

Though little fire grows great with little wood,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and so

So I to her, and so she yields to me;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy

speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy word

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for

That shake not, though they blow perpetua-

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head b

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou

so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look p

Bap. What, will my daughter prove

musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break be-

lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute

but tell her, she mistook her frets,
ow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
with a most impatient devilish spirit,
call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
with that word, she struck me on the head,
rough the instrument my pate made way;
ere I stood amazed for a while,
a pillory, looking through the lute:
she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
had studied to misuse me so.

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
her ten times more than e'er I did:
I long to have some chat with her!
Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
I in practice with my younger daughter;
apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Petruchio, will you go with us;
I'll send my daughter Kate to you?

I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio,
and Hortensio.*]

oo her with some spirit, when she comes.
at she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
gs as sweetly as a nightingale:
at she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
ning roses newly wash'd with dew:
e be mute, and will not speak a word;
I'll commend her volubility,
y—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
loth bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
gh she bid me stay by her a week;
leazy to wed, I'll crave the day
: shall ask the bans, and when he married:—
re she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

orrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Well have you heard, but something hard
f hearing;
ll me Katharine, that do talk of me.
Coulie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
my Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
e, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate-Hall, my supper-dainty Kate,
nies are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
is of me, Kate of my consolation;—
thy mildness prais'd in every town,
mes spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
t so deeply as to thee belongs,)
am mov'd! to woo thee for my wife.

Mov'd! in good time: let him, that mov'd
ou hither,
you hence; I knew you at the first,
re a moveable.

Why, what's a moveable?

A joint-stool.

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Women are made to bear, and so are you.
No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.
Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
owing thee to be but young and light,—
Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
as heavy as my weight should be,
Should be? should buz.

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take
see?

Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too
agry.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Who knows not where a wasp doth wear
is sting?

all.

In his tongue. Whose tongue

Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,
me again,

ate; I am a gentleman.

That I'll try.
[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms;

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combs cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look
not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for
you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape
not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers;

Thou canst not frown, though canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented,

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nil you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)

Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,

Signior Petruchio: How speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in
your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatick;

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;

If she be curst, it is for policy:

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel;

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruccio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruccio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[Exeunt Petruccio and Katharine, severally.]
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Pet. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:—

Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;

In cypress chests, my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping; then, at my father's

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in—Sir, list you,
I am my father's heir, and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you with an argosy?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, and

My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath
Than three great argosies; besides two galleys

And twelve tight galleies: these I will assure
And twice as much, whatever thou offer'st.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more
And she can have no more than all I have.

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from this world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best.

And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me.

If you should die before him, where's her benefit?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I you

Gre. And may not young men die, as well
Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next you
My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.

If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were

To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withe:

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio.

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case, O

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A room in Baptista's house.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:

Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,

After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,

And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me doubt

To strive for that, which resteth in my choice.

I am no breaching scholar in the schools;

I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed time.

But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.

Take your your instrument, play you the

His lecture will be done, ere you have t'.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am

[To Bianca.—Hortensio.]

Luc. That will be never;—tune your in

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hic ubi Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ubi*, as I told you before,—

atio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
tellus, disguised thus to get your love;—
at, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,
is my mau Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my
tea senis, that we might beguile the old
ladam, my instrument's in tune.

Let's hear:—
[*Returning.*
Hortensio plays.
pit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic*
is, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I
not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he
ot;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, de-

adam, 'tis now in tune.

All but the base.
he base is right; 'tis the base knave, that

and forward our pedant is!
my life, the knave doth court my love:
I'll watch you better yet.
n time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
I trust it not; for, sure, *Eacides*
s,—call'd so from his grandfather.
I must believe my master; else, I promise

be arguing still upon that doubt:
rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
sters, take it not unkindly, pray,
ve been thus pleasant with you both.
u may go walk, [*To Lucentio.*] and give
leave awhile;

s make no musick in three parts.
e you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
h withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
nusician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

adam, before you touch the instrument,
he order of my fingerings,
pin with rudiments of art;
ou gamut in a briefer sort,
sant, pithy, and effectual,
been taught by any of my trade:
it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
I read the gamut of Hortensio.

Reads.] Gamut I am, the ground of all
red,

to plead Hortensio's passion;
bianca, take him for thy lord,
that loves with all affection;
one cliff, two notes have I;
show pity, or I die.
his—gamut? tut! I like it not:
as please me best; I am not so nice,
true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

stress, your father prays you leave your
dress your sister's chamber up;
to-morrow is the wedding-day.

arewell, sweet masters, both; I must be
[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*
ith, mistress, then I have no cause to

[*Exit.*
I have cause to pry into this pedant;
e looks as though he were in love:
thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
wand'ring eyes on every stale,
that list: If once I find thee ranging,
will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

same. Before Baptista's house.

BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KA-
NA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and At-

rior Lucentio, [*To Tranio.*] this is the
bed day,
urine and Petruccio should be married,
hear not of our son-in-law:
be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frankie fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the bans;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruccio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruccio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him
though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such
news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruccio's
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands, where I am, and sees
you there.

Tra. But, say, what;—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruccio is coming, in a new hat,
and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice
turned; a pair of boots, that have been candle-
cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty
sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken
hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: His
horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stir-
rups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the
glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled
with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full
of windgalls, sped with spavins, raked with the
yellows, past cure of the fires, stark spoiled with
the staggers, beghawn with the bots; swayed in
the hack, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged be-
fore, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall
of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep
him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and
now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced,
and a woman's crupper of velvete, which hath two
letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and
here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world capar-
isoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one
leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered
with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The hu-
mour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather: a
monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a
christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this
fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruccio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruccio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him
on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unpurged.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these uneventures;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should hid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, he it possible,
To put on better, ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my mellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the grey-headed, Grumio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GRUMIO.

Signior Grumio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs'-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such
That down fell priest and book, and book and
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he st
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—*Quaff'd off* the muscadell,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops, as he was dri
This done, he took the hride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
That, at the parting, all the church did ech
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And, after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, B
BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO
Tra.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you
pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding—
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leav

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night
Make it no wonder; if you knew my husi
You would entreat me rather go than stay
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous
Dine with my father, drink a health to m
For I must hence, and farewell to you all

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after d

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Gre. Grumio, in

Pet. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats h
the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myst
The door is open, sir, there lies your way
You may be jogging, whiles your boots ay
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please my
'Tis like, you'll prove a jelly surly groom
That take it on you at the first so roundly

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be i

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisir

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at i
mand:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measures to her maidenhead
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yours
But for my bonny Kate, she must with n
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare,
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing
And here she stands, touch her whoever
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset wil

my mistress, if thou be a man:—
sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
er thee against a million.
Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Grumio.
ay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
ent they not quickly, I should die with
ghing.
f all mad matches, never was the like!
istress, what's your opinion of your sister?
hat, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bop. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride
it?

Bop. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,
let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Grumio in Petruchio's country house.

Enter GRUMIO.

Ne, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad
and all foul ways! Was ever man so
was ever man so rayed? was ever man so
am sent before to make a fire, and they
g after to warm them. Now, were not I
not, and soon hot, my very lips might
my teeth, my tongue to the roof of
b, my heart in my belly, ere I should
a fire to thaw me.—But, I, with blowing
shall warm myself; for, considering the
a taller man than I will take cold. Holla,
tis!

Enter CURTIS.

Who is that, calls so coldly?
A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou
ide from my shoulder to my heel, with
a run but my head and my neck. A
Curtis.

s my master and his wife coming, Grumio?
ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire;
o water.

s she so hot a shrew, as she's reported?
he was, good Curtis, before this frost:
know'st, winter tames man, woman, and
it hath tamed my old master, and my
eas, and myself, fellow Curtis.

away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.
I but three inches? why, thy horn is
d so long am I, at the least. But wilt
s a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our
whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou
feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow
office.

pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How
world?

cold world, Curtis, in every office but
I, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have
for my master and mistress are almost
leath.

here's fire ready; And therefore, good
he news?

Vhy, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much
hou wilt.

ome, you are so full of conycatching:—
hy therefore, fire; for I have caught ex-
d. Where's the cook? is supper ready,
trimmed, rashes strewed, cobwebs swept;
g men in their new fustian, their white
and every officer his wedding-garment on?
ks fair within, and the jills fair without,
s laid, and every thing in order?

ll ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?
irst, know, my horse is tired; my master
eas fallen out.

ow?
ut of their saddles into the dirt? And
ugs a tale.

et's ha't, good Grumio.

end thine ear.

ere.

ere.

is is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

nd therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale:
uff was but to knock at your ear, and be-
ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came

down a foul hill, my master riding behind my
mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gre. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gre. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not
crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her
horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst
have heard, in how miry a place: how she was
bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon
her; how he beat me, because her horse stumbled;
how she waded through the dirt, to pluck him off
me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never
prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran
away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my
crupper; with many things of worthy memory;
which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return
unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than
she.

Gre. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you
all shall find, when he comes home. But what
talk I of this!—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Ni-
cholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let
their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats
brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit:
let them curtsy with their left legs; and not pre-
sume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till
they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gre. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my
master, to countenance my mistress.

Gre. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gre. Thou, it seems; that call for company
to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gre. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Follow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gre. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what,
you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting.
Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all
things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Gre. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and there-
fore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear
my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at
door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip!—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gre. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-
horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]
Where is the life that late I led— [Sings.]
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.]
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*]
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho—
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you
hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
[*Exit Servant.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?
[*A basin is presented to him.*]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—
[*Servant lets the ewer full.*]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Sings him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What is this? mutton?

I Serv. Ay. Who brought it?

I Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me, that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*]

You heedless jothheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so discontent;

The meat was well, if you were so quiet.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders cholera, planteth anger;

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.*]

Nath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politically begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That hate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheet,
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and curse,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong

mour:—
He, that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.

SCENE II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have
Stand by, and mark the manner of his te

[*They strike.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve

Luc. I read that I profess, the art of love
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mine
my heart. [T]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me
You that durst swear that your mistress

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio?

Tra. O spiteful love! unconstrained women
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:

Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her love
I will with you,—if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeign'd
Ne'er to marry with her, though she would
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court!

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he,
forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine own
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful ha;
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauty,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave.
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit Hortensio.*—*Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with
As 'longest to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; but have you
sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid
Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming
school! what is the

place?

ly, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;
 which tricks eleven and twenty long,—
 a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

O master, master, I have watch'd so long
 a dog-wear; but at last I spied
 an angel coming down the hill,
 and the turn.

What is he, Biondello?

Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,
 out what; but formal in apparel,
 and countenance surely like a father.

And what of him, Tranio?
 If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
 he him glad to seem Vincentio;
 assurance to Baptista Minola,
 were the right Vincentio.
 your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Licentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

God save you, sir!

And you, sir! you are welcome.
 ou far on, or are you at the furthest?
 sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
 up further; and as far as Rome;
 o Tripoly, if God lend me life.
 What countryman, I pray?

Of Mantua.

Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
 e to Padua, careless of your life?
 ly life, sir? how, I pray? for that goes hard.
 My death for any one in Mantua
 to Padua; Know you not the cause?
 ps are staid at Venice; and the duke
 ate quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
 olish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
 rel; but that you're but newly come,
 ht have heard it else proclaim'd about.
 las, sir, it is worse for me than so;
 re bills for money by exchange
 rence, and must here deliver them.
 Vell, sir, to do you courtesy,
 I do, and this will I advise you;—
 I me, have you ever been at Pisa?
 y, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
 owned for grave citizens.
 mong them, know you one Vincentio?
 know him not, but I have heard of him;
 unt of incomparable wealth.
 e is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
 nance somewhat doth resemble you.
 As much as an apple doth an oyster, and

[*Aside.*]

o save your life in this extremity,
 ur will I do you for his sake;
 k it not the worst of all your fortunes,
 are like to sir Vincentio.
 and credit shall you undertake,
 y house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
 at you take upon you as you should;
 rstand me, sir;—so shall you stay
 ave done your business in the city:
 courtesy, sir, accept of it.
 , sir, I do; and will repute you ever
 of my life and liberty.
 hen go with me, to make the matter good.
 the way, I let you understand;—
 r is here look'd for every day,
 ssurance of a dower in marriage
 e and one Baptista's daughter here:
 se circumstances I'll instruct you:
 me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

o, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
 The more my wrong, the more his spite
 wears:
 d he marry me to famish me?
 that come unto my father's door,
 eaty, have a present alms;
 elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
 And that, which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love;
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grumio. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Grumio. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grumio. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish, that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grumio. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the

mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grumio. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding

slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
 That triumph thus upon my misery!
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat; and
 HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
 amourt?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
 Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
 To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[*Sets the dish on a table.*]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
 What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
 And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—
 Here, take away this dish.

Kath.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
 And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame!
 Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—

[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
 Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
 Will we return unto thy father's house;
 And revel it as bravely as the best,
 With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
 With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
 What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears;

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

T

And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us
see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop!

Why, what o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread,

Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.

I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the
gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo,
thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Inprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
saw me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;*—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I
commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and
sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee,
though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in
place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the hill,
give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have
no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mis-
ter's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the
paid:—

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[Exit Hortensio.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will un-
father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor.

For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest

So honour peareth in the meanest habit.

What, is thy joy more precious than the leaf
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the wolf
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forth

To feast and sport us at thy father's house
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock.
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come to.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let's alone
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. Why, so! this gallant will come
sun.

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed
VINCENTIO.*Tra.* Sir, this is the house; Please it
I call?*Ped.* Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me.
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.*Tra.* 'Tis well.
And hold your own, in any case, with su-
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes
'Twere good, he were school'd.*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biond-
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to-
Bion. I told him, that your father was at

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—
Sir, [to the Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him,—to stay him not too long
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd: and,—if you please
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement
Me shall you find most ready and most wifely

With one consent to have her so bestow'd

us I cannot be with you,
Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
iness, and your shortness, please me well.
e it is, your son Lucentio here
e my daughter, and she loveth him,
dissemble deeply their affections:
efore, if you say no more than this,
a father you will deal with him,
my daughter a sufficient dower,
h is fully made, and all is done:
shall have my daughter with consent.
thank you, sir.—Where then do you know

med; and such assurance ta'en,
with either part's agreement stand?
ot in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
have ears, and I have many servants:
old Gremio is heark'ning still;
ply, we might be interrupted.
hen at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
th my father lie; and there, this night,
as the business privately and well:
your daughter by your servant here,
hall fetch the scrivener presently.
tis this,—that, at so slender warning,
to have a thin and slender pittance.
likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
Bianca make her ready straight;
ou will, tell what hath happened:—
s father is arriv'd in Padua,
she's like to be Lucentio's wife.
pray the gods she may, with all my heart!
ally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
aptista, shall I lead the way?
! one mess is like to be your cheer:
; we'll better it in Pisa.

I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]
Cambio,—What say'st thou, Biondello?
ou saw my master wink and laugh upon
? Biondello, what of that?
Faith nothing; but he has left me here
; expound the meaning or moral of his
tokens.
pray thee, moralize them.
hen thus. Baptista is safe, talking with
ing father of a deceitful son.
od what of him?
His daughter is to be brought by you to
supper.
od then?—
The old priest at St. Luke's church is at
mand at all hours.
od what of all this?
cannot tell; except they are busied about
bit assurance: Take you assurance of her,
legio ad imprimendum solum: to the church;
priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest
not that you look for, I have no more to say,
Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*]
ear'st thou, Biondello?
cannot tarry: I knew a wench married
erocoon as she went to the garden for
stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and
sir. My master hath appointed me to go
ke's, to bid the priest be ready to come
n come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]
may, and will, if she be so contented:
e pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
o hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
o hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

A public road.

PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and
HORTENSIO.

me on, o' God's name; once more towards
father's.
d, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
he moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now?
ay it is the moon, that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun, that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl
should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—
[*To Vincentio.*]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentleman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not
mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green:

Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire: and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;

My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa:

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin.

Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

I may entitle thee—my loving father;

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseech

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio:

And wander we to see thy honest son.

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.

Have to my widow, and if she be froward,

Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house. My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. *[Knocks.]*

Gre. They're busy within, you had best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as if he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! *[To Vincen.]* why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[Seeing Biondello.]

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? *[Beats Biondello.]*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. *[Exit.]*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[Exit, from the window.]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. *[They retire.]*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet elook!—and a copatain hat!

—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I good husband at home, my son and my spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you another man: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if he wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I will maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a scoundrel in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir; what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name, have brought him up ever since he was the old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Vincentio; and he is mine only son, and he is lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered him!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, I pray, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: *[Enter one Officer.]* carry this mad knave to the gaol: Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthwith.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison. *Bap.* Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be caught in this business; I dare swear it is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol!

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yond deny him, forswear him, or else we are a beggar.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.]

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou of it?

Where is Lucentio? Here's Lucentio, Right son unto the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter While counterfeit supposes hear'd thine

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, That That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my son? *Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Bian.* Made me exchange my state with Tranio

While he did bear my countenance in the And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss:— What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that we sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? *[To Lucentio.]* you married my daughter without asking my consent?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: But I will it, to be revenged for this

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father frown. *[Exeunt Luc. & Bianca.]*

1. My cake is dough : But I'll in among the rest ;
f hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

ETRUCHIO and **KATHARINA** *advance.*

1. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of
this ado.

1. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

1. What, in the midst of the street ?

1. What, art thou ashamed of me ?

1. No, sir ; God forbid :—but ashamed to kiss.

1. Why, then let's home again :—Come, sirrah,
let's away.

1. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray
thee, love, stay.

1. Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet Kate ;
once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Lucentio's house.

*Equet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VIN-
TIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO,
LANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HOR-
NSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDEL-
LO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.*

1. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

1. 'Tis time it is, when raging war is done,

Therefore, a health to all, that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-

hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you bunted for yourself ;

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that girl, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here ?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess ;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife ;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first, when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager, which we will propose.

Hor. Content :—what is the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or bound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me. [*Exit.*]

Bion. I go.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !

Is that an answer ?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. O, ho ! entreat her !

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife ?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;

She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O

vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd !

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress ;

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina !

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send

for me ?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy ;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !

The wager thou hast won, and I will add

Unto thy losses twenty thousand crowns ;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;

And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper
time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will
have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one, that cares for thee

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband;

And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am asham'd that women are so simple

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey!

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and un-

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable wench,

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;

But now, I see, our lances are but straws;

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;

That seeming to be most, which we least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;

And place your hands below your husband's

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, I

me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thy

ha't.

Fin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children

ward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women

ward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sp'.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit th

[*To L.*]

And, being a winner, God give you good r

[*Exeunt Petruchio at*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd

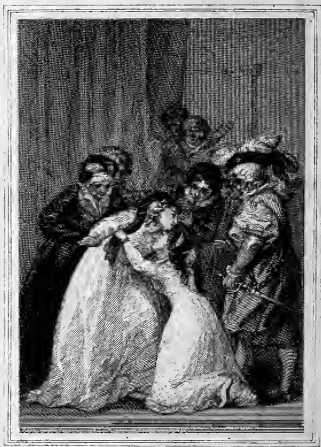
shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she

tam'd so.







T. Stothard R.A.

F. S. Engleheart sc.

WINTER'S TALE.

Act 5. Sc. 3.

Published by W. Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane, 1823.

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia:
MAMILLIUS, his son.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS, } Sicilian lords.
CLEOMENES, }
DION, }
Another Sicilian lord.
ROGERO, a Sicilian gentleman.
As attendant on the young prince Mamillius.
Officers of a court of judicature.
POLIXENES, king of Bohemia:
FLORIZEL, his son.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.
A mariner.

Gaoler.
An old shepherd, reputed father of Perdita:
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady, { attending the queen.
Two other ladies, {
MORSA, { shepherdesses.
DORCAS, {

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

Scene,—sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. An antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia on the like occasion, whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence— is so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Hence their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their entertainments, though not personal, have been royally attended, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving ambassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unpeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicians the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that vent on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches, till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A room of state in the palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply, With one we thank-you, many thousands more, That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile; And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence: That may blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you so; There is no tongue, that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay To you a charge and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay.

You, sir,

Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure, All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon.

Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong;
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thrack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To Polixenes.*] I'll ad-
venture

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol.

No, madam.

Her.

Nay, but you will? I may not, verily.

Pol.

Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,
Should yet say, *Str, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol.

Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her.

Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol.

We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her.

Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i'the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her.

By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfeign'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her.

Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sin'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon.

Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her.

Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before?

I pry'thee tell me: Cram us with praise, and
make us

As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying
tongue-less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you; O, would her name were
But once before I spoke to the purpose: W
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon.

Why, that was
Three crabbed months had sour'd themse
death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou
I am yours for ever.

Her.

It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to Pol.*

Leon.

Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship far, is mingling blood.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart da
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertain
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom
And well become the agent: it may, I gra
But to the paddling palms, and pinching;
As now they are; and making practis'd sm
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh,
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertain
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mar
Art thou my boy?

Mam.

Ay, my good lord.

Leon.

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast
thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly,
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling

[*Observing Polixenes and*

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton
Art thou my calf?

Mam.

Yes, if you will, my

Leon.

That want'st a rough pasb, and I
that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we a
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters;
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fix
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sit
Look on me with your welkin eye: Sweet
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible, things not so h
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can t
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st no thing: Then, 'tis very cr
Thou may'st co-join with something; and t
(And that beyond commission; and I find
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol.

What mean

Her.

He something seems unsettled.

Pol.

How,

Her.

What cheer? how is't with you, best br

As if you held a brow of much distractio
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon.

No, in good es
How sometimes nature will betray its fol
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! [*Aside.*] Looking on
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did rec
Twenty-three years; and saw myself un
In my green velvet coat; my dagger mus
Lest it should bite its master, and so pr
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this
This quash, this gentleman:—Mine hone
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam.

No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon.

You will? why, happy man be h

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, a

Do seem to be of ours?

If at home, sir,
my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
site, my soldier, statesman, all ;
as a July's day short as December ;
th his varying childness, cures in me
s, that would thicken my blood.

So stands this squire
with me : We two will walk, my lord,
ve you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
u lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;
it is dear in Sicily, be cheap :
thyself, and my young rover, he's
t to my heart.

If you would seek us,
rours i' the garden : Shall's attend you there ?
To your own bents dispose you : you'll be
und,
beneath the sky :—I am angling now,
you perceive me not how I give line.

Aside. Observing Polixenes and Hermione.
holds up the neb, the bill to him !
as her with the boldness of a wife
llowing husband ! Come already ;
ck, knee-deep ; o'er head and ears a fork'd
e.

Servant Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.
r, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I
; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
is me to my grave ; contempt and clamour
my knell.—Go, play, boy, play ;—There
ve been,

much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
oy a man there is, even at this present,
hile I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
le thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
le, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in't,
ther men have gates ; and those gates open'd,
, against their will : Should all despair,
ve revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
ang themselves. Physick for't there is none ;
awdy planet, that will strike
tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,
st, west, north, and south : Be it concluded,
icado for a belly ; know it ;
et in and out the enemy,
ug and baggage : many a thousand of us
e disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy ?
I am like you, they say.

Why, that's some comfort.—
Camillo there ?
Ay, my good lord.

Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest
an.—
[Exit Mamillius.]
. this great sir will yet stay longer.
You had much ado to make his anchor hold :
ou east out, it still came home.

Didst note it ?
He would not stay at your petitions ; made
ness more material.

Didst perceive it ?—
here with me already ; whispering, rounding,
: a so-forth : 'Tis far gone,
: shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
did stay ?

At the good queen's entreaty.
At the queen's, be't : good, should be per-
nent ;

it is, it is not. Was this taken
understanding pate but thine ?
conceit is soaking, will draw in
an the common blocks :—Not noted, is't,
he finer natures ? by some severals,
-pieces extraordinary ? lower messes,
uce, are to this business purblind : say.
Business, my lord ? I think, most understand
a stays here longer.

Ha ?
Stays here longer.

Ay, but why ?
To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
most gracious mistress.

Satisfy
reaties of your mistress ?—satisfy ?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils : wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !
Leon. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent ; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest : these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn ;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse ; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-pledge : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty ;) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? Is this nothing ?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this disease'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be ; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is ; you lie, you lie :
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?
Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia : Who—if I
Had servants true about me : that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that,

Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meager form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goods, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [Exit.]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All, that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not
one,

Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak!—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment: when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know,
and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sick
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of

Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped th'
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less add
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech
If you know aught, which does behave my
ledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Cam?
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidence thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and
Cry, lost, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Cam!

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. He thinks, nay, with all confidence
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the be
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nose
Where I arrive; and my approach be sh'
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st sin
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thro'
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should't

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis
Avoid what's grown, than question how
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
I shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night
Your followers I will whisper to the busi
And will, by twos, and threes, at several
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll
My fortunes to your service, which are he
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be sa
Than one condemn'd by the king's ow
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy
Be pilot to me, and thy ships shall
Still neighbour mine: Which places are read
My people did expect my hence departur
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's m
Must it be violent; and as he does conce
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :
 petition be my friend, and comfort
 cious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 d-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
 respect thee as a father, if

Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.
Cam. It is mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away.
 [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The same.

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
 t enduring.

t. Come, my gracious lord,
 be your play-fellow ?

t. No, I'll none of you.

t. Why, my sweet lord ?

You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as if
 a baby still.—I love you better.

t. And why so, my good lord ?

Not for because
 ows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
 some women best ; so that there be not
 h hair there, but in a semi-circle,
 moon made with a pen.

t. Who taught you this ?
 I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
 lour are your eye-brows ?

t. Blue, my lord.

Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's nose's
 been blue, but not her eye-brows.

t. Hark ye :
 en, your mother, rounds apace ; we shall
 our services to a fine new prince,
 these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
 ould have you.

t. She is spread of late
 odly bulk : Good time encounter her !
 What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,

t. now

you again : Pray you, sit by us,

's a tale.

t. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

us merry as you will.

t. A sad tale's best for winter :

se of sprites and goblins.

t. Let's have that, sir.

4 sit down :—Come on, and do your best

t me with your sprites : you're powerful

it.

There was a man,—

t. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Dwelt by a church-yard ;—I will tell it

fly ;

kets shall not hear it.

t. Come on then,

't me in mine ear.

ONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords and others.

Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo

th him ?

t. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never

en scour so on their way : I ey'd them

their ships.

t. How bless'd am I

ust censure ? in my true opinion ?—

r lesser knowledge !—How accurs'd,

so blest !—There may be in the cup

steep'd, and one may drink ; depart,

partake no venom ; for his knowledge

fect'd : but if one present

rr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

bath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

dent hefts :—I have drank, and seen the

ider.

t. Was his help in this, his pandar :—

a plot against my life, my crown ;

e, that is mistrusted :—that false villain,

employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :

liscover'd my design, and I

a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick

to play at will :—How came the posterns

open ?

1 Lord. By his great authority ;
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
 On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
 Give me the boy ; I am glad you did not nurse him :
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
 Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
 about her ;

Away with him !—and let her sport herself
 With that, she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
 Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
 And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
 Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
 To say, she is a goodly lady, and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable :

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
 (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
 straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands,
 That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
 That mercy does ; for calumny will fear
 Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
 Ere you can say, she's honest : But he it known
 From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinction leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,
 She's an adulteress ; I have said with whom :

More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
 A federaly with her ; and one, that knows
 What she should shame to know herself,
 But with her most vile principal, that she's
 A bed-swarver, even as bad as those,
 That vulgarly give hold titles ; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this : How will this grieve you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leon. No, no ; if I mistake
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The centre is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison !
 He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
 But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
 I must be patient, till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown'd : ' Beseech you all, my lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so
 The king's will be perform'd !

Leon. Shall I be heard ?

[To the Guards.

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see, My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools; There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress

Has deserv'd a prison, then abound in tears, As I come out: this action, I now go on, Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord: I never wish'd to see you sorry; now, I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave. Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]
1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,— I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir, Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean, In this, which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables, where I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her; Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her; For every inch of woman in the world, Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false, If she be.

Leon. Hold your peace.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves: You are abus'd, and by some putter-on, That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain, I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd,— I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven! The second, and the third, nine, and some five; If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour, I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see, To bring false generations: they are co-heirs; And I had rather glib myself, than they Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't, As you feel doing thus; and see withal The instruments, that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty; There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,

Upon this ground: and more it would content me To have her honour true, than your suspicion; Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified, Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not, Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves, We need no more of your advice: the matter, The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege, You had only in your silent judgment tried it, Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age, Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight, Added to their familiarity, (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture, That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation, But only seeing, all other circumstances Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding: Yet, for a greater confirmation, (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post, To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple, Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,

Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well? 1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need Than what I know, yet shall the oracle Give rest to the minds of others; such as Whose ignorant credulity will not Come up to the truth: So have we thought From our free person she should be confin'd Lest that the treachery of the two, fled he Be left her to perform. Come, follow us; We are to speak in publick: for this busin Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it, If the good truth were known.

SCENE II.

The same. The outer room of a prison

Enter PAULINA and Attendants

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to

[*Exit an Attendant.*]
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Go No court in Europe is too good for thee, What dost thou then in prison?—Now, g

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy

And one, whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you

Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary

I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado

To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors!—Is it law

Pray you, to see her women? any of them

Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put

Apart these your attendants, I shall bring

Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her.

Keep. And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pry'thee. [*Ex-*

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain.

As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious

Emil. As well as one so great, and so

May hold together: On her frights, and

(Which never tender lady hath borne gre

She is, something before her time, deliver

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a good

Lusty, and like to live: the queen receiv

Much comfort in't; says, My poor prison

I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king

them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the

Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue

And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emi

Commend my best obedience to the quee

If she dares trust me with her little babe

I'll show't the king, and undertake to be

Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not

How he may soften at the sight o'the chi

The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy

Your honour, and your goodness, is so et

That your free undertaking cannot miss

A thriving issue; there is no lady living,

So meet for this great errand: Please y

ship

To visit the next room, I'll presently

Acquaint the queen of your most noble of

Who, but to-day, hammer'd in this desig

But durst not tempt a minister of honour,

Lest she should be denied.

Tell her, Emilia,
that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
dness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I do good.

Now be you blest for it!
the queen: Please you, come something
nearer.

Madam, if't please the queen to send the
habe,
not what I sball incur, to pass it,
no warrant.

You need not fear it, sir:
ild was prisoner to the womb; and is,
and process of great nature, thence
and enfranchis'd: not a party to
ger of the king; nor guilty of,
be, the trespass of the queen.
I do believe it.

Do not you fear: upon
onour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the palace.

LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
other Attendants.

Nor night, nor day, nor rest: It is but
weakness
the matter thus; mere weakness, if
use were not in being;—part o' the cause,
e address;—for the harlot king
y beyond mine arm, out of the blank
rel of my brain, plot-proof: but she
ook to me: Say, that she were gone,
a the fire, a moiety of my rest
come to me again.—Who's there?

My lord?
[*Advancing.*]

How does the boy?

He took good rest to-night;
y'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

To see

weakness!
ing the dishonour of his mother,
ight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
d and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
wrought languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
w he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fie, fie! no
ought of him;—
y thought of my revenges that way
upon me: in himself too mighty;
his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
time may serve: for present vengeance,
on her. Camillo and Polixenes
at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:
ould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
te, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

You must not enter.
Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
u his tyrannous passion more, alas,
e queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
ee, than he is jealous.

That's enough.

Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
ommanded
ould come at him.

Not so hot, good sir;
ep like shadows by him, and do sigh
his needless heavings,—such as you
e the cause of his awaking: I
e with words as med'cinal as true;
as either; to purge him of that humour,
esses him from sleep.

What noise there, ho?
No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
ome gossips for your highness.

How?—

That audacious lady! Antigonus,
d thee, that she should not come about me;
she would.

I told her so, my lord,

On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon.

What, caust not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant.

Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul

Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon.

Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon.

Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

Leon.

A manking witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul.

Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon.

Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou, dotard, [*To Antigonus.*] thou art woman-
tir'd, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul.

For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness,
Which he has put upon't!

Leon.

He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past
all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

Leon.

A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul.

Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon.

A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-
band,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul.

It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him, that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon.

A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That will not stay her tongue.

U

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. *[Exit.]*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

I Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

I Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[To Antigonus.]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a base
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will
venture

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord
That his ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much
I'll pawn the little blood, which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by thy
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it; (see'st thou) for
the fall

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We en
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou car
This female bastard hence; and that thou
To some remote and desert place, quite o
Of our dominions; and that there thou le
Without more mercy, to its own protecti
And favour of the climate. As by strang
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's tortu
That thou commend it strangely to some
Where chance may nurse or end it: Tak

Ant. I swear to do this, though a pres
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poo
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites ar
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, t
Casting their savageness aside, have don
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! an
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

Leon. *[Exit with No, I'll*
Another's issue.

I Atten. Please your highness, p
From those you sent to the oracle, are c
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are bot
Hasting to the court.

I Lord. So please you, sir, t
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-thre
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you,
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave
And think upon my bidding.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same. A street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle: the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them), and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was, i'th' offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the plean,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,

So forcing falls upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something ra
Even then will rush to knowledge.—
horses;—
And gracious be the issue!

SCENE II.

The same. A court of justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear
seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief
nounce),
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party
The daughter of a king; our wife; and o
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—

It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
 in person here in court.—Silence!
**HERMIONE is brought in guarded; PAULINA
 and Ladies, attending.**

Read the indictment.
*Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king
 of Sicily, thou art here accused and arraigned of
 treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes,
 king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to
 overthrow the life of our sovereign lord the king,
 thy lawful husband: the pretence whereof being by
 thy own stances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, con-
 sidering the faith and allegiance of a true subject,
 didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to
 do so by night.*

Since what I am to say, must be but that,
 Which I contradict my accusation; and
 my testimony on my part, no other
 can come from myself; it shall scarce boot me
 to plead *Not guilty*: mine integrity
 is counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
 receive'd. But thus,—If powers divine
 govern our human actions, (as they do,)
 I am not then, but innocence shall make
 my accusation blush, and tyranny
 praise me silent. —You, my lord, best know,
 how much I have loved you, and how much
 I have esteem'd you, and how much I have
 lov'd you, as a continent, as chaste, as true,
 as a new unhappy; which is more
 than my story can pattern, though devis'd,
 to take spectators: For behold me,—
 A daughter of the royal bed, which owe
 its duty to the throne, a great king's daughter,
 betroth'd to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
 to be sold and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
 I have pleas'd to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 high grief, which I would spare: for honour,
 I would give it up. —I am, my lord, derivative
 from me to mine, and I stand for, I appeal
 to my own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 your court, how I was in your grace.
 I was invited to be so; since he came,
 that encounter so uncurrent I
 rain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
 and of honour; or, in act, or will,
 'gainst you inclining; harden'd be the hearts
 that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 that stand upon my grave!

I ne'er heard yet,
 of these bolder vices wanted
 audience to ginsay what they did,
 perform it first.

That's true enough;
 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
 You will not own it.

More than mistress of,
 comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 knowledge. For Polixenes, whom I am accus'd,
 I do confess, as in honour he requir'd,
 such a kind of love, as might become
 like me; with a love, even such,
 as no other, as yourself commanded:
 that to have done, I think, had been in me
 obedience and ingratitude
 and toward your friend; whose love had
 been, as it could speak, from an infant, freely,
 was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
 I do not know how it tastes; though it be dish'd
 to try how: all I know of it,
 Camillo was an honest man;
 who he left your court, the gods themselves,
 no more than I, are ignorant.
 You knew of his departure, as you know
 I have underta'en to do in his absence.
 I am, my lord, a language, that I understand not:
 stands in the level of your dreams,
 'll lay down.

Your actions are my dreams;
 a bastard by Polixenes,
 dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,
 your fact are so,) so past all truth:

Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
 For as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee than it) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity:
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went: My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion;—lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,
 I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.]
Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of
 justice,
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
 Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals, and read.
Off. *[Reads.]* *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
 blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous
 tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the
 king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost,
 be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Prais'd!
Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
 As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
 The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
 The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
 Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-
 selves

Do strike at my injustice. *[Hermione faints.]* How
 now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
 down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
 Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
 I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion
 'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Herm.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace: lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

I Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasser,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and ven-
geance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

I Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,
nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

I Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege;

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your child;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but
When most the truth; which I receive much
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them sh
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visi
The chapel, where they lie; and tears, she
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the s

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath
upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and
We have landed in ill time: the skies look
And threaten present blusters. In my co
The heavens with that we have in hand
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud we
Besides, this place is famous for the creat
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business.

Ant. Come, poor be
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of
May walk again: if such thing be, thy m
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was
So like a waking. To me comes a creatur
Sometimes her head on one side, some an
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin, where I lay: thrice bow'd befo
And, gasping to begin some speech, her ey
Became two spouts: the fury spent, an
Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
*Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for t
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,*

*I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt se
Thy wife Paulina more:—and, so, with sh
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams ar
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee*

[*Laying down t*
There lie; and there thy character: there
Which may, if fortune please, both breed the
And still rest thine.—The storm begins
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fall, art thus exp
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I
But my heart bleeds: and most accus'd
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell
The day frowns more and more; thou art lik
A lullaby too rough: I never saw

Heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—
May I get aboard!—This is the chase;
gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

O, I would, there were no age between ten
three and twenty; or that youth would sleep
rest: for there is nothing in the between
etting wenches with child, wronging the an-
y, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—
Did any but these boiled brains of nineteen,
two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They
scared away two of my best sheep; which, I
the wolf will sooner fiod, than the master: if
where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing
y. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we
[Taking up the child.] Mercy on's, a barne;
pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder?
ny one; a very pretty one! Sure, some scape-
h I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-
woman in the scape. This has been some
work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-
they were warmer, that got this, than the
hing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll
ill my son come; he hollaed but even now.
ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Hilloa, loa!
t. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing
on when thou art dead and rotten, come
t. What ailst thou, man?
I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by
—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now
y; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot
a bodkin's point.
t. Why, boy, how is it?
I would you did but see how it chafes, how
s, how it takes up the shore! but that's not
point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor
sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em:
e ship boring the moon with her main-mast;
on swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd
a cork into a hoghead. And then for the
service.—To see how the bear tore out his

shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and
said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But
to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea
flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls
roared, and the sea mocked them:—and how the
poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him,
both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clow. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,
nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at
it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the
old man!

Clow. I would you had been by the ship side, to
have helped her: there your charity would have
lacked footing. [Aside.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st
with things dying, I with things new born. Here's
a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a
squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up,
boy; open't. So, let's see; it was told me, I should
be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:—
open't: What's within, boy?

Clow. You're a made old man; if the sins of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!
all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove
so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next
way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, re-
quires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—
Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clow. Go you the next way with your findings;
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman,
and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,
but when they are hungry: if there be any of him
left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st dis-
cern by that, which is left of him, what he is,
fetch me to the sight of him.

Clow. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put
him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good
deeds on't. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

I,—that please some, try all; both joy,
and terror,
and had; that make, and unfold error,—
ake upon me, in the name of Time,
my wings. Impute it not a crime,
or my swift passage, that I slide
teen years, and leave the growth untried
wide gap; since it is in my power
throw law, and in one self-born hour
t and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
me I am, ere ancient'st order was,
it is now received: I witness to
ces, that brought them in: so shall I do
freshest things now reigning; and make stale
stering of this present, as my tale
seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
my glass; and give my scene such growing,
had slept between. Leontes leaving
ects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
e shuts up himself; imagine me,
spectators, that I now may be
Bohemia; and remember well,
oned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
name to you; and with speed so pace
lk of Perdita, now grown in grace
with wood'ring: What of her ensues,
ot prophesy; but let Time's news
wn, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
ughter,
at to her adheres, which follows after,
argument of time: of this allow,
you have spent time worse ere now;
: yet, that Time himself doth say,
bes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The same. A room in the palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more im-
portunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing;
a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country:
though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad,
I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the peni-
tent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose
feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween
to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out
the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the
need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made;
better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee:
thou, having made me businesses, which none with-
out thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to
execute them thyself, or take away with thee the
very services thou hast done: which if I have not
enough considered, (as too much I cannot), to be
more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my
profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal
country Sicilia, pr'y'thee speak no more: whose very
naming punishes me with the remembrance of that
penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king,
my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen,
and children, are even now to be afresh lamented.
Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel
my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue
not being gracious, than they are in losing them,
when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince:
What his happier affairs may be, are to me un-
known: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late

much retired froth court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, hey! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time,
wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tod's; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*]
Clow. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants: rice—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are some of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clow. I'the name of me,—
Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but of rags; and then, death, death!

Clow. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need o' rags to lay on thee, rather than have these.
Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them me more than the stripes I have received; are mighty ones, and millions.

Clow. Alas, poor man! a million of beatings come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my and apparel ta'en from me, and these de things put upon me.

Clow. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.
Clow. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, garments he hath left with thee; if this be man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend hand. [*Helping*]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clow. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I feel my shoulder-blade is out.

Clow. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket*]
sir, softly: you have done me a charitable
Clow. Dost lack any money; I have a little for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you I have a kinsman not past three quarters of hence, unto whom I was going; I shall th money, or any thing I want. Offer me no I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clow. What manner of fellow was he that you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to with troly-m-dames: I knew him once as the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which virtues it was, but he was certainly whip of the court.

Clow. His vices, you would say; there's a whipped out of the court: they cherish it, it stay there; and yet it will no more but

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know it well: he hath been since an ape-bearer process-server, a bailiff; then he comp motion of the prodigal son, and married a wife within a mile where my land and liv and, having flown over many knavish pro he settled only in rogue: some call him Au

Clow. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, y haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.
Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's th that put me into this apparel.

Clow. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Boh you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd b

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no I am false of heart that way; and that he warrant him.

Clow. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was stand, and walk: I will even take my leave and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clow. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.
Clow. Then fare thee well; I must go bu for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit*]
Your purse is not hot enough to purcha spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shea If I make not this cheat bring out another, shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, name put into the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each pa

live a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
 King in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
 is a meeting of the petty gods,
 and you the queen on't.

Sir, my gracious lord,
 Hide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
 O, when that I name them: your high self,
 Traculous mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
 With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
 A goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts
 Every morn have folly, and the feeders
 Do it with a custom, I should blush
 To see you so attired: sworn, I think,
 To show myself a glass.

I bless the time,
 When my good falcon made her flight across
 My father's ground.

Now Jove afford you cause!
 The difference forges dread; your greatness
 Not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
 To think your father, by some accident,
 Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
 Would he look, to see his work, so noble,
 Bound up? What would he say? Or how
 I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
 The earnest of his presence?

Apprehend
 My but jollity. The gods themselves,
 In giving their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
 A bull, and bellow'd, the green Neptune
 A fish, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 Whom now: Their transformations
 Never for a piece of beauty rarer;
 And a way so chaste: since my desires
 Do not before mine honour; nor my lusts
 Matter than my faith.

O but, dear sir,
 My resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Commanded, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
 These two must be necessities,
 And then will speak; that you must change this
 Purpose,
 For my life.

Thou dearest Perdita,
 These forc'd thoughts, I pr'y'thee, darken not
 My father's face: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
 My father's: for I cannot be
 His own, nor any thing to any, if
 I am thine: to this I am most constant,
 My destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
 For such thoughts as these with any thing,
 Do not behold the while. Your guests are coming:
 Your countenance; as it were the day
 Of our nuptial; which
 We have sworn shall come.

O lady fortune,
 Be thou auspicious!

Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,
 Clown, MOPS A, DORCAS, and others.

See, your guests approach:
 Yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 'Tis to be red with mirth.

Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
 She was both pantler, butler, cook;
 My maid and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all;
 Sing her song, and dance her turn: now
 I am a maid.

At the end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
 At the shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
 In the middle; and the thing she took to quench it,
 In the middle to each one sip: You are retir'd,
 And a feasted one, and not
 A part o' the meeting: Pray you, bid
 My unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
 My wish to make us better friends, more known.
 Pray you, quench your blushes; and present yourself
 To such as you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,
 As welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As good flock shall prosper.

Well, welcome, sir! [To Pol.
 As my father's will, I should take on me
 To be the captain o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!
 [To Camillo.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
 sirs,
 For you there's the rosemary, and rue; these keep
 Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
 Grace and remembrance, be to you both,
 And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
 (A fair one are you,) will you fit our ages
 With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
 Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
 Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
 Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
 Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
 To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
 Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
 There is an art, which, in their piousness, shares
 With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
 Yet nature is made better by no mean,
 But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
 Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By bud of nobler race: This is an art
 Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
 The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.
 Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
 And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
 The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
 No more than, were I painted, I would wish
 This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
 therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
 The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
 And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
 Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
 To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
 And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
 Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
 fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
 Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
 To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

Pol. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
 Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
 flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun's pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

Pol. What you do,
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea; that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; and, move still, still so, and own
 No other function: Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O, Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, gar-
lick,

To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up. [*Musick.*]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.
Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She daries feately.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that,
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move
you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell
money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads,
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come
in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful
matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing
indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such
delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings*: *jump her*
and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break
a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to
answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him
off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good*
man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath Ribands of all the colours i' the
rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bo-
hemia can learnedly handle, though they come to
him by the gross; inks, caddisses, cambricks,
lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were
gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were
a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and
the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have
in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to thi

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel;
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa
should'st take no money of me; but being e
as I am, it will also be the bondage of
ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against thi
but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than
there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis
may be, he has paid you more; which wi
you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among mai
they wear their plackets, where they sho
their faces? Is there not milking-time, w
are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle
secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling
our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering:
your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis
tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was co
the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners
therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt los
here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about
parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a
print, a-life; for then we are sure they ar

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twent
bags at a burden; and how she longed to
ders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't,
tress Taleporter; and five or six honest w
were present: Why should I carry lies a

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first
ballads; we'll buy the other things anon

Aut. Here's another ballad, O! a fish,
peared upon the coast, on Wednesday the
of April, forty thousand fathom above w
sung this ballad against the hard hearts o
it was thought she was a woman, and w
into a cold fish, for she would not exch
with one that loved her: The ballad is ve
and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and v
more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry
goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing*
there's scarce a maid westward, but she
'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt be
thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month a
Aut. I can bear my part; you must
my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

We'll have this song out anon by ourselves;
And the gentlemen are in sad talk, and
not trouble them: Come, bring away thy
fer me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—
Let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.
And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.]

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.
Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

Master, there is three carters, three shep-
three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that
made themselves all men of hair; they call
themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which
they call the gallimaufry of gambols, he-
they are not in't; but they themselves are o'
d, (if it be not too rough for some, that
tattle but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Away! we'll none on't; here has been
ch humble foolery already:—I know, sir,
try you.
You weary those, that refresh us: Pray,
these four threes of herdsmen.
One three of them, by their own report, sir,
need before the king; and not the worst of
e, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the

Leave your prating; since these good men
sied, let them come in; but quickly now.
Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.]

Servant, with twelve Rusticks habited like
cattys. They dance, and then exeunt.

father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—
too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
nple, and tells much. [Aside.]—How now,
sir shepherd?
art is full of something, that does take
ad from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
ded love, as you do, I was wont
my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
lar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
acceptance; you have let him go,
hing marted with him: If your lass
tation should abuse; and call this,
ck of love, or bounty; you were straited
ply, at least, if you make a care
y holding her.

Old sir, I know
es not such trifles as these are:
s, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
y heart; which I have given already,
deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
his ancient sir, who, it should seem,
netime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
s dove's down, and as white as it;
ppian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
olted by the northern blasts twice o'er.
What follows this?
tily the young swain seems to wash
l, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
our protestation; let me hear
ou profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-
ledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'heseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He hath his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion:—Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee, if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body move with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?
[*To Florizel.*

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that, which I know.—O, sir,
[*To Florizel.*

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*To Perdita.*
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st
adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die, when I desire.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks.—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair below'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To Cl.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'th' la
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's mischief
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, w
Your gracious self; embrace but my directio
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such re
As shall become your highness; where you
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I se
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin;) marry he
And (with my best endeavours, in your ab
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you tho
A place, whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and fl
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to m
This follows,—if you will not change your
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia
And there present yourself, and your fair p
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes
She shall be habit'd, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes; opening his free arms, and weepin
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forg
As 'twere i'th' father's person: kisses the
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divid
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; th
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Ca
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king you
To greet him, and to give him comforts.
The manner of your bearing towards him,
What you, as from your father, shall deliv
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
The which shall point you forth at every
What you must say; that he shall not per
But that you have your father's bosom the
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more p
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; mos
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay y
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you
Prosperity is the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart
Affliction alters.

One of these is true:
k, affliction may subdue the cheek,
or take in the mind.
Yes, say you so?
shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
in another such.

My good Camillo,
as forward of her breeding, as
near of birth.

I cannot say, 'tis pity,
wicks instructions; for she seems a mistress
out, that teach.

Your pardon, sir, for this;
wash you thanks.

My prettiest Perdita.—
O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
rver of my father, now of me;
medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
re not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
hall appear in Sicily—

My lord,
one of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
lie there: it shall be so my care
ve you royally appointed, as if
ene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
ou may know you shall not want,—one word.
[They talk aside.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,
my brother, a very simple gentleman! I have
ll my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not
nd, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,
, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-
o keep my pack from fasting: they throng
ould buy first; as if my trinkets had been
ed, and brought a benediction to the buyer:
ich means, I saw whose purse was best in;
and, what I saw, to my good use, I re-
red. My clown (who wants but something
reasonable man,) grew so in love with the
es' song, that he would not stir his petticoats,
had both tune and words; which so drew
of the herd to me, that all their other senses
e ears: you might have pinched a placket, it
seless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece
use; I would have filed keys off, that hung
as: no hearing, no feeling, but 'my sir's
nd admiring the nothing of it. So that, in
se of lethargy, I picked and cut most of
estival purses: and had not the old man
s with a whoobub against his daughter and
g's son, and scared my choughs from the
I had not left a purse alive in the whole

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.]

Nay, but my letters by this means being
here

as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

And those, that you'll procure from king
Leontes,—

Shall satisfy your father.

Happy be you!

at you speak, shows fair.

Who have we here?—

[Seeing Autolycus.]

make an instrument of this; omit

g, may give us aid.

If they have overheard me now,—why

f. [Aside.]

How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou

not, man; here's no harm intended to

I am a poor fellow, sir.

Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal

at thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,

st make an exchange: therefore, disclose

standly, (thou must think, there's necessity

and change garments with this gentleman:

the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst,

I these, there's some boot.

I am a poor fellow, sir.—I know ye well

f. [Aside.]

Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is

red already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick
of it.— [Aside.]

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. and Autol. exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,

That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have

No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king

[Aside.]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,

To force him after: in whose company

I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is re-
quisite also, to smell out work for the other senses.
I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth
thrive. What an exchange had this been, without
boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange?
Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we
may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself
is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his
father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it
were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king
withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery
to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my
profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain:
every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hang-
ing, yields a careful man work.

Clow. See, see; what a man you are now! there
is no other way, but to tell the king she's a change-
ling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clow. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood,
your flesh and blood has not offended the king;
and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished
by him. Show those things you found about her;
those secret things, all but what she has with her;
This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant
you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea,
and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no
honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go
about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clow. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off
you could have been to him; and then your blood
had been the dearer, by I know how much an
ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [Aside.]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in
this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint
may be to the flight of my master.

Clow. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so
sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my ped-

ler's excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those, that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his

daughter come into grace! Some say, he stoned; but that death is too soft for him. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! I all do too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three and a dram dead: then recovered again with vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, run is, and in the hottest day prognostication p shall he be set against a brick-wall, the s ing with a southward eye upon him; wh to behold him with flies blown to death. I talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose are to be smiled at, their offences being s. Tell me, (for you seem to be honest pla what you have to the king: being somethi considered, I'll bring you where he is tender your persons to his presence, whi in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, b king, to effect your suits, here is man shi.

Clo. He seems to be of great authori with him, give him gold; and though be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by with gold: show the inside of your pu outside of his hand, and no more ado: I stoned and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake siness for us, here is that gold I have: it as much more; and leave this your pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promis Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety;—I party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though r a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shep —Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we m king, and show our strange sights: he n 'tis none of your daughter nor my siste gone else. Sir, I will give you as mu old man does, when the business is j and remain, as he says, your pawn, brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before sea-side; go on the right hand; I wi upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: h vided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, tune would not suffer me; she drops bo mouth. I am courted now with a double gold, and a means to do the prince good; which, who knows how that may to my advancement? I will bring these these blind ones, aboard him: if he thi shore them again, and that the comp have to the king concerns him nothing, I me rogue, for being so far officious; for against that title, and what shame e to't: To him will I present them, the matter in it.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. A room in the palace of Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass: At the last, Do, as the heavens have done! forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember

Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still this The wrong I did myself: which was so That heirless it hath made my kingdom Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, i If, one by one, you wedded all the world Or from the all, that are, took something To make a perfect woman; she, you kill Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. K She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik's

to say I did ; it is as bitter
 tongue, as in my thought : Now, good now,
 but seldom.

Not at all, good lady :
 ght have spoken a thousand things, that would
 one the time more benefit, and grac'd
 indness better.

You are one of those,
 have him wed again.

If you would not so,
 y not the state, nor the remembrance
 most sovereign name ; consider little,
 lingers, by his highness' fail of issue,
 op upon his kingdom, and devour
 n lookers-on. What were more holy,
 o rejoice, the former queen is well ?
 solier, than,—for royalty's repair,
 sent comfort and for future good,—
 s the bed of majesty again
 sweet fellow to't ?

There is none worthy,
 ing her, that's gone. Besides, the gods
 ve fulfill'd their secret purposes :
 not the divine Apollo said,
 the tenour of his oracle
 ng Leontes shall not have an heir,
 lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
 s monstrous to our human reason,
 Antigonus to break his grave,
 ne again to me ; who, on my life,
 ish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
 I should to the heavens be contrary,
 against their wills.—Care not for issue ;

[To Leontes.]
 wn will find an heir : Great Alexander
 e the for the worst ; so his successor
 e to be the best.

Good Paulina,—
 ast the memory of Hermione,
 in honour,—O, that ever I
 ar'd me to thy counsel !—then, even now,
 have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
 ken treasure from her lips,—

And left them
 th, for what they yielded.
 Thou speak'st truth.
 such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,
 ter us'd, would make her sainted spirit
 possess her corps ; and on this stage,
 we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
 And why to me ?

Had she such power,
 just cause.
 She had ; and would incense me
 ler her, I married.

I should so :
 the ghost, that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
 ; and tell me, for what dull part in't
 se her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears
 ift to hear me ; and the words, that follow'd,
 be, *Remember mine*.

Stars, very stars,
 eyes else dead coals !—fear thou no wife,
 e no wife, Paulina.

Will you swear
 o marry, but by my free leave ?
 Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !
 Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
 th.

Unless another,
 You tempt him over-much.
 Hermione as is her picture,
 his eye.

Good madam,—
 I have done.
 ny lord will marry.—If you will, sir,
 edy, but you will : give me the office
 se you a queen : she shall not be so young
 your former ; but she shall be such,
 'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
 ter in your arms.

My true Paulina,
 ll not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

That
 s, when your first queen's again in breath ;
 ll then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One, that gives out himself prince Florizel,
 Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
 The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
 To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
 Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
 So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
 By need, and accident. What train ?

Gent. But few,
 And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?
Gent. Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
 That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
 As every present time doth boast itself
 Above a better, gone ; so must thy grave
 Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
 Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
 Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been
 Nor was not to be equal'd* ;—thus your verse
 Flow'd with her beauty once ; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
 To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam :
 The one I have almost forgot ; (your pardon,)
 The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
 Will have your tongue too : This is such a creature,
 Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
 Of all professors else ; make proselytes
 Of who she but hid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
 More worth than any man ; men, that she is
 The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
 Yourself, assisted with your honest friends,
 Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
 [Exit *Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentlemen.*
 He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
 (Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
 Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
 Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more ; thou know'st,
 He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
 Will bring me to consider that, which may
 Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PER-
 DITA, and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
 For she did print your royal father off,
 Conceiving you : Were I but twenty-one,
 Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother.
 As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
 And your fair princess, goddess !—O, alas !
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
 (All mine own folly,) the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
 Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times,) hath something
 seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves
 (He bade me say so,) more than all the sceptres,
 And those, that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
 (Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
 Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
 (At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,

To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes

My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whilst he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heavens set spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thoughts of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of
Even in these looks I made.—But your pet

[To
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desire
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me
And mark what way I make: Come, good

SCENE II.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present
relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the door,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner
found it: whereupon, after a little amazed
were all commanded out of the chamber
this, methought I heard the shepherd
found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue
1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the
—But the changes I perceived in the king,
millo, were very notes of admiration: they
almost, with staring on one another, to
cases of their eyes; there was speech in the
ness, language in their very gesture; they
as they had heard of a world ransom'd, o
stroyed: A notable passion of wonder ap
them: but the wisest beholder, that knew
but seeing, could not say, if the importa
joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of th
must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily
more: The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the orac
filled; the king's daughter is found: such
wonder is broken out within this hour, the
makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward
deliver you more.—How goes it now,
news, which is called true, is so like an
that the verity of it is in strong suspicion
king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were
by circumstance: that, which you her
swear you see, there is such unity in th
The mantle of queen Hermione:—her je
the neck of it:—the letter of Antigonus, fr
it, which they know to be his character:—
jesty of the creature, in resemblance of the
—the affection of nobleness, which natu
above her breeding,—and many other
proclaim her, with all certainty, to be th
daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, w
to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There
I have beheld one joy crown another; so
such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow we
leave of them; for their joy waded in tea
was casting up of eyes, holding up of ha
countenance of such distraction, that the
be known by garment, not by favour. (C
being ready to leap out of himself for jo
found daughter: as if that joy were new
loss, cries, O, thy mother, thy mother!
Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces hi
law; then again worries he his daughter
clipping her; now he thanks the old
which stands by, like a weather-bitten o
many kings' reigns. I never heard of suc
encounter, which lames report to follow
undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of A
that carried hence the child?

17. Like an old tale still; which will have to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: touches the shepherd's son; who has not only vengeance (which seems much,) to justify him, and kerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina

18. What became of his bark, and his followers?
19. Wrecked, the same instant of their masath; and in the view of the shepherd: so the instruments, which aided to expose the were even then lost, when it was found, the noble combat, that, twist joy and soras fought in Paulina! She had one eye der the loss of her husband; another elevated, oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess e earth; and so locks her in embracing, as would pin her to her heart, that she might e be in danger of losing.

20. The dignity of this act was worth the au- of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.
21. One of the prettiest touches of all, and hich angled for mine eyes (caught the water, not the fish,) was, when at the relation of en's death, with the manner how she came ravelly confessed and lamented by the king,) entiveness wounded his daughter: till, from of delour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my rept blood. Who was most marble there, colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if world could have seen it, the woe had been al.

22. Are they returned to the court?
23. No: the princess hearing of her mother's which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece ears in doing, and now newly performed by e Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had self eternity, and could put breath into his ould beguile nature of her custom, so pe e is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath ermione, that, they say, one would speak to stand in hope of answer: thither, with all ss of affection, are they gone; and there end to sup.

24. I thought, she had some great matter hand; for she hath privately, twice or a day, ever since the death of Hermione, hat removed house. Shall we thither, and r company piece the rejoicing?

25. Who would be thence, that has the be- access? every wink of an eye, some new ill be born: our absence makes us unthrifty owledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]
Now, had I not the dash of my former life would preferment drop on my head. I the old man and his son aboard the prince; n, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I t what; but he, at that time, overfond of pherd's daughter, (so he then took her to o began to be much sea-sick, and himself tter, extremity of weather continuing, this remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one for had I been the finder-out of this secret, I not have relished among my other dis-

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

26. Some those I have done good to against my d already appearing in the blossoms of tune.

27. Come, boy; I am past more children; but s and daughters will be all gentlemen born. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight this other day, because I was no gentle- m: See you these clothes? say, you see t, and think me still no gentleman born: e best say, these robes are not gentlemen Give me the lie; do; and try whether I now a gentleman born.

28. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born. y, and have been so any time these four hours. And so have I, boy.

29. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born y father: for the king's son took me by d, and called me brother; and then the

two kings called my father brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman; Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Paulina's house.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: but we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*]
I like your silence; it the more shows off Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!— Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender, As infancy, and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not hy much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence; Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!

I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thes!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fixed, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you: but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,

You do awake your faith: Then, all stand st
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.—[M
'Tis time; and descend; be stone no more: appr
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Con
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she s

[*Hermione comes down from the pe*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your han
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, i
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracin*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she ha
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little w
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, goo
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita to Her*
Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your grace
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where
how found?

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, the
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preser
Myself, to see this issue.

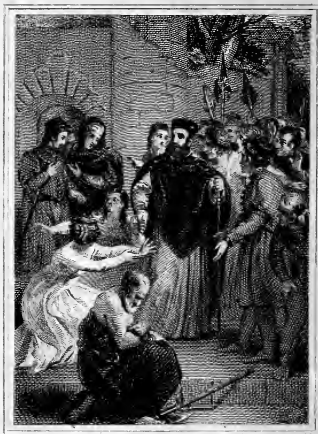
Paul. There's time enough fo
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my conse
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast
mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and h
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this pls
What?—Look upon my brother;—both your p
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens direct
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Pa
Lead us from hence; where we may leisure
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since fir
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [*E*







T. Stothard RA.

Ang Fox sc.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act. 5. Sc. 1.

Published by W. Pickering 57, Chancery Lane.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and
 ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } sons to Ægeon and
 } Emilia, but un-
 } known to each
 } other.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and at-
 DROMIO of Syracuse, } tendants on the two
 } Antipholus's.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.

ANGELO, a goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, a schoolmaster, and a conjuror.

EMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, her servant.

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other attendants.

Scene,—Ephesus.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
 And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
 I am not partial to infringe our laws:

The enmity and discord, which of late
 Spring from the rancorous outrage of your duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
 Who, wanting gelders to redeem their lives,—

Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
 Excludes all pity from our threaten'ing looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,

To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
 Nay, more,

If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
 At any Syracusan marts and fairs,

Again, if any Syracusan born
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,

To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
 Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause

Why thou departedst from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:

Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born; and wed

Once a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnium, 'till my factor's death;
 And he (great care of goods at random left)

Drove me from kind embracements of my spouse:
 From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before herself (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,)

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.

There she had not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,

A poor mean woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:

Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

Made daily motions for our home return:

Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.

We came aboard:

A league from Epidamnium had we sail'd,

Before the always-wind-obeying deep

Gave any tragic instance of our harm:

But longer did we not retain much hope;

For what obscured light the heavens did grant

Did but convey unto our fearful minds

A doubtful warrant of immediate death;

Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,

That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.

And this it was,—for other means was none.—

The sailors sought for safety by our boat,

And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:

My wife, more careful for the latter-born,

Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,

Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;

To him one of the other twins was bound,

Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.

The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,

Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;

And floating straight, obedient to the stream,

Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.

At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,

Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;

And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,

The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered

Two ships from far making amain to us.

Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:

But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!

Give the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now

Worthily term'd them merciless to us!

For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have left the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their
course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Left of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might hear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Egeon*, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gauler, take him to thy custody.

Grol. I will, my lord.
Ege. Hopeless, and helpless, doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A publick place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse,
and a Merchant.*

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnus,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit Dro. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

What, will you walk with me about the town
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchant
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mar
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then; I will go lose
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own con-
[*Exit Mer.*]

Ant. S. He, that commends me to mine
content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, failing there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself;
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? How chance, thou art return'd
late?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach
late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pine,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this
Where have you left the money, that I gave
you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o'we
last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper.
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour
now; Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my part;
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should
clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these
out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done
foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast disposed thy
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a christian, answer
In what safe place you have dispos'd my
Or I shall break that merry scone of you
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoe.
But not a thousand marks between you and
If I should pay your worship those again
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what
slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress
Phoenix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to
And prays, that you will hie you home to
me.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus
face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir!
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's
hold your hands;

an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit Dro. E.]

t. S. Upon my life, by some device or other, villain is o'er-raught of all my money. say, this town is full of cozenage; imble jugglers, that deceive the eye, -working sorcerers, that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body; Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks, And many such like liberties of sin: If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner. I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave; I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[Exit.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A publick place.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd, in such haste I sent to seek his master! Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him, from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner. sister, let us dine, and never fret: I am master of his liberty:

is his master; and, when they see time, 'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Because their business still lies out o'door.

Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,

ath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

seats, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

their males' subject, and at their controls:

more divine, the masters of all these,

of the wide world, and wild watry seas,

d with intellectual sense and souls,

re pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

asters to their females, and their lords:

let your will attend on their accords.

This servitude makes you to keep unweid.

Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

How if your husband start some other where?

'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;

can be meek, that have no other cause.

ched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

id be quiet, when we hear it cry;

ere we burden'd with like weight of pain,

eh, or more, we should ourselves complain:

u, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

f thou live to see like right hereft,

ool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—

comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and

by two ears can witness.

Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st

thou his mind?

E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:

rw his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not

s meaning?

E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too

eel his blows; and withal so doubtfully,

could scarce understand them.

But say, I pry'thee, is he coming home?

ns, he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-

mad.

Horn-mad, thou villain?!

E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sore, he's

stark-mad:

I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

ance-time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he: Will you come home? quoth I; My gold, quoth he: Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain? The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he: My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress; I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him

home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other

beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master

home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in lea-

ther. [Exit.]

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures: My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dis-

pendence.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'hides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up

Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation, and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio, since at first

I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
 [Beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
 And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
 Or I will heat this method in your sence.

Dro. S. Sence, call you it? so you would leave
 battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use
 these blows long, I must get a sence for my head,
 and insonce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in
 my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?
Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?
Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
 every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first, for flouting me; and then,
 wherefore,—
 For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
 of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
 rhyme nor reason?—
 Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you
 gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you
 nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner
 time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that, I
 have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?
Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.
Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?
Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase
 me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time;
 There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were
 so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the
 plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.
Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his
 hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and re-
 cover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair,
 being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows
 on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair,
 he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath
 more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit
 to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou dost conclude hairy
 plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost:
 he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?
Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.
Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.
Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.
Dro. S. The one, to save the money that
 spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner
 should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have per-
 there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time
 to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not subst-
 why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is
 and therefore, to the world's end, will have
 followers.

Ant. S. I knew it would be a bald conclu-
 But soft! who waits us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

*Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and fit;
 Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
 I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.*

*The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st
 That never words were musick to thine ear,
 That never object pleasing in thine eye,
 That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
 That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
 Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to
 How comes it now, my husband, oh, how com'
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition, or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou
 I am possess'd of an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonour'd.*

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame?
 you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk
 Who, every word by all my wit being scam'd
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is c-
 with you:*

When were you wont to use my sister thus
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?

*Adr. By thee; and this thou didst retur-
 him,—*

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this
 woman?

What is the course and drift of your comp-
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. I never spake with her in all my life.
 S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
 it be by inspiration?
 How ill agrees it with your gravity,
 terfeit thus grossly with your slave,
 to give him to thwart me in my mood?
 I wrong, you are from me exempt,
 I ought not that wrong with a more contempt.
 I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
 'Tis an elm, my husband, I a vine;
 weakness, married to thy stronger state,
 me with thy strength to communicate:
 I possess thee from me, it is dross,
 as ivy, briar, or idle moss;
 all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 I sap, and live on thy confusion.
 S. To me she speaks; she moves me for
 or theme:
 Was I married to her in my dream?
 I know, and think I hear all this?
 Her voice drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 How show this sure uncertainty,
 to retain the offer'd fallacy.
 Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
 O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
 He fairy land;—O, spite of spite!
 With goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
 To vex them not, this will ensue,
 To choke our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
 Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
 Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
 Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
 Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
 Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
 Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
 Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
 Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.
 Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
 Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks:
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
 Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.
 Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go.
 Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
 Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
 Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of
 us, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Good signior Angelo, you must excuse
 all;
 I am shrewish when I keep not hours:
 I linger'd with you at your shop,
 I was making of her carkanet,
 to-morrow you will bring it home.
 I was a villain, that would face me down
 as on the mart; and that I beat him,
 I'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
 I did deny my wife and house—
 I heard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
 Say what you will, sir, but I know what
 now:
 I beat me at the mart, I have your hand
 how:
 I was parched, and the blows you
 were ink,
 my handwriting would tell you what I think.
 I think, thou art an ass.
 Marry, so it doth appear
 in wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
 I am kick'd, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
 I keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
 You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray
 I, our cheer
 for my good will, and your good welcome
 to hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
 some dear.
 O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
 all of welcome makes scarce one dainty
 of good meat, sir, is common; that every
 man affords.
 And welcome more common; for that's
 the sting but words.
 I will cheer, and great welcome, makes a
 man's feast.
 Ay, to a niggardly host, and more
 ing guests:
 my eates be mean, take them in good part;
 for may you have, but not with better heart,
 my door is lock'd: Go bid them let us in.
 Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
 [Within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon,
 and, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
 hatch:
 Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
 such store,
 When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the
 door.
 Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My
 master stays in the street.
 Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came,
 lest he catch cold on's feet.
 Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.
 Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll
 tell me wherefore.
 Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not
 din'd to day.
 Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come
 again, when you may.
 Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from
 the house I owe?
 Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my
 name is Dromio.
 Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine
 office and my name;
 The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
 blame.
 If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
 Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or
 thy name for an ass.
 Luce. [Within] What a coil is there! Dromio,
 who are those at the gate?
 Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.
 Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
 And so tell your master.
 Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—
 Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my
 staff?
 Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When?
 can you tell?
 Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou
 hast answer'd him well.
 Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us
 in, I hope?
 Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.
 Dro. S. And you said, no.
 Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was
 blow for blow.
 Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
 Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
 Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
 Luce. Let him knock till it ake.
 Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the
 door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow. *Dro. E.* A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so; Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom, Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner: And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made on it;

And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalleged estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession; For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet, And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,— Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—

There will we dine: this woman that I mean, My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal; To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made: Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;

For there's the house; and that chain will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)

Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste: Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me. *Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some pence.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of S.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs Shall love, in building, grow so ruin'd

If you did wed my sister for her wealth, Then, for her wealth's sake, use her wi-

kindness: Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

Muffle your false love with some show of bl-

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orat

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret-false: What need she be aqua

What simple thief brags of his own att-

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your be

And let her read it in thy looks at boar

Shame hath a bastard fame, well manage

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil wor

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love

Though others have the arm, show us the

We in your motion turn, and you may

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conqu

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your nar

I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mi

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace,

not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than ear

Teach me, dear creature, how to think ar

Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, we

The folded meaning of your words' det

Against my soul's pure truth why labour

To make it wander in an unknown field

Are you a god? would you create me ne

Transform me then, and to your power

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I declin

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with th

To drown me in thy sister's flood of te

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means

Let love, being light, be drowned if he

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do

Luc. It is a fault, that springeth from

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fai

ing by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that

your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love,

night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my

Ant. S.

It is thyself, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dea

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hop

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's

Luc. All this my sister is, or else sho

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I

Thou wilt I love, and with thee lead my

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold yc

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse.

S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? or I your man? am I myself?

S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou self.

S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and myself.

S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to us; one that claims me, one that haunts that will have me.

S. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay horse; and she would have me as a beast; I being a beast, she would have me; but being a very beastly creature, lays claim

S. What is she?

S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as may not speak of, without he say sir-reve- I have but lean luck in the match, and yet wondrous fat marriage.

S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and she; and I know not what use to put her to, make a lamp of her, and run from her by light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow will burn a Poland winter: if she lives onsday, she'll burn a week longer than the world.

S. What complexion is she of?

S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing clean kept; For why! she sweats, a man over shoes in the grime of it.

S. That's a fault, that water will mend.

S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could t.

S. What's her name?

S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quart is, an ell and three quarters, will not her from hip to hip.

S. Then she bears some breadth?

S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could countries in her.

S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it he bogs.

S. Where Scotland?

S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in of the hand.

S. Where France?

S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, war against her hair.

S. Where England?

S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood tin, by the salt rheum that ran between and it.

S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk, till thou return to me.

If every one know us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her, that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore 'tis high time, that I were hence.

She, that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself: But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,

I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain; I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:

The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now, For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell: But this I think, there's no man is so vain,

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;

If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

You know, since Pentecost the sum is due, I have not much importun'd you;

I had not, but that I am bound

to, and want gilders for my voyage:

to make present satisfaction,

to attach you by this officer.

Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,

to give me by Antipholus:

to be instant, that I met with you,

to give me a chain; at five o'clock,

to receive the money for the same:

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,

For locking me out of my doors by day.—

But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [Exit Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you :
I promised your presence, and the chain ;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me :
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat ;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion ;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;
Besides, I have some business in the town :
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not
time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will : Have you the chain
about you ?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain ;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine :
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me ; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your
money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now ;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie ! now you run this humour out of
breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance :
Good sir, say, wher' you'll answer me, or no ;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much
to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ; and charge you, in the duke's name,
to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation :—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had !
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer ;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee hail :—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a hark of Epidamnium,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away : our freightage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now ! a madman ? Why, thou
peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnium stays for me ?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon :

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at mor
And teach your ears to listen with more h
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the des
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send i
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall hail me : hie thee, slave ;
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and*
Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her h
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my wil
For servants must their masters' minds full

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIAN.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee :
Might'st thou perceive austerly in hi
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?
Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad, or
What observation mad'st thou in this cas
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?
Luc. First, he denied you had in him
Adr. He meant, he did me none ; the more
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stra
Adr. And true he swore, though yet to
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And who

Luc. That love, I begg'd for you, he beg

Adr. With what persuasion did he temp

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit m
First, he did praise my beauty ; then, m

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience,

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold m
My tongue, though not my heart, shall ha
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless every
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of s
No evil lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than
And yet would herein others' eyes w
Far from her nest the lapwing cries awa
My heart prays for him, though my c
urse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go ; the desk, the pu
now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S. By ru

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, wath
A devil in an everlasting garment hath
One, whose hard heart is button'd up
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one,
termands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narr
A hound, that runs counter, and yet d
foot well ;

One, that, before the judgment, carries
to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter ?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter, he
on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? tell me, at

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is ar
But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested
can I tell :

Will you send him, mistress, redemption,
in the desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I won

That he, unknown to me, should be in
Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?

v. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; ain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?
 tr. What the chain?
 v. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone. as two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
 tr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
 v. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.
 b. As if time were in debt! how foully dost thou reason?
 v. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
 b. He's a thief too: Have you not heard men say, time comes stealing on by night and day?
 b. In debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way, he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

v. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
 and bring thy master home immediately.—
 b. Sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
 conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

I. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
 I were their well-acquainted friend;
 every one doth call me by my name.
 tender money to me, some invite me:
 other give me thanks for kindnesses;
 offer me commodities to buy:
 now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 therewithal, took measure of my body.
 these are but imaginary wiles,
 Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

I. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
 have you got the picture of old Adam new
 all'd?
 I. S. What gold is this! What Adam dost
 thou mean?
 I. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,
 but Adam, that keeps the prison: he, that
 a calf's skin, that was killed for the pro-
 phet; he, that came behind you, sir, like an evil
 and bid you forsake your liberty.
 I. S. I understand thee not.
 I. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he, that
 like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the
 sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives
 a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes
 my decayed men, and gives them suits of
 ce; he, that sets up his rest to do more ex-
 with his mace, than a morris-pike.
 I. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?
 I. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he,
 rings any man to answer it, that breaks his
 one, that thinks a man always going to bed,
 says, *God give you good rest!*
 I. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is
 any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?
 I. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour
 that the bark Expedition put forth to-night;
 hen were you hindered by the sergeant, to
 or the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that
 nt for, to deliver you.
 I. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
 ere we wander in illusions;
 blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

v. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
 sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
 t the chain you promis'd me to-day?
 I. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!
 I. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?
 I. S. It is the devil.
 I. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;
 ne she comes in the habit of a light wench;
 ereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn*

me, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.
 Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
 A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
 Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
 The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
 I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock; Mistress, that you know. [Exit Ant. S. and Dro. S.]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain;

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

(Besides this present instance of his rage),

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that being lunatick

He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away: This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to day;

And will not lightly trust the messenger,

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay

them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the

rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am

I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in

adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his

hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I

might not feel your blows.

Y

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he beats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit: driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtesan, with PINCH, and Others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respicere finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]
Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.— Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers, And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight: I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers? Did this companion with the saffron face Revel and feast it at my house to-day, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut, And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time, Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might;

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God, and the rope-maker, bear me witness, That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd; I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false

And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false

That would behold me in this shameful spot

[*Pinch and his Assistants bind Ant. E. and*

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him no

near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is

within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou

thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frant

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish o

Hast thou delight to see a wretched o

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—O most unhappy day

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore d

mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing?

Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do th

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go y

me.—

[*Exeunt Pinch and Assistants, with*

and Dro. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do yo

him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, b

not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage

Came to my house and took away my ring

(The ring I saw upon his finger now),

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmi

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with L

drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loos

Adr. And come with naked swords; ;

more help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'l

[*Exeunt Officer, Adr. &*

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife,

from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch

from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboar

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, t

surely do us no harm; you saw, they spea

give us gold: methinks, they are such a g

tion, that but for the mountain of mad

claims marriage of me, I could find in my

stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all t

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

g. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;
I protest, he had the chain of me,
Whom most dishonestly he doth deny it.
r. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?
g. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Whom infinite, highly belov'd,
And to none that lives here in the city ;
Whom might bear my wealth at any time.
r. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

g. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
r. Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Or Antipholus, I wonder much,
How you would put me to this shame and trouble ;
Not without some scandal to yourself,
Some circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
The chain, which now you wear so openly ;
Whom the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
Have done wrong to this my honest friend ;
But for staying on our controversy,
Hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day ;
The chain you had of me, can you deny it ?
r. S. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.
r. Yes, that you did, sir ; and forswore it too.
r. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?
r. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear
Thee :

Woe thee, wretch ! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
Talk, where any honest men resort.
r. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus :
Woe mine honour and mine honesty
Unto these presently, if thou dar'st stand.
r. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.]

*ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and
Others.*

r. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake, he is
Mad ;—
Get within him, take his sword away :
Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
r. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take
A house.
Is some priory ;—In, or we are spoil'd.
[Escort Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.]

Enter the Abbess.

g. Be quiet, people ! Wherefore throng you
Hither ?

r. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence ;
As come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

g. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

r. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

g. How long hath this possession held the man ?

r. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
Much, much different from the man he was ;
Till this afternoon, his passion
 brake into extremity of rage.

g. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck
At sea ?

r. And some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Lost his affection in unlawful love ?

g. Prevailing much in youthful men,
To give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

r. Whence of these sorrows is he subject to ?

g. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Which, some love, that drew him oft from home.

r. You should for that have reprehended him.

g. Why, so I did.

r. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

g. Haply, in private.

r. And in assemblies too.

g. Ay, but not enough.

r. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

g. Haply, in private.

r. And in assemblies too.

g. Ay, but not enough.

r. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company, I often glanced it ;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :

And thereof comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy up-
braidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;)

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?

In food, in sports, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or best :

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude and

wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband

forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself ;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient ; for I will not let him stir,

Till I have used the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man again :

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order ;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have

him. *[Exit Abbess.]*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :

Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;

The place of death and sorry execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Behaved publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his

death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended ; AEGEON bare-headed ; with
the Huntsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the

abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;

It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

(Cry within.)

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.
Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood,
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.

She, whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she, with harlots, feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst
thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my
sister,

To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd women! they are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say:
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser man,
This woman lock'd me out this day from din:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: In the street I met him
And, in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd
lain,

A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me there
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together:
Till goaving with my teeth my bonds in su:
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
him;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee,
Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran:

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears
Heard you confess you had the chain of him
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by me.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have
If he were mad, he would not plead so cold.
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there,
Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch
ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your
Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the
hither;

I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.
[Exit an Attendant.]

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me a
word;

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum, that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou

Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
 Not that your bondman, Dromio?
 E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
 I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
 and I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
 I am sure, you both of you remember me.
 E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
 they were bound, as you are now.
 Why look you strange on me? you know
 me well.
 E. I never saw you in my life, till now.
 Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw
 me last;
 careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
 written strange defeatures in my face:
 Will me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
 E. Neither.
 Dromio, nor thou?
 E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
 I am sure, thou dost.
 E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and
 ever a man denies, you are now bound to
 him.
 Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
 How so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue,
 in short years, that here my only son
 not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
 Now this grained face of mine be hid
 consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 the conduits of my blood froze up;
 In my night of life some memory,
 ting lamps some fading glimmer left,
 I deaf ears a little use to hear:
 O, old witnesses (I cannot err),
 How art my son Antipholus.
 E. I never saw my father in my life.
 But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
 how'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
 am'st to acknowledge me in misery.
 E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
 assess with me, that it is not so;
 I saw Syracuse in my life.
 I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
 been patron to Antipholus,
 which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
 My age and dangers make thee dot.

*Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,
 and DROMIO Syracusan.*
 Most mighty duke, behold a man much
 wrong'd. *[All gather to see him.]*
 I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
 One of these men is Genius to the other;
 if these: Which is the natural man,
 and the spirit? Who deciphers them?
 I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
 I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
 Egeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
 O, my old master! who hath bound him
 me?
 Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
 as a husband by his liberty:—
 I'd Egeon, if thou be'st the man,
 as a wife once call'd Emilia,
 as thee at a burden two fair sons:
 as be'st the same Egeon, speak,
 as I unto the same Emilia?
 If I dream not, thou art Emilia;
 if she, tell me, where is that son,
 tied with thee on the fatal raft?
 My men of Epidamnus, he, and I,
 twin Dromio, all were taken up;
 and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
 took Dromio and my son from them,
 they left with those of Epidamnus:
 I became of them, I cannot tell;
 I fortune that you see me in.
 Why, here begins his morning story right;
 O Antipholus's, these two so like,
 O two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
 or arguing of her wreck at sea,—

These are the parents to these children,
 Which accidentally are met together.
 Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is
 which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
 lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most fa-
 mous warrior
 Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
 And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
 Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
 I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
 If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
 By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
 And Dromio my man did bring them me:
 I see, we still did meet each other's man,
 And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
 And thereupon these Errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my
 good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
 To go with us into the abbey here,
 And hear at large discours'd all our fortunes:—
 And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
 And we shall make full satisfaction.—
 Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
 Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
 My heavy burdens are deliver'd:
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the calendars of their nativity,
 Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
 After so long grief, such nativity!
Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.
*[Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Egeon, Courtezan,
 Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.]*
Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
 shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
 embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
 Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,
 Dromio:
 Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
 Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
[Exeunt Antipholus S. and E. Adr. and Luc.]
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
 house,
 That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my
 brother:
 I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till
 then, lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
 We came into the world, like brother and brother;
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before ano-
 ther. *[Exeunt.]*

MACBETH.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland :
 MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } his sons.
 MACBETH, BANQUO, } generals in the king's army.
 MACDUFF, LENOX, }
 ROSSE, MENTETH, } noblemen of Scotland.
 ANGUS, CATHNESS, }
 FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces :
 Young Siward, his son.
 SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth, Son to Macduff.
 An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
 A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.
 Lady MACBETH.
 Lady MACDUFF.
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
 HECATE, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

Scene,—in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch*. When shall we three meet again,
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
 2 *Witch*. When the hurlyburly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won:
 3 *Witch*. That will be ere set of sun.
 1 *Witch*. Where the place?
 2 *Witch*. Upon the heath:
 3 *Witch*. There to meet with Macbeth.
 1 *Witch*. I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—
 Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
 Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.

A camp near Fores.

Alarm within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
 The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
 Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
 'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
 As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name),
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion,
 Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break:
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heads,
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes:
 As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell:—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
 wounds;
 They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
 [Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
 should he look,
 That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king!

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
 And fan our people cold.
 Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, Iapp'd in proof,
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
 The victory fell on us:—

Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
 Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition,
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,



W.H. Worthington del.

Aug. Fox sc.

MACBETH.

Act. 2. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering, 57. Chancery Lane.



Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
 Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
 won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
 2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
 3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
 1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
 And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
 Give me, quoth I:

Arise! thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
 1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
 3 *Witch.* And I another.
 1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card,
 I will drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.
 2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.
 1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]
 3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
 Macbeth doth come.

All, The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Powers of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again to make up nine;
 Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Dun. How far is it call'd to Fores?—What are
 these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?
 1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
 of Glamis!
 2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
 of Cawdor!
 3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king
 hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things, that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed,
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,
 That does seem rapt withal; to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
 Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
 Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!
 2 *Witch.* Hail!
 3 *Witch.* Hail!
 1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
 2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
 So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
 By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greetings?—Speak, I charge
 you! [Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them:—Whither are they van-
 ish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
 melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!
Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten of the insane root,
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
 here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success: and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 What should be thine, or his: Silence! with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you
 dress me
 In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life,
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings:
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to the mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was
wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts to each other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Fores. A room in the palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one, that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deserv'ers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun.

My worthy Cawdor.
Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so v.
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Inverness. A room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success;
I have learned by the perfectest report; the
more in them than mortal knowledge. They
burned in desire to question them further, they
themselves—air, into which they vanished. They
stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missing
the king, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor
which title, before, these weird sisters saluted;
I referred me to the coming on of time, with-
king that shalt be! This have I thought good
liver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, be-
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee,
to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt
What thou art promis'd:—Yet I do fear thy
Is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st b
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness, should attend it. What thou v
highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not pla
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd
great Glamis,

That, which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee l
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear:
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All, that impedes thee from the golden rou
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth see
To have thee crowned withal.—What
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to do so.
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our
coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him
He brings great news. The raven himself is
[*Exit Attendant.*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me h
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, to
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace bet
The effect and it! Come to my woman's
And take my milk for gall, you murder
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell
That my keen knife see not the wound it
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of t
To cry, Hold, hold!—Great Glamis!
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter.
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now

e in the instant.

My dearest love,
comes here to-night.

f. And when goes hence?
To-morrow,—as he purposes.

f. O, never
that morrow see!

g, my thane, is as a book, where men
strange matters:—To beguile the time,
the time; bear welcome in your eye,
id, your tongue: look like the innocent
ser,

se serpent under it. He, that's coming,
provided for: and you shall put
t's great business into my despatch;
all to all our nights, and days to come
by sovereign sway and masterdom.

We will speak further.

f. Only look up clear;
avour ever is to fear:
the rest to me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the castle.

g. Servants of Macbeth attending.

NCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
JO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE,
S, and Attendants.

his castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
sd sweetly recommends itself
gentle senses.

This guest of summer,
e-baunting martlet, does approve,
'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
singly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
s of vantage, but this bird hath made
nd bed, and procreant cradle: where they
I and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
s.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

See, see! our honour'd hostess!
that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
ll we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
shall bid God yield us for your pains,
s us for our trouble.

All our service
oint twice done, and then done double,
and single business, to contend
ose honours deep and broad, wherewith
sty loads our house: For those of old,
te dignities heap'd up to them,
our hermits.

Where's the thane of Cawdor?
d him at the heels, and had a purpose
parveyor: but he rides well;
eat love, sharp as his spur, hath help him
ve before us: Fair and noble hostess,
ur guest to-night.

Your servants ever
s, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
their audit at your highness' pleasure,
urn your own.

Give me your hand:
e to mine host; we love him highly,
continue our graces towards him. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The same. A room in the castle.

nd torches. Enter, and pass over the stage,
and divers Servants with dishes and ser-
ons enter MACBETH.

f. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
re well,

re quickly: If the assassination
mel up the consequence, and catch,
urease, success; that but this blow
be be-all and the end-all here,
upon this bank and shoal of time,—
o the life to come.—But, in these cases,
ve judgment here: that we but teach
ructions, which, being taught, return
the inventor: This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you
left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in the newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i'th' adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have doue to this.

Macb. If we should fail,— We fail!

Lady M. But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers: who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant, with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too. A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers! Restrain in me the cur-ed thoughts, that nature Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Mach. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed; He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your offices: This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up In measureless content.

Mach. Being unprepar'd, Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

Mach. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, Would spend it in some words upon that business, If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure. *Mach.* If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis, It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none, In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear, I shall be counsel'd.

Mach. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you!

Mach. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell. *Get thee to bed.*

Is this a dagger, which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind: a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this, which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way, that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

The very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threaten, he lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That, which hath made the hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath given me Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl, that shriek'd; and the fatal Which gives the stern'st good-night. He The doors are open; and the surfeited g Do mock their charge with snore: I have their possets,

That death and nature do contend about Whether they live, or die.

Mach. *[Within.]* Who's there?—what

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and no

Confounds us;—Hark!—I laid their dag

He could not miss them.—Had he not;

My father as he slept, I had done't.—*M*

Enter MACBETH.

Mach. I have done the deed:—Did hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the Did not you speak?

Mach. When?

Lady M. Now.

Mach. As I

Lady M. Ay.

Mach. Hark!

Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donal

Mach. This is a sorry sight. *[Looking o*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a

Mach. There's one did laugh in his

one cried, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood them:

But they did say their prayers, and add

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd

Mach. One cried, *God bless us!* and

other;

As they had seen me, with these hangm

Listening their fear. I could not say,

When they did say, *God bless us.*

Lady M. Consider it not

Mach. But wherefore could not I pronou

I had most need of blessing, and Amer

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not

After these ways; so, it will make us

Mach. Methought, I heard a voice ca

more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of

The death of each day's life, sore labour'

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's secu

Chief nourisher in life's feast;—

Lady M. What do

Mach. Still it cried, *Sleep no more.*

house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefo

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cri

worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to

So brainstickly of things:—Go, get some

And wash this filthy witness from you

Why did you bring these daggers from?

They must lie there: Go, carry them;

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Mach. I'll go

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again; I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of

Give me the daggers: The sleeping, ar

pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
a painted devil. If he do bleed,
his faces of the grooms withal,
it seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Whence is that knocking?
With me, when every noise appals me?
Is there here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
my hand? No; this my hand will rather,
Wash multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Than green one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear that white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
at the entry:—retire we to our chamber:
The night-crow's cry and the owl's scree,
Do still tell us of this deed:
Is it then? Your constancy
I am unattuned to.—[*Knocking.*] Hark!
A knocking:
A night-gown, lest occasion call us,
To see what watchers:—Be not lost
In your thoughts,
To know my deed,—'twere best not know
itself. [*Knock.*
I can see with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou
'st!

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*
Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
of hell-gate, he should have old turning
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's
that name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer,
that dabbles himself in the expectation of plenty:
Time to come, he'll have napkins enough about you;
sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock:
Who's there, i'th' other devil's name? 'Faith here's
a man, that could swear in both the scales
of justice, and in the scales of treason; he
was once a kinsman to the king, and a
noble; who committed treason enough
to heaven, yet could not equivocate to heaven:
No more of this equivocation. [*Knock.*
Who's there? 'Faith, here's a man,
that comes hither, for stealing out of a
kitchen; Come in, tailor; here you may roast
your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock: Never at
this hour:—But this place is too cold
for my sitting:—I'll not go further: I had
travelling in some of all professions, that
travelling way to the everlasting bonfire.
] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember
[*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

'Tis as it solate, friend, ere you went to bed,
to lie so late?
Aith, sir, we were carousing till the
dawn; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of
sleep.
What three things does drink especially
affect?
A surry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
A surry, it provokes, and unprovokes: it
provokes the desire, but it takes away the
performance: much drink may be said to be an
equivocator: it makes him, and it mars
him; it makes him, and it takes him off; it
perverts, and disheartens him; makes him
stand to his word; in conclusion, equivocates
him in his word, and gives him the lie, leaves
him. Believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.
Aith, sir, i'th' very throat o'me:
I was stung for his lie; and, I think, being
set for him, though he took up my legs
and set I made a shift to cast him.
Aith, my master stirring?—
Ay, he's awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Good-morrow, noble sir!
Good-morrow, both!
The king stirring, worthy thane?
Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macd. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.

Macb. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit Macduff.*

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—He did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
sight.

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! Awake!—

[*Execut Macbeth and Lenox.*
Ring the alarum-bell!—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pry'thee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:

They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them.

Macd.

Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmanly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M.

Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal.

Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,

Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,

May rush, and seize us? Let's away; your tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal.

Nor our strong sorrow on

The foot of motion.

Ban.

Look to the lady:—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macb.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

And meet i'the hall together.

All.

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with

them:

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office,

Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don.

To Ireland, I; our separate fortune

Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,

There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal.

This murderous shaft, that's shot,

Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,

But shift away: There's warrant in that theft,

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Without the castle.

Enter ROSSE and an old man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time I have
Hours dreadful, and things strange: but
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse.

Ah, good

Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with

act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock

And yet dark night strangles the traveller

Is it night's predominance, or the day's

That darkness does the face of earth into

When living light should kiss it?

Old M.

'Tis

Even like the deed that's done. On Tu

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place

Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a t

strange and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of the

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they

War with mankind.

Old M.

'Tis said, they eat each

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of

That look'd upon't. Here comes the

duff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd.

Why, se

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more

deed?

Macd. Those, that Macbeth hath sla

Rosse.

What good could they pretend?

Macd.

They wer

Malcolm, and Donalrain, the king's tv

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts

Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse.

'Gainst natur

Thriftless ambition, that will ravine up

The own life's means!—Then 'tis m

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbet

Macd. He is already nam'd; and go

To be invested.

Rosse.

Where is Duncan's l

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors

And guardian of their bones.

Rosse.

Will yo

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse.

Well, I

Macd. Well, may you see things wel

—adieu!—

Let our old robes sit easier than our

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with yo

those,

That would make good of bad, and fri

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Fores. A room in the palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,

Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said,

It should not stand in thy posterity;

But that myself should be the root, and father

Of many kings. If there come truth from them,

(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)

Why, by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my oracles as well,

And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady

MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE,

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M.

If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,

And all things unbecoming.

Mac. To-night we hold a solemn st

And I'll request your presence.

Ban.

Let y

Command upon me; to the which, m

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban.

Ay, m

Macb. We should have else desir'

advice

(Which still hath been both grave and

In this day's council; but we'll take t

Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill u

'Twixt this and supper: go not my hor

I must become a borrower of the nigh

For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb.

Fail not

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins

and, and in Ireland; not confessing
 such parricide, filling their hearers
 range invention: But of that to-morrow;
 therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
 us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
 return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
 Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
 I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
 I do commend you to their backs.

1.— [Exit Banquo.]
 No man be master of his time,
 on at night; to make society
 never welcome, we will keep ourself
 per-time alone: while then, God be with
 us. [Enter Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.]
 a word: Attend those men our pleasure?
 They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
 Bring them before us.—[Exit Atten.] To
 thus, is nothing;
 be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
 nap; and in his royalty of nature
 that, which should be fear'd: 'Tis much
 she dares;
 that dauntless temper of his mind,
 a wisdom, that doth guide his valour
 in safety. There is none, but he,
 being I do fear: and, under him,
 us is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
 stony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 first they put the name of King upon me,
 lest them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 he'd him father to a line of kings:
 y head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
 and the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 hours in the vessel of my peace
 to them; and mine eternal jewel
 the common enemy of man,
 them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Now, then, come, fate, into the list,
 and oppion me to the utterance!—Who's there!

Enter Attendant, with two Murderers.
 Open the door, and stay there till we call.
 [Exit Attendant.]
 Not yesterday we spoke together?
 'Tis was, so please your highness.
 Well then, now
 a consider'd of my speeches? Know,
 was he, in the times past, which held you
 fortune; which, you thought, had been
 ocent self: this I made good to you
 conference; pass'd in probation with you,
 a were borne in hand; how cross'd; the
 struments;
 ought with them; and all things else, that
 ight,
 a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 us did Banquo.

You made it known to us.
 I did so; and went further, which is now
 at of second meeting. Do you find
 tience so predominant in your nature,
 a can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,
 for this good man, and for his issue,
 heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
 gard yours for ever?

We are men, my liege.
 Ay, in the catalogus ye go for men;
 Is, and greybonds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
 he name of dogs: the valued file
 ushes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 se-keeper, the hunter, every one
 ug to the gift, which bounteous nature
 him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 addition, from the bill
 ies them all alike: and so of men.
 you have a station in the file,
 in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
 ill put that business in your bosoms,
 execution takes your enemy off;
 you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. True, my lord.
 Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life: And though I could
 With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
 For certain friends, that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
 Whom I myself strack down: and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love;
 Masking the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives—
 Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
 this hour, at most,
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought,
 That I require a clearness: And with him,
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
 I'll come to you anon.

2 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.
 Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
 It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Another room.

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
 Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
 Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.
 Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content:
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
 Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
 With them, they think on? Things without remedy
 Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
 She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let
 The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
 That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
 Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
 Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
 Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
 Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
 The shard-borne beetle, with his drowy hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond,
 Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the
 crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood :
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
 So prythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A park or lawn, with a gate leading
 to the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?
 3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
 2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust ; since he
 delivers
 Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.
 Ban. [Within.] Give us light there, ho !
 2 *Mur.* Then is he ; the rest
 That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
 3 *Mur.* Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
 So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with
 a torch preceding them.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !
 3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
 1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
 Ban. It will be rain to night.
 1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.]
 Ban. O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly ;
 Thou may'st revenge.—O slave !

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.]
 3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?
 1 *Mur.* Was't not the way ?
 3 *Mur.* There's but one down ; the son is fled.
 2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
 1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
 done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A room of state in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady
 MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and
 Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down :
 at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
 And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state ; but, in best time
 We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
 For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
 thanks :—

Both sides are even : Here I'll sit i' the mid
 Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a mea
 The table round.—There's blood upon thy f

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he
 Is he dispatch'd ?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did f
 he's good,

That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst
 Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
 Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had e
 perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock
 As broad, and general, as the casing air :

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, b
 To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's

Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch l
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
 The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for th
 There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, the
 Hath nature, that in time will venom breed
 No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to
 We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit M

Lady M. My royal lor
 You do not give the cheer : the feast is sol
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a mak
 'Tis given with welcome : To feed, were best ;
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremon
 Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet rememb
 Now good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both !

Len. May it please your high
 [The Ghost of Banquo rises, ar
 Macbeth's place.]

Macb. Here had we now our country's
 roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo pre
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindne
 Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, si
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please it yo
 ness

To grace us with your royal company ?
Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv
Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my lord. What
 moves your highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?
Lords. What, my go

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it : nev
 Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends :—my lord
 thus,

And hath been from his youth : 'pray you, k
 The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
 He will again be well : If much you note
 You shall offend him, and extend his pas
 Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a m

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare loo
 Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper !
 This is the very painting of your fear :

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and
 (Impostors to true fear,) would well becom
 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itse
 Why do you make such faces ? When al
 You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prythee, see there ! behold ! I
 how say you ?—

hat care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
el-houses, and our graves, must send
hat we bury, back, our monuments
the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

W. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
If I stand here, I saw him.

M. Fie, for shame!
Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden
re,

an statute purg'd the gentle weal;
since too, murders have been perform'd
ible for the ear: the times have been,
en the brains were out, the man would die,
re an end: but now, they rise again,
enty mortal murders on their crowns,
h us from our stools: This is more strange
ch a murder is.

M. My worthy lord,
le friends do lack you.

I do forget:—
ause at me, my worthy friends;
strange infirmity, which is nothing
that know me. Come, love and health
all;

I sit down:—Give me some wine, fill
I:—

o the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

ur dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
e were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
so all.

Our duties, and the pledge.
Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
be thee!

es are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
it no speculation in those eyes,
hou dost glare with!

f. Think of this, good peers,
thing of custom: 'tis no other;
poils the pleasure of the time.

What man dare, I dare:
thou like the rugged Russian bear,
d rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
shape but that, and my firm nerves
er tremble: Or, be alive again,
me to the desert with thy sword;
ing I inhibit thee, protest me
of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]
ockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
an again.—Pray you, sit still.

f. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
good meeting,
st admir'd disorder.

Can such things be,
ome us like a summer's cloud,
urspacial wonder? You make me strange
he disposition, that I owe,
w I think you can behold such sights,
the natural ruby of your cheeks,
ne are blanch'd with fear.

What sights, my lord?
I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
I worse;

enrages him: at once, good night:—
upon the order of your going,
once.

Good night, and better health
e majesty!

A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

t will have blood; they say, blood will
e blood:
re been known to move, and trees to speak;
nd understood relations, have

pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
tst man of blood.—What is the night?
Almost at odds with morning, which is
ch.

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
son,
at bidding?

Did you send to him, sir?
bear it by the way; but I will send:
t a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst meaus, the worst: for mine own
good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The heath.

*Thunder. Enter HECATE, meeting the three
Witches.*

1 Witch. Why, bow now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful: who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound,
I'll catch it, ere it come to ground:

And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spuru fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be
back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Fores. A room in the palace.

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has born all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue th'
That clogs me with this answer.*

Len. And that well
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distant
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him! [Exit Len.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A dark cave. In the middle, a cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper cries:—'Tis time, tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest stone

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;

Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew;

Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's chauldron,

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;

And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all, that you put in.

[Musick.]

SONG.

Black spirits and white,

Red spirits and grey;

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name
Macb. I conjure you, by that, which you

(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me

Though you untie the winds, and let them

Against the churches; though the yesty wa-

Confound and swallow navigation up:

Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blow-

Though castles topple on their warders' heads

Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope

Their heads to their foundations; though the

Of nature's germins tumble all together,

Even till destruction sicken, answer me

To what I ask you.

1 Witch.

2 Witch.

3 Witch.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it i'

mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath

Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweat

From the murderer's gibbet, throw

Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;

Thyself, and office, dextly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed hea-

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy name

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware

duff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—

[Exit App.]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good

thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But o-

more:—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded:

another,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody chil-

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Mac-

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody

And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of

For none of woman born shall harm Macb.

[Exit App.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need

thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,

And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not li-

That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,

And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is't

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crown-

a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;

And wears upon his baby brow the round

And top of sovereignty?

All.

App. Listen, but speak

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take

afes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
I shall never vanquish'd be, until
I turn my iron wood to high Dunsinane hill
To me against him.

[Descends.]

That will never be :
To impress the forest ; bid the tree
To earth-bound root ! sweet bodements ! good !
To us head, rise never, till the wood
To am rise, and our high placed Macbeth
To ve the lease of nature, pay his breath
To, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
To to know one thing : Tell me, (if your art
To so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
To o this kingdom ?

Seek to know no more.
I will be satisfied : deny me this,
To eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know :—
To nks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[Hautboys.]

1. Show ! 2. Witch. Show ! 3. Witch. Show !
To show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
To ke shadows, so depart.

Witches appear, and pass over the stage in order ;
To with a glass in his hand ; BANQUO follows.

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !
To wn does sear mine eye-balls :—And thy hair,
To her gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
To is like the former :—Filthy hags !

You show me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eyes !
To will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
To yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—
To the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
To shows me many more ; and some I see,
To o-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :

Right !—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true ;
To blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
To nts at them for his.—What, is this so ?
To Ay, sir, all this is so :—But why
To Macbeth thus amazedly ?—

Witches, cheer we up his spirits,
To w the best of our delights :
To m the air to give a sound,
To you perform your antient roud :
To s great king may kindly say,
To ies did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.]
Where are they ? Gone !—Let this per-
To cious hour
To re accursed in the calendar !—
To, without there !

Enter LENOX.

What's your grace's will ?
To Saw you the weird sisters ?

No, my lord.

Came they not by you ?
To No, indeed, my lord.
To Infected be the air, whereon they ride ;
To an'd all those, that trust them !—I did hear
To loping of horse : Who was't came by ?
To tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
To 's fled to England.

Fled to England ?

Ay, my good lord.
To Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
To lity purpose never is o'ertook,
To the deed go with it : From this moment,
To y firstlings of my heart shall be
To tlings of my hand. And even now
To n my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
To me :

He of Macduff I will surprise ;
To son Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
To s, his babes, and all unfortunate souls,
To ce his line. No boasting like a fool ;
To ed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
To more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
To bring me where they are.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Fife. A room in Macduff's castle.

Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.
To ed. What had he done, to make him fly
To s land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :
To His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
To Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
To Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
To L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave
To his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
To From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
To He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
To The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
To Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
To All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
To As little is the wisdom, where the flight
To So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
To I pray you, school yourself : But, for your husband,
To He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
To The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further :
To But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
To And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
To From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;
To But float upon a wild and violent sea,
To Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :
To Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
To Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
To Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
To Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
To It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
To I take my leave at once.

[Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ;
To And what will you do now ? How will you live ?
To Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?
To Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.
To L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net,
To nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.
To Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they
To are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.
To L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for
To a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?
To L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
To Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and
To yet, I'faith,
To With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?
To L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?
To L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
To Son. And be all traitors, that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor,
To and must be hanged.
To Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear
To and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.
To Son. Who must hang them ?
To L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for
To there are liars and swearers enough to beat the
To honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey !
To But how wilt thou do for a father ?
To Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if
To you would not, it were a good sign, that I should
To quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler ! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
To Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
To I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :
To If you will take a homely man's advice,
To Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones !
To To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
To Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
To I dare abide no longer.

[Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?
To I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un sanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*]

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother:

Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying Murder, and
pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III.

England. A room in the king's palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon;
That, which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul, would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
my doubts.

Why in that ranness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs,

Thy title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain, that thou think'st,
For the whole space, that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands:—But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him, that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,

That, when they shall be open'd, black Macd
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor st
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legio
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin,
That has a name: But there's no bottom, no
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daug
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fil
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemp
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood
We have willing dames enough; there cann
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there gro
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should fo
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious
Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath be
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fe
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming
As justice, verity, temperance, stabbness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish for them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I a
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untid'd tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days a
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bor
Of her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my l
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble p
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my th
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish M
By many of these trains hath sought to win
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspoke mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight

a truth, than life : my first false speaking
upon myself : What I am truly,
and my poor country's to command :
indeed, before thy here-approach,
and, with ten thousand warlike men,
at a point, was setting forth :
I'll together ; And the chance, of goodness,
or warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?
Each welcome and unwelcome things at once,
to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
say you ?
Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,
to his cure : their malady convinces
me as an assay of art ; but, at his touch,
a healing hath heaven given his hand,
and sends them amend.

I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.]

What's the disease he means ?
'Tis call'd the evil :
miraculous work in this good king ;
then, since my here-remain in England,
on him do. How he solicits heaven,
best knows : but strangely-visited people,
and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
which despair of surgery, he cures ;
a golden stamp about their necks,
with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
that succeeding royalty he leaves
to his benediction. With this strange virtue,
he has a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
and his blessings hang about his throne,
to crown him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

See, who comes here ?
My countryman ; but yet I know him not.
My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Know him now : Good God, betimes remove
these, that make us strangers !

Sir, Amen.

Stand Scotland where it did ?
Alas, poor country ;
raid to know itself ! It cannot
survive our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
and sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent
the air,
cannot mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
a man's ecstasy ; the dead man's knell
is heard ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives
are flung as the flowers in their caps,
and their heads are there sicken.

O, relation,

and yet too true !
What is the newest grief ?
That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
and teems a new one.

How does my wife ?

Why, well.

And all my children ?

Well too.

The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?
No ; they were well at peace, when I did
see them.

Be not a niggard of your speech ; How
comes it ?

When I came hither to transport the tidings,
I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
of worthy fellows, that were out ;
as to my belief witness'd the rather,
I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :

Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Will create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none,
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would he howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph ! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife, and
babes,

Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !—
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife kill'd too ?

I have said.

Rosse. Be comforted :
Mal. Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All !
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven
look on,

And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them
now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle
heaven,

Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may ;

The night is long, that never finds the day.
[Exit.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

unsinnant. A room in the castle.

*Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentle-
woman.*

have two nights watched with you, but

can perceive no truth in your report. When was
it she last walked ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-
gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it,

and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbrly agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! this is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account!—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now!—What, will these hands ne'er be clean!—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those, which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Eaeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The country near Dunstnane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATH-NESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them: for their dear cause Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

Ang.

Near Birnam wo

Shall we well meet them; that way are they

Cuth. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have

Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,

And many unrough youths, that even now

Protest their first of manhood.

Ment.

What does the

Cuth. Great Dunstnane he strongly fortif

Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser ha

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

Within the belt of rule.

Ang.

Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-br

Those he commands, move only in commat

Nothing in love; now does he feel his titl

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment.

Who then shall t

His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,

When all, that is within him, does conden

Itself, for being there?

Cuth.

Well, march we c

To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd;

Meet we the medicen of the sickly weal;

And with him pour we, in our country's p

Each drop of us.

Len.

Or so much as it needs,

To dew the sovereign flower, and drown th

Make we our march toward Birnam.

[*Eaeunt, n*

SCENE III.

Dunstnane. A room in the castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attend

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let the

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunstnane,

I cannot taint with fear. What's the hoy M

Was he not born of woman? The spirits, t

All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me th

Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of

Shall e'er have power on thee,——Then: a

thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bea

Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake w

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-f

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villai

Serv. Sold

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, pa

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, w

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—

at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This pr

Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that, which should accompany old a;

As honour, love, obedience, troops of frier

I must not look to have; but, in their ste

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honam

Which the poor heart would fain deny, but

Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my

hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

I'll put it on.
 I'll more horses, skirr the country round;
 hose that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
 oes your patient, doctor?

Not so sick, my lord,
 is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 rep her from her rest.

Cure her of that:
 how not minister to a mind diseas'd;
 rom the memory a rooted sorrow;
 at the written troubles of the brain;
 ith some sweet oblivious antidote,
 the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
 weighs upon the heart?

Therein the patient
 inister to himself.

Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
 put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
 send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
 air, despatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
 ster of my land, find her disease,
 rge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I applaud you to the very echo,
 ould applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
 hubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 scour these English hence?—Hearest thou
 f them?

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
 us hear something.

Bring it after me.—
 ot be afraid of death and bane,
 nam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.]

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 gain should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

entry near Dunsinane: A wood in view.
 with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old
 ARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MEN-
 E, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX,
 SE and Soldiers, marching.

Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
 ambers will be safe.

We doubt it nothing.
 What wood is this before us?

The wood of Birnam.
 Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
 ur't before him; thereby shall we shadow
 mbers of our host, and make discovery
 report of us.

It shall be done.
 We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
 till in Dunsinane, and will endure
 ting down before't.

'Tis his main hope:
 ere there is advantage to be given,
 ore and less hath given him the revolt;
 oe serve with him but constrained things,
 hearts are absent too.

Let our just censures
 the true event, and put we on
 ious soldiership.

The time approaches
 ll with due decision make us know
 ve shall say we have, and what we owe.
 ts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
 ain issue strokes must arbitrate:
 s which, advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.
 , with drums and colours, MACBETH,
 SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
 is still, They come: Our castle's strength
 igh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
 ine, and the ague, eat them up:
 ey not fore'd with those, that should be ours,
 ht have met them darest, heard to beard,
 at them backward home. What is that
 rise?
 [A cry within, of women.]
 it is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
 As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?
 Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.—
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
 I shall report that, which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.
 Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [Striking him.]
 Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
 I pull in resolution; and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth: Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
 Ring the alarm bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The same. A plain before the castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old
 SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and their army,
 with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough, your leavy screens throw
 down,
 And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
 Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
 all breath,
 Those clamorous barbingers of blood and death.
 [Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII.

The same. Another part of the plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
 Macb. Thou't be afraid to hear it.
 Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
 name
 Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siv. The devil himself could not pronounce
 a title
 More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siv. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
 I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[They fight, and young Seward is slain.]
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
 Brandish'd by man, that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy
 face:
 If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
 I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
 Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unhaterr'd edge,
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
 And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarum.]*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently
 render'd:
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes,
 That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exit. Alarums.]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
 My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out! *[They fight.]*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
 As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed;
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
 And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue, that tells me so,
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
 That palter with us in a double sense;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
 And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
 Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last: Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
 And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough!
[Exit, fight.]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours
 MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX,
 ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and
 others.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were
 arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son
 Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a sold
 debt:
 He only liv'd but till he was a man;
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your
 of sorrow
 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death:
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow
 And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more
 They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
 So, God be with him!—Here comes newer company.

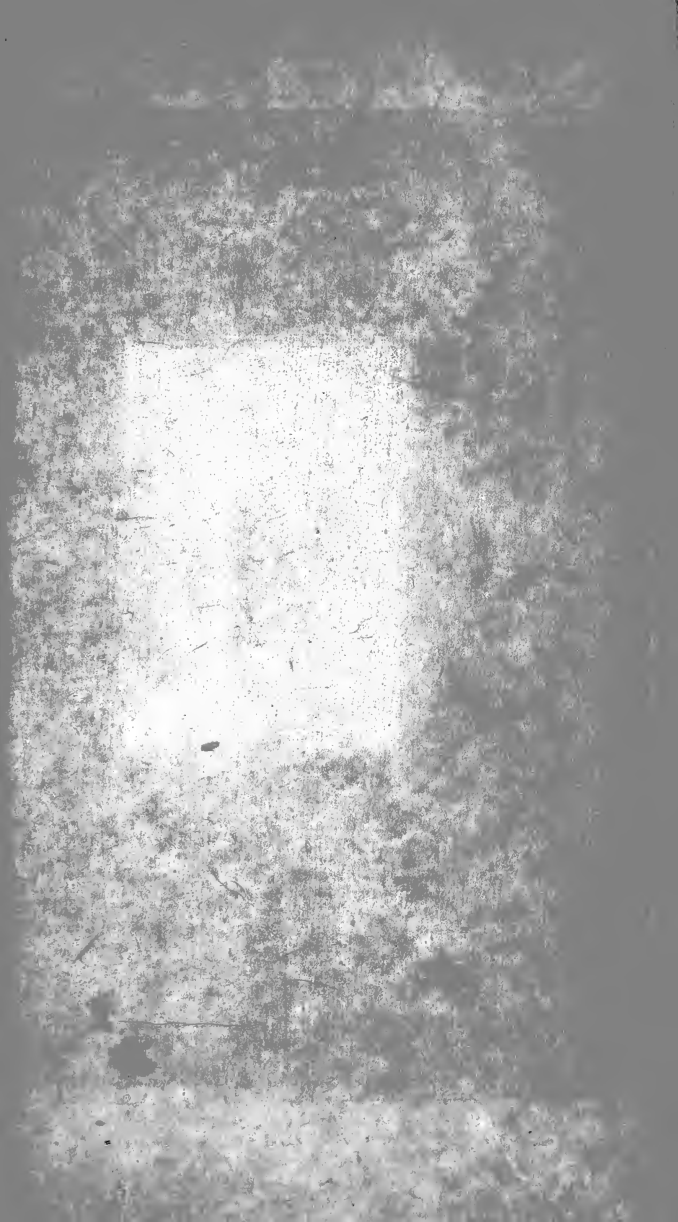
*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head
 on a pole.*

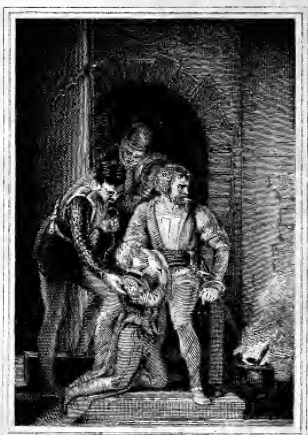
Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold
 where stands
 The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free:
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl
 That speak my salutation in their minds;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
 Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!
[Flourish.]
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes
 kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls; the first, that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do
 Which would be plant'd newly with the time
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life:—This, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place:
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[Flourish. Exit.]







T. Stoddard P.A.

R. Gray sc.

KING JOHN.

Act 4. Sc 1.

Published by W. Pickering, Lincoln Inn Fields. 1823.

KING JOHN.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King JOHN:
Prince HENRY, his son; afterwards king Henry III.
ARTHUR, duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late
 duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of king John.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, earl of Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, earl of Essex, chief
 justiciary of England.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, earl of Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, earl of Norfolk.
ROBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the king.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son of sir Robert
 Faulconbridge:
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his half-brother,
 bastard son to king Richard the first.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, king of France.
LEWIS, the dauphin.
 Arch-duke of Austria.
Cardinal PANDOLPH, the pope's legate.
MELUN, a French lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to king
 John.

ELINOR, the widow of king Henry II. and mother
 of king John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, king of Castile,
 and niece to king John.
Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to the bastard,
 and Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene,—sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Northampton. A room of state in the palace.

*Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEM-
 BROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others,
 with CHATILLON.*

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France
 wish us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of
 France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
 The borrow'd majesty of England here.

EE. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
 Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
 Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories;

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:

Reserving thee to lay aside the sword,

Which sways usurpingly these several titles;

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights, so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood
 for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
 mouth,

The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

If ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sellen presage of your own decay.—

His honourable conduct let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.]

EE. What now, my son? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

While she had kindled France, and all the world,

To you the right and party of her son?

That might have been prevented, and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right
 for us.

Elin. Your strong possession, much more than
 your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
 Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who
 whispers ESSEX.*

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
 Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
 That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— *[Exit Sheriff.]*
 Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCON-
 BRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
 Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
 As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
 A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
 Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
 That is well known: and, as I think, one father:
 But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
 I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:
 Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Elin. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
 thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;

That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pounds a year:

Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being
 younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But wh'er I be as true begot, or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But, that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent
us here!

Eliz. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced great five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much:—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:

The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eliz. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-
bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eliz. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eliz. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name
form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side,
your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave la-
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eliz. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by
What though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by
And have is have, however men do care
Near or far off, well won is still well sho
And I am I, how'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast
desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 's
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we r
For France, for France; for it is more th
Bast. Brother, adieu; good fortune com
For thou wast got 't' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the*
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:
Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fel
And if his name be George, I'll call him
For new-made honour doth forget men's
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your travell
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's r
And when my nightly stomach is suffice'
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechiz
My picked man of countries:—*My dear*
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question no
And then comes answer like an ABC—bo
O sir, says answer, at your best command:
At your employment; at your service, sir
No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yo*
And so, ere answer knows what question
(Saying in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's
Which, though I will not practise to de
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my ri
But who comes in such haste, in riding
What woman-post is this? hath she no
That will take pains to blow a horn bef

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and
GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, ge
What brings you here to court so hastily
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy broth
is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and
Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Rob
Colhrand the giant, that same mighty m
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unwe
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at s
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give
while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip!—sparrov
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee
[*Ex*

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son

obert might have eat his part in me
 Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast :
 lobert could do well ; Marry, (to confess !)
 I he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it ;
 know his handy-work :—Therefore, good mo-
 ther,
 hom am I beholden for these limbs ?
 obert never help to make this leg.
 F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 for thine own gain should'st defend mine
 honour ?
 means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?
 t. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-
 like :
 I am dubb'd ; I have it on my shoulder.
 nother, I am not sir Robert's son ;
 o disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land ;
 nation, name, and all is gone :
 good my mother, let me know my father ;
 proper man, I hope : Who was it, mother ?
 F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge ?
 t. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
 F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy
 father ;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed :—
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !—
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly :
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well,
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
 Who says it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

France. Before the walls of Angiers.

On one side, the Archduke of Austria, and
 s ; on the other, PHILIP, king of France,
 Brees ; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR,
 Attendants.

Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 t, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 d, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 ight the holy wars in Palestine,
 s brave duke came early to his grave :
 or amends to his posterity,
 * importance hither is he come,
 ead his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
 o rebuke the usurpation
 * unnatural uncle, English John :
 ce him, love him, give him welcome hither.
 . God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 ther, that you give his offspring life,
 wing their right under your wings of war :
 you welcome with a powerless hand,
 ith a heart full of unstained love :
 me before the gates of Angiers, duke.
 A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?
 t. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 l to this indenture of my love ;
 o my home I will no more return,
 ogiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 er with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 : foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 ops from other lands her islanders,
 ill that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 ater-walled bulwark, still secure
 mfidant from foreign purposes,
 ill that utmost corner of the west
 thee for her king : till then, fair boy,
 not think of home, but follow arms.
 t. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
 hanks,
 r strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 ce a more requital to your love.
 . The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
 their swords
 a just and charitable war.
 ti. Well then, to work ; our cannon shall be
 sent
 t the brows of this resisting town.—
 r our chiefest men of discipline,
 l the plots of best advantages :—
 lay before this town our royal bones,
 to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 : will make it subject to this boy.
 t. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 advis'd you stain your swords with blood :
 d Chatillon may from England bring
 ght in peace, which here we urge in war ;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,
 Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
 We coldly pause for thee : Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
 And stir them up against a mightier task.
 England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms, the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have staid ; have given him time
 To laud his legions all as soon as I :
 His marches are expedient to this town,
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ;
 With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;
 With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragon's spleens,—
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and seath in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums

[Drums beat.]

Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
 To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;
 For courage mounteth with occasion :
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the
 Bastard, PEMBROKE, and forces.

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
 If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt, that beat his peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England ; if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace !
 England we love ; and for that England's sake,
 With burden of our armour here we sweat :
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought its lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

A a

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey; and the band of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Ell. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Ell. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;

That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,

As thine was to thy husband: and this boy

Likier in feature to his father Geoffrey,

Than thou and John in manners; being as like,

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,

His father never was so true begot;

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Ell. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One, that will play the devil art thou?

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;

Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;

Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—

England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;

And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:

Submit thee, boy.

Ell. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;

Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:

There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!

I would, that I were low laid in my grave;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Ell. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, wh'er she does, or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Ell. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The cannon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Beldam, have done.

Const. I have but this to

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Ell. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the tide of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will!

will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate

It ill becoms this presence, to cry aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for France.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subject

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, A subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parole.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement

The canons have their bowels full of wrath

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates

And, but for our approach, those sleeping

That as a waist do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc mad

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—

Who painfully, with much expedient march

Have brought a counterech before your gates

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd

Behold, the French, amar'd, vouchsafe a

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words, folded up in

To make a faithless error in your ears:

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king; whose labour'd

Forwearied in this action of swift speed,

Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer

both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection

Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet

Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him, and all, that he enjoys

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march these greens before your

Being no further enemy to you,

'Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,

In the relief of this oppressed child,

Religiously provokes. Be pleased then

To pay that duty, which you truly owe,

To him that owes it; namely, this young

then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
cannons' malice vainly shall be spout
ast the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
with a blessed and unweav'd retire,
unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruise'd,
will bear home that lusty blood again,
wh ere we came to spout against your town,
leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
hide you from our messengers of war;
ugh all these English, and their discipline,
harbour'd in their rude circumference.
tell us, shall your city call us lord,
at behalf, which we have challeng'd it?
shall we give the signal to our rage,
stalk in blood to our possession?

W. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
um, and in his right, we hold this town.
John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

H. That can we not: but he, that proves the king,
an will we prove loyal; till that time,
we ram'm'd up our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

if not that, I bring you witnesses,
fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
f. Bastards, and else.

John. To verify our title with their lives.

Phi. As many, and as well born bloods as those,—

f. Some bastards too.

Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

f. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
or the worthiest, hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
to their everlasting residence,
the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
adful trial of our kingdom's king!

Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

f. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,
his horseback at mine hostess' door,
us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home.

r den, sirrah, [To Austria.] with your lioness,
an ox-head on your lion's hide,
ake a monster of you.

f. Peace; no more.
O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
appointment, all our regiments.

. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
Hi. It shall be so;—[To Lewis.] and at the other hill
and the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them, when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huartsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled bands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
fronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power;
ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the
other, King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and
forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

Or add a royal umber to the dead!
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Theo let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have hrawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation.

SCENE II.

The same.

*as and excursions; then a retreat. Enter a
each Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

cr. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
t young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
by the hand of France, this day hath made
work for tears in many an English mother,
sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
a widow's husband groveling lies,
embracing the discolour'd earth;
ctory, with little loss, doth play
he dancing banners of the French;
re at hand, triumphantly display'd,
r conquerors, and to proclaim
of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

ter an English Herald, with trumpets.

er. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
cells;

ohn, your king and England's, doth approach,
under of this hot malicious day!

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky, that hangs above our heads,

I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so!—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

I Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while
to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent
to hear.

I Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Blanch,

Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to oame want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks, that bound them in:
And two such shares to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so preemphatory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoner begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with wo
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to rip
The bloom, that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while
souls

Are capable of this ambition:
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

I Cit. Why answer not the double majest
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath be
ward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy p
son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poic
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd),
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her ri

In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world
K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look
lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I fir
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a sha
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her b
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, i
If he see aught in you, that makes him like
That any thing he sees, which moves his li
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves she
your judge.)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones?
say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour stil
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to s

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; c
love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, T
Maine,

Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal
Command thy son and daughter to join ha
K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young prince
your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well:
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope you
Let in that amity, which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—

the lady Constance in this troop?—
w, she is not; for this match, made up,
presence would have interrupted much:—
e is she and her son? tell me, who knows.
She is sad and passionate at your highness'
tent.

Ph. And, by my faith, this league, that we
have made,
give her sadness very little cure.—
r of England, how may we content
widow lady? In her right we came;
we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
own vantage.

We will heal up all,
I'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
arl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
ake him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
speedy messenger bid her repair
solemnity:—I trust we shall,
fill up the measure of her will,
some measure satisfy her so,
re shall stop her exclamation.
as well as haste will suffer us,
unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The
Citizens retire from the walls.*]

Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
o stop Arthur's title in the whole,
rillingly departed with a part:
ance, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
zeal and charity brought to the field,
l's own soldier) rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he, that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is piewed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm:
But for my heedless, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, rattleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same. The French King's tent.

CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALIS-
BURY.

Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
ood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
ewis have Blanch? and Blanch those pro-
ncers?

so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard;
advise'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
it be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:

I may not trust thee; for thy word
he vain breath of a common man;
me, I do not believe thee, man;
king's oath to the contrary.

alt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
s sick, and capable of fears;

'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
w, husbandless, subject to fears;

m, naturally born to fears;
ugh thou now confess thou didst but jest,
y vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

y will quake and tremble all this day.
ost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
st thou look so sadly on my son?

means that hand upon that breast of thine?
lds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
roud river peering o'er his bounds?

sad signs confirmers of thy words?
eak again; not all thy former tale,
one word, whether thy tale be true.

s true, as, I believe, you think them false,
e you cause to prove my saying true.

O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
on this sorrow how to make me die;
belief and life encounter so,

the fury of two desperate men,
in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

arry Blanch: O, boy, then where art thou?
riend with England! what becomes of me?—
be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;

rs hath made thee a most ugly man.
What other harm have I, good lady, done,
e the harm, that is by others done?

Which harm within itself so heinous is,
kes harmful all, that speak of it.

I do beseech you, madam, be content.
If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of displeasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would he content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune! O,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Evenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-hear.

Sol. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt; I will not go
with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.

To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;

Here is my throne, bid kings come how to it.
[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS,
BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and
Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
day,

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious senn
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holiday!—
[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ongodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjurd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.
Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words
to me!
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thy-
self.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithes or toll in our dominions;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blasphemate in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
tendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself,
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly let
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my
enemies.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power, that I
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a v
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse his

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for
Const. And for mine too; when law ce
right,

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom he
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to cur

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a c
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raise the power of France upon his l
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do n
thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that Fran
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soo

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardin
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recrea
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up thes

Because—
Bast. Your breeches best may ca

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the
Const. What should he say, but as the
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the diffi
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome
Or the light loss of England for a friend
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Ro
Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the dev
thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.
Blanch. The lady Constance speaks
her faith,

But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my
Which only lives but by the death of fair

That need must needs infer this principle
That faith would live again by death of
O, then, tread down my need, and faith r
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden c

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answ
this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and au
Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, r
lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not w
Pand. What can'st thou say, but wi
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make r
yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow you
This royal hand and mine are newly kni
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd tog
With all religious strength of sacred ve
The latest breath that gave the sound of
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, tru
Between our kingdoms, and our royal se
And even before this truce, but new bef
No longer than we well could wash our

up this royal bargain up of peace,—
 in knows, they were besmeared and overstrain'd
 slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
 careful difference of incensed kings:
 shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood,
 why join'd in love, so strong in both,
 as this seizure, and this kind regret?
 fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
 such unconscionable children of ourselves,
 w again to snatch our palm from palm;
 ear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
 lling peace to march a bloody host,
 make a riot on the gentle brow
 as sincerity? O holy sir,
 v'rend father, let it not be so:
 f your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
 your pleasure, and continue friends.
 2. All form is formless, order orderless,
 what is opposite to England's love.
 ore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 her's curse, on her revolting son.
 s, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 d lion by the mortal paw,
 ing tiger safer by the tooth,
 keep in peace that hand, which thou dost
 hold.

3. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
 4. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
 like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 mgue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow,
 made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
 s, to be the champion of our church!
 since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 ay not be performed by thyself:
 at, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 amiss, when it is truly done;
 eing not done, where doing tends to ill,
 uth is then most done not doing it:
 ster act of purposes mistook
 mistake again; though indirect,
 direction thereby grows direct,
 usehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
 the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 5. Religion, that doth make vows kept;
 ou hast sworn against religion;
 at thou swear'st, against the thing thou
 swear'st;
 ak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 t an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 ar, swear only not to be forsworn;
 what a mockery should it be to swear?
 ou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 ost forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 re, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 yself rebellion to thyself:
 etter conquest never canst thou make,
 am thy constant and thy nobler parts
 t those giddy loose suggestions:
 6. Which better part our prayers come in,
 vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
 ril of our curses light on thee;
 vy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 a despair, die under their black weight.
 7. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Will't not be?
 of a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
 Father, to arms!
 8. Upon thy wedding day?
 t the blood, that thou hast married?
 shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
 raying trumpets, and loud church drums,—
 urs of hell,—be measures of our pomp?
 and, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
 and in my mouth!—even for that name,
 till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 ay knee I beg, go not to arms
 : mine uncle.

O, upon my knee,
 ard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 ough by heaven.
 ct. Now shall I see thy love; What motive
 ay
 nger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That, which upholdeth him, that thee
 upholds,
 His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
 Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.
 Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
 K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall
 from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
 Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
 K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
 this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
 Time,
 Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair
 day, adieu!

Which is the side, that I must go withal?
 I am with both: each army hath a hand;
 And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
 They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
 Uncle, I needs must pray, that thou may'st lose;
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
 Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
 Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
 life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
 [Exit Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
 A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
 shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he, that threatens.—To
 arms let's hie! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with
 AUSTRIA'S head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
 Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
 And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there:
 While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:
 My mother is assailed in our tent,
 And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
 Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
 But on, my liege; for very little pains
 Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same.

Alarums; excursions; retreat. Enter King JOHN,
 ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT,
 and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay
 behind, [To Elinor.]
 So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To Arthur.]
 Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
 As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.
 K. John. Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for
 England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
 Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
 Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
 Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me
 back,
 When gold and silver beck me to come on.
 I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy,)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

El. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Cos, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*]

El. Come hither, little kinsman; bark, a word.

[*She takes Arthur aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; and within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say

so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,

To give me audience:—If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes;)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way;

And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,

He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so.

That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.—Madam, fare you well:

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

El. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin:

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armada of convicted sail

Is scatter'd and disjoint from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that he hath fortified:

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example: Who hath read, or he,

Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear, that England

this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort,

Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress:

But that, which ends all counsel, true redy

Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones;

And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows:

And ring these fingers with thy household

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome

And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,

O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's

Then with a passion would I shake the

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so:

I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:

O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal:

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself:

If I were mad, I should forget my son;

Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: O, what

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!

Where but by chance a silver drop hath

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry

Do glew themselves in sociable grief;

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up yo

Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore wi

I tore them from their bonds; and cried a

O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty.

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bond

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you sa

That we shall see and know our friends in

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For, since the birth of Cain, the first mal

To him, that did but yesterday suspire,

There was not such a gracious creature be

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his chee

And he will look as hollow as a ghost;

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;

And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of he

I shall not know him: therefore never, ne

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect o

He talks to me, that never had a son.
 You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
 Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 his bed, walks up and down with me;
 his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 pers me of all his gracious parts,
 at his vacant garments with his form;
 ave I reason to be fond of grief.
 a well: had you such a loss as I,
 give better comfort than you do.—
 ot keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.

here is such disorder in my wit.
 I my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
 my joy, my food, my all the world!
 w-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [Exit.
 I I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

There's nothing in this world can make
 a joy:

s tedious as a twice-told tale,
 the dull ear of a drowsy man;
 er shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
 ste,

ields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
 the instant of repair and health,
 s strongest; evils, that take leave,
 departure most of all show evil:
 ve you lost by losing of this day?
 ll days of glory, joy, and happiness.

If you had won it, certainly, you had,
 when fortune means to men most good,
 s upon them with a threatening eye.

ge, to think how much king John hath lost
 which he accounts so clearly won:

ou griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?
 is heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
 r me speak, with a prophetic spirit;

the breath of what I mean to speak
 e each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 e path, which shall directly lead

to England's throne; and, therefore mark,
 a seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,

flies warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 lse'd John should entertain an hour,

its, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
 ; snatch'd with an unruly hand,

us boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:

And he, that stands upon a shippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old
 world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:

For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That none so small advantage shall step forth,
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it:

No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.
Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call

To train ten thousand English to their side;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king; 'Tis wonderful

What may be wrought out of their discontent:
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence,

For England go; I will whet on the king.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions:—let
 us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Winchester. A room in the castle.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

eat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
 ie arras: when I strike my foot
 bosom of the ground, rush forth:

the boy, which you shall find with me,
 e chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

d. I hope, your warrant will bear out the
 d. Cleanly scruples!—Fear not you: look
 — [Exeunt Attendants.

l, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

ood morrow, Hubert.

ood morrow, little prince.
 s little prince (having so great a title
 e prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

eed, I have been merrier.
 Mercy on me!

nobody should be sad but I:
 ember, when I was in France,
 rlemen would be as sad as night,
 rantonness. By my christendom,

out of prison, and kept sheep,
 e as merry as the day is long;

would be here, but that I doubt
 practises more harm to me:

d of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault, that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [Aside.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick;

That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.

How now, foolish rheum! [Aside.

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
 but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me),

And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;

Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleas'd, that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench his fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence:
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
 are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
 I attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in
 yours,

A grain, a dust, a grat, a wand'ring hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!
 Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
 Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
 Though to no use, but still to look on you!
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with grief,
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
 There is no malice in this burning coal;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluish,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
 And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his master, that doth tarre him on.
 All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
 Deny their office: only you do lack
 That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
 Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
 For all the treasure, that thine uncle owes:
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all
 You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more.
 Your uncle must not know but you are d:
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false repo:
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and su:
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the w:
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you
Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in
 Much danger do I undergo for thee.

SCENE II.

*The same. A room of state in the p.
 Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBRO:
 LISBURY, and other Lords. The Kin:
 state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, c
 crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful

Pem. This once again, but that you
 pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with rev:
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
 With any long'd-for change, or better st:

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with do:
 To guard a title, that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure mu:
 This act is as an ancient tale new-told;
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-not
 Of plain old form is much disfigur'd:
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch
 Startles and frights consideration;
 Makes sound opinion sink, and truth su:
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do bette:
 They do confound their skill in covetous
 And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
 Doth make the fault the worse by the e:
 As patches, set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
 Than did the fault before it was so pat:

Sal. To this effect, before you were ne:
 We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd n:
 ness

To overbear it; and we are all well ple:
 Since all and every part of what we wo:
 Doth make a stand at what your highne:
K. John. Some reasons of this double

I have possess'd you with, and think th:
 And more, more strong, (when lesser is
 I shall endue you with: Mean time, bu:
 What you would have reform'd, that is
 And well shall you perceive, how willi:
 I will both hear and grant you your req:

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tong:
 To sound the purposes of all their heart:
 Both for myself and them, (but, chief of
 Your safety, for the which myself and
 Bend their best studies,) heartily reques:
 The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose
 Doth move the murmuring lips of disco:
 To break into this dangerous argument,
 If, what in rest you have, in right you:
 Why then your fears, (which, as they s:
 The steps of wrong,) should move you t:
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny hi:
 The rich advantage of good exercise?
 That the time's enemies may not have t:
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;
 Which for our goods we do no further a:
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depe:

your weal, he have his liberty.
e. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

direction.—Hubert, what news with you?
his is the man should do the bloody deed;
'd his warrant to a friend of mine;
e of a wicked heinous fault
his eye; that close aspect of his
w the mood of a much-troubled breast;
fearfully believe, 'tis done,
so fear'd he had a charge to do.
he colour of the king doth come and go,
his purpose and his conscience,
uds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
on is so ripe, it needs must break.
nd, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
corruption of a sweet child's death.

1. We cannot hold mortality's strong
id:—

is, although my will to give is living,
which you demand is gone and dead:
s, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

deed, we fear'd, his sickness was past
e.
deed, we heard how near his death he

child himself felt he was sick:
be answer'd, either here, or hence.
Why do you bend such solemn brows
me?

4. I bear the shears of destiny?
mandment on the pulse of life?
is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
ness should so grossly offer it:

it in your game! and so farewell.
ay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
the inheritance of this poor child,
kingdom of a forced grave.

l, which ow'd the breath of all this isle,
of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
not be thus borne: this will break out
sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exit Lords.*]
They burn in indignation; I repent;
o sure foundation set on blood;
life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

ye thou hast; Where is that blood,
e seen inhabit in those cheeks?
ky clears not without a storm:
thy weather:—How goes all in France?
om France to England.—Never such a

reign preparation,
l in the body of a land!
f your speed is learn'd by them;
you should he told they do prepare,
come, that they are all arriv'd.

O, where hath our intelligence been
k?
h it slept? Where is my mother's care?
an army could be drawn in France,
it hear of it?

My liege, her ear
with dust; the first of April, died
mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
'onstance in a frenzy died
before: but this from rumour's tongue
d; if true, or false, I know not.

Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
league with me, till I have pleas'd
ented peers!—What! mother dead?
y then walks my estate in France!—
e conduct came those powers of France,
or truth giv'st out, are landed here?
der the Dauphin.

Bastard and PETER of POMFRET.
Thou hast made me giddy
ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
ceedings? do not seek to stuff
ith more ill news, for it is full.

Thy thou art afeard to hear the worst,
be worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied:

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found

With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:

Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot
before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*]
K. John. Spoke like a spritful noble gentle-
man.—

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.
[*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead!
Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldams, in
the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron idd on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.)

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattel'd and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended by slaves, that take their humours for a warrant To break within the bloody house of life: And, on the winking of authority, To understand a law; to know the meaning Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds, Makes deeds ill done! Hadst thou not been by, A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame, This murder had not come into my mind: But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect, Finding thee fit for bloody villany, Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger, I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death; And thou, to be eudared to a king, Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed; Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face, As bid me tell my tale in express words; Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off, And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me: But thou didst understand me by my signs, And didst in signs again parley with sin; Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent, And, consequently, thy rude hand to act The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more! My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd, Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers: Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath, Hostility and civil tumult reigns Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies, I'll make a peace between your soul and you. Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand, Not painted with the crimson spots of blood. Within this bosom never enter'd yet The dreadful motion of a murder's thought, And you have slander'd nature in my form; Which, howsoever rude exteriorly, Is yet the cover of a fairer mind Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage, And make them tame to their obedience! Forgive the comment, that my passion made Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind, And foul imaginary eyes of blood Presented thee more hideous than thou art. O, answer not; but to my closet bring The angry lords, with all expedient haste: I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before the castle.

Enter ARTHUR on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!— There's few, or none, do know me; if they did, This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite. I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it. If I get down, and do not break my limbs, I'll find a thousand shifts to get away: As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:— Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Dies.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint E Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the *Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's Is much more general than these lines in *Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet he *Sal.* Or, rather then set forward: for Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er w

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, di lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence *Sal.* The king hath disposess'd himself: We will not line his thin bestain'd cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the

That leaves the print of blood, where-e'er Return, and tell him so; we know the *Bast.* What'er you think, good word were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, *Bast.* But there is little reason in you Therefore, 'twere reason you had manne

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his pri *Bast.* 'This true; to hurt his master, ne *Sal.* This is the prison: What is he l

[*See*]

Pem. O death, made proud with pure a beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this de *Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty Found it too precious-princely for a *Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you?

Or have you read, or heard? or could *Or do you almost think, although you s That you do see? could thought, without Form such another? This is the very To the height, the crest, or crest unto the*

Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest The wildest savagry, the vilest stroke, That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring r Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd And this, so sole, and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet-unbegotten sin of time; And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jet Exemplary by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody w The graceless action of a heavy hand, If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any har We had a kind of light, what would er It is the shameful work of Hubert's h

The practice, and the purpose, of the k From whose obedience I forbid my sou Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

And breathing to his breathless excellen The incense of a vow, a holy vow; Never to taste the pleasures of the worl

Never to be infected with delight, Nor conversant with ease and idleness, Till I have set a glory to this hand,

By giving it the worship of revenge. *Pem. Big.* Our souls religiously ca words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in s Arthur doth live; the king hath sent fo

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee g

Hub. I am no villain. *Sal.* Must I rob the

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put: *Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murder

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, I say;

aven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
 I did not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 I smelt the danger of my true defence ;
 I, by marking of your rage, forget
 my worth, your greatness, and nobility.
 Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou have a nobleman ?
 Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
 innocent life against an emperor.
 Thou art a murderer.

Do not prove me so ;
 Whose tongue so'er speaks false,
 I speak ; who speaks not truly, lies.
 Cut him to pieces.

Keep the peace, I say.
 Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
 Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
 I bat frown on me, or stir thy foot,
 I chide thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 I chide thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
 I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
 As shall think the devil is come from hell.
 What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?
 I'll a villain, and a murderer ?
 Lord Bigot, I am none.

Who kill'd this prince ?
 'Tis not an hour, since I left him well :
 I lov'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
 the rest of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
 Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes !
 Many is not without such rheum ;
 I, long traded in it, makes it seem
 tears of remorse and innocency.
 With me, all you whose souls abhor
 cleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
 As stified with this smell of sin.
 Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !
 There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]
 Here's a good world !—Knew you of this
 our work ?
 the infinite and boundless reach
 of it, if thou didst this deed of death,
 O damn'd, Hubert.

Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
 Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;
 Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—
Bast. If thou did'st but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
 That ever spider twisted from her womb,
 Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
 A beam to hang thee on ; or, would'st thou drown
 thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
 I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thoughts
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
 Which was embowd in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
 I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am amaz'd, methinks ; and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up !
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, the truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
 The unwed interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The same. A room in the palace.

*King JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown,
 and Attendants.*

Kn. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 the title of my glory.

Take again

[*Giving John the crown.*]

in my hand, as holding of the pope,
 your sovereign greatness and authority.

Kn. Now keep your holy word : go meet
 the French ;

in his holiness use all your power
 in their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

contented counties do revolt ;
 people quarrel with obedience ;

our allegiance, and the love of soul,
 our anger blood, to foreign royalty.

our indignation of milder temper'd humour
 is now only to be qualified.

use not ; for the present time's so sick,
 our present medicine must be minister'd,
 to throw incurable ensues.

It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 your stubborn usage of the pope :

because you are a gentle convertite,
 we shall hush again this storm of war,
 to keep fair weather in your blustering land.

Ascension-day, remember well,
 our oath of service to the pope,
 to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*]

Kn. Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the
 pope

come before Ascension-day at noon,
 and should I give off ? Even so I have :

I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds
 out,

But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy ;

And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the
 streets ;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
 But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
 Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye :

Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow

Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away ; and glisten like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field :

Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?

O, let it not be said !—Forge, and run
 To meet displeasure further from the doors ;

B b

And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers,
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast.

O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again:
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad, that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper doth thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you
That knit your sinews to the strength of arms

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome: his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now withdraw
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
I am too high-born to be proptied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world:
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself
And brought in matter, that should feed it
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind, which enkind
You taught me how to know the face of
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath
His peace with Rome? What is that peace
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for me
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I buy
Because that John hath made his peace with
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Ron
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns
Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match, play'd for a crown
And shall I now give o'er the yielded seat
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of the world.
Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpets.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us!

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak
My holy Lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposit
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood, that ever fury bore
The youth says well:—Now hear our English
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops
The king doth smile at; and is well pleas'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even
door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hal-

e, like buckets, in concealed wells;
 ach in litter of your stable planks;
 like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
 with swine; to seek sweet safety out
 its and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
 the crying of your nation's crow,
 ag his voice an armed Englishman;—
 hat victorious hand be feebled here,
 your chambers gave you chastisement?
 now, the gallant monarch is in arms;
 ce an eagle o'er his airy towers,
 se annoyance, that comes near his nest.—
 o degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 oody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 e dear mother England, blush for shame:
 r own ladies, and pale-risag'd maids,
 masons, come tripping after drums:
 himbles into armed gauntlets change,
 eeds to lances, and their gentle hearts
 s and bloody inclination.

There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
 eace;
 at, thou canst outcold us: fare thee well;
 d our time too precious to be spent
 ach a brabblor.

Give me leave to speak.

No, I will speak.

We will attend to neither:—
 p the drums; and let the tongue of war
 or our interest, and our being here.
 ded, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
 shall you, being beaten: Do but start
 with the clamour of thy drum,
 at at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 all reverberate all as loud as thine;
 at another, and another shall,
 as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 ck the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
 using to this halting legate here,
 he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
 ke John; and in his forehead sits
 ribb'd death, whose office is this day:
 upon whole thousands of the French.
 strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
 And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
 dubt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A field of battle.

us. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

us. How goes the day with us? O, tell me,
 obert.

Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?
 us. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
 wy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
 idge,
 your majesty to leave the field;
 d him word by me, which way you go.
 us. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
 hey there.
 Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
 s expected by the Dauphin here,
 ck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
 us was brought to Richard but even now:
 uch fight coldly, and retire themselves.
 us. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
 I not let me welcome this good news.—
 ward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
 us possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same.

SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT,
 and others.

Did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
 Up once again; put spirit in the French;
 us miscarry, we miscarry too.
 hat misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
 of spite, alone upholds the day.
 hey say, king John, sore sick, hath left the
 id.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal.

Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
 Untread the rude eye of rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded faith.
 Seek out king John, and fall before his feet:
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
 He means to recompense the pains you take,
 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
 Even on that altar, where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life;

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false; since it is true,
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;

Paying the fine of rated treachery,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;

The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, hear me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—and beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form

Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;

And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,

Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;

For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New fight;

And happy newness, that intends old right.
 [Exeunt, leading off Melun.]

SCENE V.

The same. The French camp.

Enter LEWIS and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath
 to set;

But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd backward their own
 ground,

In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
 By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy
 very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
 As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
 King John did fly, an hour or two before

The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Leo. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please, Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyesless night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,

Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; and sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night, To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night, Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news; I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk: I left him almost speechless, and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil; that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time,

Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,

Whose howls suddenly burst out: the king

Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come

back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,

And tempt us not to hear above our power!—

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,

These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;

Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away, before! conduct me to the king;

I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptly; and his pure brain

(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-

house,)

Doth, by the idle comments, that it makes,

Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds

belief,

That, being brought into the open air,

It would allay the burning quality

Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard

here.—

Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient [*Exit* out.

Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extre-

Death, having prey'd upon the outward part

Leaves them insensible; and his siege is no

Against the mind, the which he pricks and

With many legions of strange fantasies;

Which, in their throng and press to that last

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that

should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,

Who chants a doleful hymn to his own det-

And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings

His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are

To set a form upon that indigest,

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rud-

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring

King JOHN in a chair.

K. John. A y, marry, now my soul hath elbow

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forso-

off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat it

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched

And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,

And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in

That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is

Within me is a bell; and there the poison

Is, as a feud, confin'd to tyrannize

On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent

And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set n

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burr

And all the shrouds, wherewith my life she

Are turned to one thread, one little hair:

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by:

Which holds but till thy news be uttered

And then all this thou see'st, is but a cloc

And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherw

Where, heaven he knows, how we shall ans

For, in a night, the best part of my power

As I upon advantage did remove,

Were in the washes, all unwarily,

Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The Ki*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as

ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—n

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even

What surety of the world, what hope, wh

When this was now a king, and now is cl

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay t

To do the office for thee of revenge,

And then my soul shall wait on thee to h

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right

Where be your powers? Show now your

faiths;

And instantly return with me again,

To push destruction, and perpetual shame

Out of the weak door of our fainting land:

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much

The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,

Who half an hour since came from the D

And brings from him such offers of our pe

e with honour and respect may take,
purpose presently to leave this war.

α. He will the rather do it, when he sees
elves well sinewed to our defence.

Nay, it is in a manner done already;
many carriages he hath dispatch'd
e sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
e disposing of the cardinal:

whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
I think meet, this afternoon will post
asummate this business happily.

γ. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
other princes that may best be spar'd,
wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
o he will'd it.

z. Thither shall it then.
happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sat. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these ber princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*]



KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

<p>King RICHARD the Second. EDMUND of LANGLEY, duke of York; JOHN of GAUNT, duke of Lancaster; HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards king Henry IV. Duke of Aumerle, son to the duke of York. MOWBRAY, duke of Norfolk. Duke of SURREY. Earl of SALISBURY. Earl BERKLEY. BUSHY, BAGOT, } GREEN, } Creatures to king Richard.</p>	<p>Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND: Henry PERCY, his son. Lord ROSS. Lord WILLOUGHBY. Lord FITZWATER. Bishop of CARLISLE. Abbot of WESTMINSTER. Lord MARSHAL; and another Lord. Sir PIERCE of Exton. Sir STEPHEN SCROOP, Captain of a band of Welshmen.</p> <p>Queen to king RICHARD. Duchess of Gloster. Duchess of York. Lady attending on the queen.</p>
--	---

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene,—dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

London. A room in the palace.

Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
 Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
 Or worthily, as a good subject should,
 On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,
 Aim'd at thy highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
 The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
 My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
 Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
 Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
 As well appeareth by the cause you come;
 Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
 Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
 Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
 In the devotion of a subject's love,
 Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
 And free from other misbegotten hate,
 Come I appellat to this princely presence.—
 Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
 And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
 My body shall make good upon this earth,
 Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
 Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
 Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds, that in it fly.
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
 And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
 What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
 may prove.

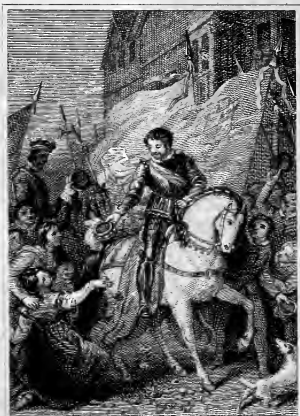
Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my soul.
 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
 The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this,
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where ever Englishman dare set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,
 By all my hopes, most falsely does he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
 my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm.
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worst deserve,
Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair decree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great, that can inherit us
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.



Wright del.

S. Watts sc.

RICHARD III.

Act 5. Sc. 5.

Published by W. Clarendon, St. Chancery Lane 1824.



Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In some of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or, here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge,
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Completed and contriv'd in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Flie'd out his innocent soul through streams of
blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious birth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and
ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son),
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege hint, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
These gurs of that receipt I had for Calais,
Dishonour'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:

The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's
death,—

I slew him out; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass, that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain.
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood, chamber'd in his bosom:
In whose whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; and conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, thy your son.

Glouc. To be a make-peace shall become my
age:—

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Glouc. When, Harry? when?

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is
no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood,
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots: take but
my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you
begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem cresset-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height
Before this outard'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face. [*Exit Gaunt.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the Duke of Lancaster's palace.

Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault, that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That, which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt. Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight: O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast! Or, if misfortune miss the first career, Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, That they may break his foaming courser's back, And throw the rider headlong in the lists, A catif recreant to my cousin Hereford! Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife, With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:

As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: I take my leave before I have begun; For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done. Commend me to my brother, Edmund York. Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so; Though this be all, do not so quickly go; I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?— With all good speed at Plashy visit me. Alack, and what shall good old York there see, But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls, Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones? And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans? Therefore commend me; let him not come there, To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where: Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die; The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a throne. Herald, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yes, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd,

and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who

thou art,

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;

And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of

Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,

(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,

Against the duke of Hereford, that appeals me;

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me:

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[*He takes his seat.*]

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROK in armour; preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in the habiliments of war;

And formally according to our law

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore

thou hither,

Before King Richard, in his royal lists?

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee he!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so

Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;

Except the marshal, and such officers

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign

hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty:

For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave,

And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets you

ness,

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,

So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day the

Lament we may, but not revenge thee

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a

For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's

As confident, as is the falcon's flight

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight

My loving lord, [*To Lord Marshal.*] I

leave of you;—

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:

Not sick, although I have to do with death

But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret

The dainties last, to make the end most

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,—

Add proof unto mine armour with thy

And with thy blessings steel my lance's

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat

And furnish new the name of John of Ga

Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make

perous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

Fall like amazing thunder on the casque

Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant:

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George

thrive! [*He takes*

Nor. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fo

my lot,

There's lives or dies, true to King

throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embr

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

More than my dancing soul doth celebrat

This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege,—and my companion

Take from my mouth the wish of happy

As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,

Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to the*

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
thy lance; and God defend the right!

g. [Rising.] Strong as a tower in hope, I
—amen.

Go bear this lance [To an Officer.] to Thomas
duke of Norfolk.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
to be found false and recreant,
to the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
to his God, his king, and him,
res him to set forward to the fight.

Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk,

to be found false and recreant,
to defend himself, and to approve
of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
ously, and with a free desire,
to give the signal to begin.

Sound, trumpets; and set forward, com-
mandants.

[A charge sounded.]
The king bath thrown his warner down.

Let them lay by their helmets and their
cars,

to return back to their chairs again:—
to sit with us:—and let the trumpets sound
to return these dukes what we decree.—

[A long flourish.]
[To the Combatants.]

What with our council we have done,
our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
at dear blood, which it hath fostered;
our eyes do hate the dire aspect

wounds, plough'd up with neighbour's
swords;

we think the eagle-winged pride
springing and ambitious thoughts,
all-hating envy, set you on

our peace, which in our country's cradle
be sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

to rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
to rath resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
to sing shock of wrathful iron arms,

to smother our quiet confines fright fair peace,
to set us wade even in our kindred's blood;—

to banish you our territories:—
to stain Hereford, upon pain of death,

to five summers have enrich'd our fields,
to regret our fair dominions,

to bid the stranger paths of banishment.

Your will be done: This must my com-
mit be.—

That warms you here, shall shine on me;
to give his golden beams, to you here lent,
to sit on me, and gild my banishment.

Let Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
sin,

with some unwillingness pronounce:
to low hours shall not determinate
to less limit of thy dear exile;—
to less word of—never to return
to I against thee, upon pain of life.

to heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
to unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
to merit, not so deep a main
to cast forth in the common air,
to deserved at your highness' band.

to sage I have learn'd these forty years,
to be English, now I must forego:
to my tongue's use is to me no more,
to unstringed viol or a harp;
to cunning instrument cas'd up,
to open, put into his hands,
to was no touch to tune the harmony.

to my mouth you have engal'd my tongue,
to mortuall'd, with my teeth and lips;
to unfeeling, barren ignorance
to my gaoler to attend on me.

to old to fawn upon a nurse,
to years to be a pupil now;
to thy sentence then, but speechless death,
to bes my tongue from breathing native breath?

to i. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
to sentence plaining comes too late.

to then thus I turn me from my country's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

'Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
to Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves.)

To keep the oath that he administer:—
to You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
to Embrace each other's love in banishment;
to Nor never look upon each other's face;

to Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
to This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
to Nor never by advised purpose meet,
to To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—
to By this time, had the king permitted us,
to One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
to Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
to As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
to Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
to Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
to The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
to My name be blotted from the book of life,
to And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
to But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
to And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
to Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
to Save back to England; all the world's my way.

[Exit.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
to I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect
to Hath from the number of his banish'd years
to Pluck'd four away:—Six frozen winters spent,
to Return [To Boling.] with welcome home from
to banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
to Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
to End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
to He shortens four years of my son's exile:
to But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
to For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
to Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
to My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
to Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
to My ioch of taper will be burnt and done,
to And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to
to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou can'st
to give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
to And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
to Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
to But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
to Thy word is current with him for my death;
to But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
to Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
to Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
to sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I bad rather,
to You would have bid me argue like a father:—
to O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
to To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
to A partial slander sought I to avoid,
to And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
to I was too strict, to make mine own away;
to But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
to Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
to Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. Exeunt K. Richard and Train.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not
to know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
to As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou heard thy
to words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you, When the tongue's office should be prodigal To breathe the abundant doulour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so, Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels, that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places, that the eye of heaven visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens;

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee;

Put thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it; but is faintly borne.

Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,

Devouring pestilence haags in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:

Suppose the singing birds, musicians;

The grass, whereon thou tread'st, the presence

strew'd;

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more

Than a delightful measure, or a dance:

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man, that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow,

By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?

O, no! the apprehension of the good,

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rattle more,

Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on

thy way:

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet

soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A room in the King's castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN;
AUMERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left
K. Rich. And, say, what store of pardons
were shed?

Aum. Faith, none by me: except the no-

Which then blew bitterly against our faces
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by c-

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you

with him?

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue

Should so profane the word, that taught

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,

That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's

Marry, would the word farewell have lea-

hours,

And added years to his short banishment,

He should have had a volume of farewells;

But, since it would not, he had none of

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but t-

When time shall call him home from ban-

Whether our kinsman come to see his frie-

Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Gre-

Observ'd his courtship to the common peo-

How he did seem to dive into their hearts

With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on sl-

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of

And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 'twere, to banish their affects with hir-

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;

A brace of draymen bid—God speed him

And had the tributs of his supple knee,

With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving.*

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope

Green. Well, he is gone; and with his

thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in I

Expedient manage must be made, my lie

Ere further leisure yield them further m-

For their advantage, and your highness'

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to

And, for our coffers—with too great a co-

And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat;

We are enforce'd to farm our royal realm

The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand: If that come sh-

Our substitutes at home shall have blank

Whereto, when they shall know what me

They shall subscribe them for large sum-

And send them after to supply our want

For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-ha-

To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his p-

mind,

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coat

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars:

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God, we may make haste, and com-

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

London. A room in Ely-house.

GAUNT on a couch; the Duke of York, and others,
standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe
my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your

breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of

Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom

vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their

pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd n-

Than they, whom youth and ease have

glose;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their li-

The setting sun, and musick at the ck-

last taste of sweets is sweetest last ;
 remembrance, more than things long past :
 Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 th's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
 No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering
 sounds,

sizes of his state : then there are found
 ous metres ; to whose venom sound
 en ear of youth doth always listen :
 of fashions in proud Italy ;
 manners still our tardy apish nation
 after, in base imitation.

doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
 e new, there's no respect how vile,
 not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
 l too late comes counsel to be heard,
 will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
 set him, whose way himself will choose ;
 aith thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
 use.

f. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd ;
 us, expiring, do foretell of him :
 a fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
 ent fires soon burn out themselves :
 owers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
 uger feeding, food doth choke the feeder :
 mity, insatiate cormorant,
 ing means, soon preys upon itself.

al throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 th of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 er Eden, demi-paradise ;
 ress, built by nature for herself
 infection, and the hand of war :
 py breed of men, this little world ;
 cious stone set in the silver sea,
 serves it in the office of a wall,
 moat defensive to a house,

the envy of less happier lands ;
 sed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 se, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 y their breed, and famous by their birth,
 d for their deeds as far from home,
 istian service, and true chivalry,)

sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 rorld's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
 d of such dear souls, this dear dead land,
 her reputation through the world,
 eas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
 tenement, or pelting farm :

ound in with the triumphant sea,
 ocky shore beats back the envious siege
 y Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 y blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;
 land, that was wont to conquer others,
 de a shameful conquest of itself :
 l the scandal vanish with my life,
 py then were my ensuing death !

ing RICHARD, and Queen ; AUMERLE,
 Y. GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WIL-
 HBY.

The king is come : deal mildly with his
 ath ;
 g hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
 How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?
 t. What comfort, man ? How is't with
 d Gaunt ?
 O, how that name befits my composition !
 at, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :

ae grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
 abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?
 ing England long time have I watch'd ;
 g breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
 ure, that some fathers feed upon,
 icet fast, I mean—my children's looks ;
 rein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :
 I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 ollow womb inherits nought but bones.
 l. Can sick men play so nicely with their
 es ?

No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
 a dost seek to kill my name in me,
 y name, great king, to flatter thee.
 . Should dying men flatter with those that
 ?

Gaunt. No, no ; men living flatter those that die.
 K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh ! no ; thou diest, though I the sicker be.
 K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill ;
 ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick :
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
 Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee :
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;
 And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he should have laid thy shame ;
 Depositing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease :

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so !
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
 Thy state of law is bondsman to the law ;
 And thou—

K. Rich. — a lunatick, lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an age's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's
 son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd :
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :

Join with the present sickness, that I have ;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.]
 K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens
 have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickness and age in him :
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right ; you say true : as Hereford's
 love, so his :
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
 your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now ?
 North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
 So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns ;
 Which live like venom, where no venom else,
 But only they, hath privilege to live.
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
 York. How long shall I be patient ? Ah, how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
 Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke,
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
 In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman:
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
 But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends; his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O, my liege,
 Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
 But by fair sequence and succession?
 Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patent, that he hath
 By his attorneys-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
 To see this business: To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord governor of England,
 For he is just, and always loved us well.—
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*]

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.*]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!
Will. Tends that, thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man:
 Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
 Unless you call it good, to pity him,
 Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
 Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led,
 By flatterers; and what they will inform
 Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
 That will the king severely prosecute
 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with

taxes,
 And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he d

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their
Will. And daily new exactions are de

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not v
 But what, o'God's name, doth become of

North. Wares have not wasted it, for
 hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
 That, which his ancestors achiev'd with

More hath he spent in peace, than they i
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the real

Will. The king's grown bankrupt, lik
 man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, ha
 him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Iri
 His burdenous taxations notwithstanding

But by the robbing of the banish'd duke
North. His noble kinsman: most degen

But, lords, we hear this fearful threat
 Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
 And yet we strike not, but securely peri

Ross. We see the very wreck, that we m
 And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck
North. Not so; even through the hol

death,
 I spy life peering; but I dare not say

How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Will. Nay, let us share thy thought

do not ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northun

We three are but thyself; and, speakin
 Thy words are but as thoughts; therefo

North. Then thus:—I have from Por
 a hay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
 That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord C

[The son of Richard earl of Arundel,]
 That late broke from the duke of Exete

His brother, archbishop late of Canter
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Rams

Sir John Norberry, sir Robert Waterton,
 Quaint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of
 With eight tall ships, three thousand n

Are making hither with all due expedie
 And shortly mean to touch our northern

Perhaps, they had ere this; but that th
 The first departing of the king for Irela

If then we shall shake off our slavish y
 Imp out our drooping country's broken

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish
 Wipe off the dust, that hides our scept

And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspur

But, if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will g

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge don
 that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I
 there.

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the pala

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAC

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too r
 You promis'd, when you parted with t

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to ple
 I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a gue

As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, met
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's v

Is coming towards me; and my inward

nothing trembles : at something it grieves,
than with parting from my lord the king.

Ay. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

h show like grief itself, but are not so :
sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
as one thing entire to many objects ;
perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
quish form : so your sweet majesty,
og awry upon your lord's departure,
shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wail ;
h, look'd on as it is, is ought but shadows
at it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
than your lord's departure weep not ; more's
not seen :

it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
for things true, weeps things imaginary.
ex. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
ades me, it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
not but be sad ; so heavy sad,
though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Ay. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
ex. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
some fore-father grief ; mine is not so ;
thing hath begot my something grief ;
nothing hath the nothing that I grieve :
reversion that I do possess ;
hat it is, that is not yet known ; what
at name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

a. God save your majesty!—and well met,
gentlemen :—

a. the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

ex. Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope he is ;
is desigs crave haste, his haste good hope :

wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd ?

a. That he, our hope, might have retir'd
his power,

riven into despair an enemy's hope,
strongly hath set footing in this land :

ish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
ith uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
vempurg.

Now God in heaven forbid !

a. O, madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,—
nd Northumberland, his young son Henry

Percy,
nds of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Ay. Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-
berland,

l the rest of the revolting faction,
a ?

a. We have : whereon the earl of Worcester
broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
l the household servants fled with him
lingbroke.

a. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
olingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :

ath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Ay. Despair not, madam.

a. Who shall hinder me ?

despair, and be at enmity
cozening Hope ; he is a flatterer,
sate, a keeper-back of death,

gently would dissolve the bands of life,
a false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

a. Here comes the duke of York.

a. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
l of careful business are his looks !—

aven's sake, speak comfortable words.

a. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
rt's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,

: nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
usband he is gone to save far off,

t others come to make him lose at home :
om I left to underprop his land ;

weak with age, cannot support myself :—

Now comes the sick hour, that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was ?—Why, so !—go all which way
it will !—

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :—

Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;—

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave ?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !

I know not what to do :—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it),
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—

What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland ?—
How shall we do for money for these wars ?—

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say : pray, pardon
me.—

Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, pro-
vide some carts,

And bring away the armour, that is there.—
[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen ;—

The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; the other, again,

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd ;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you :—Go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.

I should to Plashy too ;—
But time will not permit :—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Excunt York and Queen.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of these, love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons : for
their love

Lies in their purses ; and whose empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally con-
demn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
castle ;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you : for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us ;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—

Will you go along with us ?

Bagot. No ; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bo-
lingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task, he undertakes,
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and
ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.
[*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Gloucestershire.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBER-
LAND, with forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?
C e

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurge to Cotswood, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit, which I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook
the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed
traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurge,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurge.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which he'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the
duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens, with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-
mour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-
loughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love
pursues

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the
poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here!

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue

Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not
meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you w
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks y
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born a

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not th
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—gr
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden leg
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's gr
But then more why;—Why have they d
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Fighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?

Com'st thou, because the anointed king is
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and mys
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars
From forth the ranks of many thousand F
O, then, how quickly should this arm of m
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know m
On what condition stands it, and wherein

York. Even in condition of the worst det
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art co
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was l
Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye

You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father

Will you permit, that I shall stand coode
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and roy

Pluck'd from my arms performance, and given
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I b

If that my cousin king be king of England
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancast

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kins
Had you first died, and he been thus trod

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to t

I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:

My father's goods are all distraint'd, and
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd

What would you have me do? I am a su
And challenge law: Attornies are denied

And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do h

Will. Base men by his endowments s
great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may no

And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his
But for his own; and, for the right of th

We all have strongly sworn to give him s
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks th

Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I must needs confess,
My power is weak, and all ill left:
I could, by Him that gave me life,
Attach you all, and make you stoop
To sovereign mercy of the king;
Once I cannot, he it known to you,
Main as neuter. So, fare you well;
You please to enter in the castle,
I ere repose you for this night.
I offer, uncle, that we will accept:
I must win your grace, to go with us
To stol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bagot, and their complices,
The pillars of the commonwealth,
I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.
It may be, I will go wish you:—but yet
I'll pause;
I mean to break our country's laws.
I have no foes, to me welcome you are:
I past redress, are now with me past care.

SCENE IV.

*A Camp in Wales.**Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.*

My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-
man;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will
not stay.
The hay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy his rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead.

[Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. *[Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's camp at Bristol.

BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUM-
LAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY,
S: Officers behind with BUSHY
and JEN, prisoners.

g. Bring forth these men.—
Green, I will not vex your souls
Presently your souls must part your bodies,
So much urging your pernicious lives,
I have no charity: yet, to wash your blood
Off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I unfold some causes of your death.
I was misled a prince, a royal king,
A gentleman in blood and lineaments,
Unhappily and disfigur'd clean.
I live, in manner, with your sinful hours,
A divorce betwixt his queen and him;
I have the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
—A prince, by fortune of my birth;
I have the king in blood; and near in love,
I have did make him misinterpret me,—
I have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
I have giv'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
I have the bitter bread of banishment:
I have you have fed upon my signiories,
I have kild my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
I have torn my own windows, torn my household coat,
I have put out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
I have given up my opinions, and my living blood,—
I have now the world I am a gentleman.
I have said much more, much more than twice all this,
I have said unto the death:—See them deliver'd
Over
I have cut and the hand of death.
g. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
I have Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.
g. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our
souls,
I have argue injustice with the pains of hell.
g. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.
[Exit Northumb. and others, with Prisoners.
I have you say, the queen is at your house;
I have for even's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
I have for, I send to her my kind commends;
I have for special care my greetings be deliver'd.
I have for A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
I have for letters of your love to her at large.
g. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
I have away;

To fight with Glendower and his complices;
I have Awfully to work, and, after, holiday. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

*Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King
RICHARD, Bishop of CARLISLE, AU-
MERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord; how brooks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall faultier under foul rebellious arms.
Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made
you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that Heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in friends.
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd, in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throats the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king!
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man, that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the
right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth;
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Ann. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace
so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand
men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead;
All souls, that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Ann. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ears is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and he his fellow so;
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To hear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless
scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unyielding arms against thy crown:
Thy very headmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? Where is J
What is become of Bushy? where is Green
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful ste
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Boling
Scroop. Peace they have made with him, i

my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damned w
redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sti
heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than J
Would they make peace? terrible hell make
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his pro
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is m
With heads, and not with hands: those who
curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying w
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow grou

Ann. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of
shire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their
Ann. Where is the duke my father with his

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort I
speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaph
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbro
And nothing can we call our own, but deat
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bon
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the grou
And tell sad stories of the death of kings—
How some have been depos'd, some slain i
Some haunted by the ghosts they have de
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping
All murder'd.—For within the hollow cro
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with loo
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd t
Comes at the last, and with a little pin-
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and
With solemn reverence; throw away respect
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste
Need friends:—Subjcted thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wait their
woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth streng
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto you
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to
And fight and die, is death destroying de
Where fearing dying, pays death servile br
Ann. My father hath a power, inquire o
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud l
broke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of d
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of t
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spo

le York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;
I your northern castles yielded up,
I your southern gentlemen in arms
is party.

Thou hast said enough.—
w thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[To Aumerle.
t sweet way I was in to despair!

say you now? What comfort have we now?
ven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
ds me be of comfort any more.

Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
wer, I have, discharge; and let them go
the land, that hath some hope to grow,
ave none:—Let no man speak again
r this, for counsel is but vain.
My liege, one word.

ch. He does me double wrong,
sends me with the flatteries of his tongue.
ge my followers, let them hence;—A way,
Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Wales. Before Flint Castle.

With drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE
aces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
thers.

r. So that by this intelligence we learn,
ishmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
to meet the king, who lately landed,
me few private friends, upon this coast.
The news is very fair and good, my lord;
not far from hence, hath hid his head.
It would besem the lord Northumberland,
-king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
uch a sacred king should hide his head!
Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
is tide out.

The time hath been,
you have been so brief with him, he would
en so brief with you, to shorten you
ng so the head, your whole head's length.
Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
ake not, good cousin, further than you should,
mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.
I know it, uncle; and oppose not
gainst their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

arry; what, will not this castle yield?
The castle royally is man'd, my lord,
thy entrance.
Royally!
contains no king?

Yes, my good lord,
tain a king; king Richard lies
he limits of your lime and stone:
him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
scop; besides a clergyman
verence, who, I cannot learn.
Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Noble lord, [To North.
rude ribs of that ancient castle:
brazen trumpet sent the breath of parle
rum'd ears, and thus deliver.
Bolingbroke

his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
is allegiance, and true faith of heart,
ost royal person: hither come
his feet to lay my arms and power;
that, my banishment repeal'd,
a restor'd again, be freely granted:
I use the advantage of my power,
the summer's dust with showers of blood,
sm the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
be, how far off from the mind of Boling-
ke
h crimson tempest should bedrench
green lap of fair king Richard's land,
ing duty tenderly shall show.
fy as much; while here we march
grassy carpet of this plain.

Northumberland advances to the castle, with
a trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet
within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King
RICHARD, the Bishop of CARLISLE, AU-
MERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have
we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[To Northumberland.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the secret handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is),
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents, that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all, that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus, the king
returns;—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commendments.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[To Aumerle.

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Am. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue
of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to
beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Am. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he
submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?*
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live, till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down!

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening
Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[North. retires to Boling.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down court! down
king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
sing. *[Exeunt from above.]*

Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, *[Touching his own head.]* al-
though your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and
all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubt
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well
to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your
Tears show their love, but want their rem-
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing
For do we must, what force will have us
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not
[Flourish.]

SCENE IV.

Langley. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise her
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?
I *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make no
The world is full of rubs, and that my fo-
Runs 'gainst the bias.

I *Lady.* Madam, we will do
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in
When my poor heart no measure keeps in

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other
I *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, o
I *Lady.* Of either, madam,

Queen. Of neither,
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow

Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to compla

I *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou h
But thou should'st please me better, wou
weep.

I *Lady.* I could weep, madam, wou
good.

Queen. And I could weep, would we
good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth

Against a change: Woe is forerun with
[Queen and La

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling
Which, like unruly children, make their

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal
Give some suppittance to the bending t

Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing spi

That look too lofty on our commonweal
All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit

The soil's fertility from wholesome flow
I *Serv.* Why should we, in the compa

Keep law, and form, and due proportio
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate

When our sea-walled garden, the whol
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers che

Her fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesom

Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy
He, that hath suffer'd this disorder'd s

Hath now himself met with the fall of
The weeds, that his broad spreading

shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Boling
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy,

I *Serv.* What, are they dead?

d. They are; and Bolingbroke
 said'd the wasteful king.—Oh! What pity is it
 he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
 this garden! We at time of year
 round the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
 being over-proud with sap and blood,
 too much riches it confound itself:
 he done so to great and growing men,
 might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
 up away, that bearing boughs may live:
 he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 he waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
 w. What, think you then, the king shall be
 depos'd?
 d. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd
 ought, he will be: Letters came last night
 dear friend of the good duke of York's,
 all black tidings.
 w. O, I am press'd to death,
 he want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's
 likeness, [Coming from her concealment.
 dress this garden, how dares
 rash-rude tongue sound this displeasing news?
 Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
 like a second fall of cursed man?
 dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
 t thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 is his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
 t thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
 To breathe this news; yet, what I say, is true.
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities, that make him light;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
 I speak no more than every one doth know.
 Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of
 foot,
 Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
 And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.—
 What, was I born to this! that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
 Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
 I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.
 [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.
 Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be
 no worse,
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
 Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

London. Westminster Hall.

ords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the
 ds temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter
 LINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY,
 RTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWA-
 R, another Lord, Bishop of CARLISLE, Abbot
 WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers
 nd, with BAGOT.
 ag. Call forth Bagot:—
 Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
 dost thou know of noble Gloster's death;
 wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
 loody office of his timeless end.
 w. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.
 ag. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
 w. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring
 tongue
 t to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
 t dead time, when Gloster's death was plotted,
 d you say,—Is not my arm of length,
 reacheth from the restful English court
 as Calais, to my uncle's head?
 get much other talk, that very time,
 d you say, that you had rather refuse
 offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
 Bolingbroke's return to England;
 g withal, how blest this land would be,
 as your cousin's death.
 w. Princes, and noble lords,
 answer shall I make to this base man?
 I so much dishonour my fair stars,
 deal terms to give him chastisement?
 t I must, or have mine honour soil'd
 the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—
 t is my gage, the manual seal of death,
 marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
 will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
 t heart-blood, though being all too base
 in the temper of my knightly sword.
 ag. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.
 w. Excepting one, I would he were the best
 this presence, that hath mov'd me so.
 t. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
 is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
 at fair sun, that shows me, where thou stand'st,
 rd thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
 a deny'st cause of noble Gloster's death,
 t deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
 t will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
 Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
 Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
 Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
 Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
 In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
 And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point
 Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
 Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And never brandish more revengeful steel
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
 Lord. I take the earth to the like, forsworn
 Aumerle;
 And spur thee on with full as many lies
 As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
 From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
 Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
 at all:
 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
 To answer twenty thousand such as you.
 Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
 The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
 Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence
 then;
 And you can witness with me, this is true.
 Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
 Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
 Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
 That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
 That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
 'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
 In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
 In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
 Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
 And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
 To tie thee to my strong correction.—
 As I intend to thrive in this new world,
 Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
 That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
 To execute the noble duke at Calais.
 Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
 That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
 If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.
 Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,

Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories ; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce this trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom
Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing
soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand :
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard ; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them :
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present ? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act ;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound ;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth :
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe !

North. Well have you argu'd, sir ; and, for your
pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here :—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*]

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer :—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To Carlisle.*]
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Of-
ficers bearing the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee,
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men : Were they not men,
Did they not sometime cry, all hail ! to me ?
So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one ; and I, in twelve thou-

God save the king !—Will no man say amen
Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen
God save the king ! although I be not he ;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither ?

York. To do that office, of thine own good
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown :—Here, crown
seize the crown ;

Here, on this side, my hand ; on that side, thou
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another ;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst thou mountest up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to
give me the crown.
K. Rich. My crown, I am ; but still my
are mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still I am king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with
crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck me
down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won.
The cares, I give, I have, though given away
They tend the crown, yet still with me they
stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the
crown ?
K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay :—for I must not
therefore no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself :—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duties due
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me ;
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to me ;
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing gild ;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all ach-
ieve'd,
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to see
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard say
And send him many years of sunshine days :
What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you
[*Offering a*]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person, and your follow
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel
My wear'd up follies ? Gentle Northumber,
If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them ? If thou would'st
There should'st thou find one heinous article
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of hea-
ven,
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait me,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your
Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.
 Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
 salt water blinds them not so much,
 I can see a sort of traitors here.
 I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 myself a traitor with the rest:
 I've given here my soul's consent,
 to ck the pompous body of a king;
 my base; and sovereignty, a slave;
 majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

My lord:—
 No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting
 an,
 nan's lord; I have no name, no title,—
 that name was given me at the font,—
 usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
 I've worn so many winters out,
 I wot not now what name to call myself!
 I were a mockery king of snow,
 before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 myself away in water-drops!—
 go,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)—
 word be sterling yet in England,
 I'mm'd a mirror hither straight;
 may show me what a face I have,
 a bankrupt of his majesty.

Go some of you, and fetch a looking-
 glass. [Exit an Attendant.
 Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth
 me.

Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come
 hell.
 Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
 The commons will not then be satisfied.
 They shall be satisfied; I'll read enough,
 do see the very book indeed
 all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.
 That glass, and therein will I read.—
 Wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
 blows upon this face of mine,
 or deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
 thy followers in prosperity,
 beguile me! Was this face the face,
 y day under his household roof
 ten thousand men? Was this the face,
 the sun, did make beholders wink?
 the face, that fac'd so many follies,
 at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
 glory shineth in this face:
 as the glory is the face;
 [Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
 Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
 The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
 The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
 And these external manners of lament
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
 K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than
 a king:

For, when I was a king, my flatterers
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
 I have a king here to my flatterer.
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.
 K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. Yet shall.
 K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
 Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your
 sights.
 Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.
 K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you
 all,

That rise thus nimble by a true king's fall.
 [Exit K. Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.
 Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
 Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[Exit all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle,
 and Aumerle.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
 Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
 Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy elergymen, is there no plot
 To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
 You shall not only take the sacrament
 To bury mine intents, but to effect:
 Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
 I see your brows are full of discontent,
 Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
 Come home with me to supper; I will lay
 A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [Exit.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

London. A street leading to the Tower.
 Enter Queen, and Ladies.

This way the king will come; this is the

Caesar's ill-erected tower,
 flint bosom my condemned lord
 a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
 as rest, if this rebellious earth
 resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, and Guards.

Not see, or rather do not see,
 see wither: Yet look up; behold;
 in pity may dissolve to dew,
 him fresh again with true-love tears.—
 the model where old Troy did stand;
 of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
 ing Richard; thou most beautiful inn,
 ld hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
 mph is become an alehouse guest?
 Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
 ny end too sudden: learn, good soul,
 ur former state a happy dream;
 sh awak'd, the truth of what we are
 but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
 necessity; and he and I

Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
 And cloister thee in some religious house:
 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
 Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and
 mind

Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
 Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
 The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
 And fawn on rage with base humility,
 Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but
 beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.
 Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
 Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
 As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
 With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
 Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
 And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,

And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, where-
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorce'd!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me un-kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.

Go, country way with sighs; I, mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way
being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[They kiss.]
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no
good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart,
[Kiss again.]

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond
delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the Duke of York's palace.

Enter YORK, and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the
rest,

When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
When rude misgovern'd hands, from window's tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
broke,—

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Boling-
broke!

You would have thought the very window
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turn'
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, country;
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides
while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him, that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, me
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome here:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose
The hearts of men, they must perforce have
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle's friend
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend
And, madam, you must call him Rutland
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son: Who are they
new,

That strew the green lap of the new-comer
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one

York. Well, hear you well in this new
time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to part
What news from Oxford? hold those
triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, the
York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose
York. What seal is that, that hangs
bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the w
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then w
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pard
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not ha
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I m
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is ei
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph da
York. Bound to himself? what doth
bond,

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a f
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me;
show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it
[Snatches it,

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [En
vant.] Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is he
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle
Now by mine honour, by my life, my tr
I will approach the villain. [Exit

Duch. What's the n
York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace:—What is the m
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is

My poor life must answer.

Thy life answer!

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amazed:—
villain; never more come in my sight.—
[To the Servant.]

Give me my boots, I say.

Why, York, what wilt thou do?
ou not hide the trespass of thine own?
more sons? or are we like to have?
y teeming date drunk up with time?
t thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
me of a happy mother's name?
s like thee? is he not thine own?
Thou fond mad woman,
ou conceal this dark conspiracy?
of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
rechangeably set down their hands,
he king at Oxford.

He shall be none;

Keep him here: Then what is that to him?
Away,
man! were he twenty times my son,
approach him.

Hadst thou groan'd for him,
to done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
ave been disloyal to thy bed,
t he is a bastard, not thy son:
ork, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
like thee as a man may be,
to me, or any of my kin,
I love him.

Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.
After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
st; and get before him to the king,
thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
so long behind; though I be old,
not but to ride as fast as York:
or will I rise up from the ground,
and broke have pardon'd thee: Away;
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Windsor. A room in the Castle.

Bolingbroke as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
three months, since I did see him last:—
ague hang over us, 'tis he.
to God, my lords, he might be found:
t London, 'mongst the taverns there,
they say, he daily doth frequent,
restrained loose companions;
b, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
our watch, and rob our passengers;
, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
the point of honour, to support
ute a crew.

My lord, some two days since I saw the
ace;

him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
And what said the gallant?
His answer was,—he would unto the stewes;
the common'st creature pluck a glove,
it as a favour; and with that
I unhorse the lustiest challenger.
As dissolute, as desperate; yet, through both
e sparkles of a better hope,
der days may happily bring forth.
comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Where is the king?

What means
e, that he stares and looks so wildly?
od save your grace. I do beseech your
esty,
ome conference with your grace alone.
Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
ie.— [Exeunt Percy and Lords.]
he matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[Kneels.]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [Aumerle locks the door.]

York. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy
king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[Bolingbroke opens the door.]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, stroug, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [Within.] What ho, my liege!—for God's
sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this
eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I,
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd—from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for his forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make
here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle
liege. [Kneels.]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.
[Kneels.]

York. Against them both, my true joints wounded
be. [Kneels.]

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal, and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch.

Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king, let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy.*

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch.

I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit, I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch.

O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling.

With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch.

A god on earth thou art.—
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and
the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make
thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, and a *Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv.

Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it
twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv.

He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two heget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better
As thoughts of things divine,—are inter:
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:

As thus,—*Come, little ones; and then ag-
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do p
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak
May tear a passage through the flinty ri
Of this hard world, my ragged prison w
And, for they cannot, die in their own p
Thoughts tending to content, flatter their
That they are not the first of fortune's sl
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beg
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their
That many have, and others must sit th
And in this thought they find a kind of
Bearing their own misfortune on the bac
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many peopl
And none contented: Sometimes am I s
Then treason makes me wish myself a b
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better, when a k
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-l
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbr
And straight am nothing:—But, whate
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he b
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet:
When time is broke, and no proportion
So is it in the musick of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd stri
But, for the concord of my state and ti
Had not an ear to hear my true time b
I wasted time, and now doth time was
For now hath time made me his numb'
My thoughts are minutes: and, with sigl
Their watches on to mine eyes, the outv
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what h
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's pron
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'
This musick mads me, let it sound no:
For, though it have holpe madmen to t
In me, it seems it will make wise men
Yet blessing on his heart, that gives it
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Ric
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating w

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich.

Thanks,
The cheapest of us is ten groats too de
What art thou? and how comest thou
Where no man ever comes, but that sa
That brings me food, to make misfortu

Groom.

I was a poor groom of thy st
When thou wert king; who, travelling to
With much ado, at length have gotten
To look upon my sometimes master's fa
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I b
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barb
That horse, that thou so often hast bes
That horse, that I so carefully have dr

K. Rich.

Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, g

How went he under him?

Groom.

So proudly, as if he disdain'd

K. Rich.

So proud, that Bolingbroke

back!

That jade hath eat bread from my roy
This hand hath made him proud with cl
Would he not stumble? would he not
(Since pride must have a fall,) and bre
Of that proud man, that did usurp his
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man
Wast born to bear? I was not made a

yet I bear a burden like an ass,
-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*]

Rick. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
sw. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

F. My lord, will't please you to fall to!

Rick. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

F. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who

came from the king, commands the contrary.

Rick. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and

thee!

Food is stale, and I am weary of it.

F. Help, help, help!
[*Beats the Keeper.*]

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

Rick. How now? what means death in this

rude assault?

sw. Thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*]

Go on, and fill another room in hell.

He kills another, then Exton strikes him down.

His hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

staggering thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce

hand

with the king's blood stain'd the king's own

land.

Mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*]

sw. As full of valour, as of royal blood:

How have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

Now the devil, that told me—I did well,

that this deed is chronicled in hell.

Lead king to the living king I'll bear;—

Attend the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Windsor. A room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK,

with Lords, and Attendants.

Y. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,

is the rebels have consum'd with fire

the town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;

whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

sw. My lord: What is the news?

Y. First, to thy sacred state I wish all hap-

piness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*]
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains:
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Beunet Seely;

Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,

That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of West-

minster,

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,

Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;

So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,

High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,

Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast

wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,

Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I

this deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need.

Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word, nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,

And put on sullen black incontinent;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,

In weeping after his untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*]



KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King HENRY the Fourth.
 HENRY prince of Wales,
 Prince JOHN of Lancaster, } sons to the king.
 Earl of WESTMORELAND, } friends to the king.
 Sir WALTER BLUNT,
 THOMAS PERCY, earl of Worcester.
 HENRY PERCY, earl of Northumberland:
 HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
 EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March.
 SCROOP, archbishop of York.
 SIR MICHAEL, a friend of the Archbishop.
 ARCHIBALD, earl of Douglas.

OWEN GLENDOWER.
 Sir RICHARD VERNON.
 Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
 POINS.
 GADSHILL.
 PETO. BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
 Lady MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
 Mrs. QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene.—England.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

London. A room in the palace.

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
 To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
 No more the thirsty Erimnys of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb,
 To chase these pagans in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

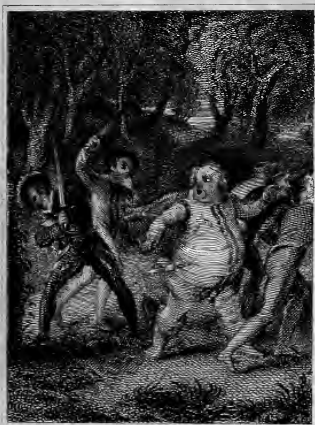
West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was much misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,

Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.
K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy land.
West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he, that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas; and the earls of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
 mak'st me sin
 In envy, that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son:
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
 In cradle-clothes our children, where they lay,
 And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts:—What think you,
 coz,
 Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners



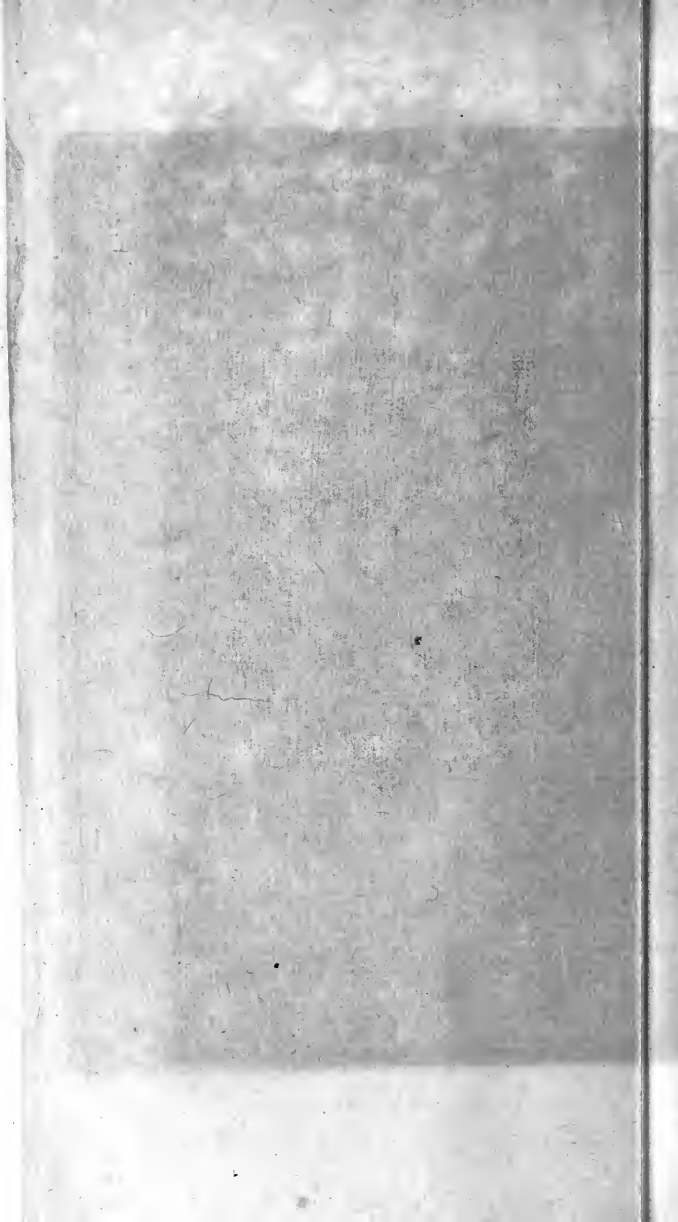
T. Stothard RA.

Aug Fox sc.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act 2. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane 1824.



Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prone himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Come, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;

For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter HENRY Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of
old sack, and unbuckling thee after supper, and
slouping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
forgotton to demand that truly, which thou would'st
truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with
the time of the day? unless hours were cups of
sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues
of hawks, and dials the signs of leaping-houses,
and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in
flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou
should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of
the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for
we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven
stars; and not by Phoebus,—he, that *wandering
light* as fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when
thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty,
I should say; for grace thou wilt have none.)—
P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve
to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.
Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art
king, let not us, that are squires of the night's
body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us
be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade,
minions of the moon: And let me say, we be men
of good government; being governed as the sea is,
by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon, under
whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too:
for the fortune of us that are the moon's men,
doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as
the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A
purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday
night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday
morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent
with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as
the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high
a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And
is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet
wench!

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of
the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet
robe of écarlate?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in
thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have
I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my
hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning,
many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy
part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid
all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin
would stretch; and, where it would not, I have
used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here
apparent, that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'y-
thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing

in England, when thou art king? and resolution
thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old
father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou
art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a
brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean,
thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so
become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps
with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I
can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the
hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am
as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-
pipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the me-
lancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; and
art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—
sweet young prince.—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble
me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou
and I knew where a commodity of good names
were to be bought: An old lord of the council
rated me the other day in the street about ynu,
sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very
wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked
wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out
in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art,
indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done
much harm upon me, Hal.—God forgive thee for
it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and
now am I, if a man should speak truly, little
better than one of the wicked. I must give over
this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an
I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never
a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow,
Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I
do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee;
from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no
sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—
Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.
O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in
hell were hot enough for him? This is the most
omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a
true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says
monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-
and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee
about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-
friday last for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's
leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil
shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a
breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy
word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening
the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morn-
ing, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There
are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings,
and traders riding to London with fat purses: I
have visors for you all, you have horses for your-
selves; Gadshill lies to night in Rochester; I have
hespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we
may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I
will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will
not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home,
and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one!

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou earnest not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallowen summer! *[Exit Falstaff.]*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. *[Exit Poins.]*

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold The unyok'd humour of your idleness: Yet herein will I imitate the sun;

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That, when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at, By breaking through the foul and ugly mists Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am, By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground, My reformation, glittering o'er my fault, Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,

Than that, which hath no foil to set it off. I'll so offend, to make offence a skill; Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPIUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and to Unapt to stir at these indignities, And you have found me; for, accordingly

You tread upon my patience: but, be sure I will from henceforth rather be myself,

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as you

And therefore lost that title of respect, Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little The scourge of greatness to be used on it; And that same greatness too, which our eyes

Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—
K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir, Your presence is too bold and peremptory

And majesty might never yet endure The moody frontier of a servant brow. You have good leave to leave us; when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. *[Exit Worcester.]*

You were about to speak.
North. Yea, my good lord, These prisoners in your highness' name

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took Were, as he says, not with such strength

As is deliver'd to your majesty: Either envy, therefore, or misprision

Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners. But, I remember, when the fight was do

When I was dry with rage, and extreme Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly cut, Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-time. He was perfum'd like a milliner;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose, and took't away again. Who, therewith angry, when it next came

Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, as if And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He call'd them:—untaught knaves, unmannerly, To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility. With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me; among the rest demand My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds beginning

To be so pester'd with a popinjay, Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what He should, or he should not;—for he made

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet, And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was, That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good tall fellow had desired

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier. This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And, I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation,

Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest re-told,

May reasonably die, and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his part

with proviso, and exception,—
 If we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
 so, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 the lives of those, that he did lead to fight
 against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
 his daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
 hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
 be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
 Will we buy treason? and indent with fears,
 when they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 On the barren mountains let him starve;
 I shall never hold that man my friend,
 whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 to ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
 never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
 I do no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 whose mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 were on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
 in single opposition, hand to hand,
 he did confound the best part of an hour
 changing hardiment with great Glendower:
 three times they breath'd, and three times did
 they drink,

an agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
 so then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 he fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 red-stained with these valiant combatants.
 For did here and rotten policy
 render her working with such deadly wounds;
 never could the noble Mortimer
 give so many, and all willingly:
 a lie him not be slander'd with revolt.

Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
 belie him,

never did encounter with Glendower;
 all these,
 durst as well have met the devil alone,
 Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 I do not hear you speak of Mortimer:
 I do me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 you shall hear in such a kind from me
 as will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 license your departure with your son:—
 I do us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.]
Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
 I'll not send them:—I will after straight,
 I'll tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
 though it be with hazard of my head,
Hot. What, drunk with choler? stay, and
 pause awhile;
 he comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
 I will speak of him; and let my soul
 be merciful, if I do not join with him:
 on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 I'll shed my dear blood drop by drop i'th' dust,
 I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 high i'th' air as this unthankful king,
 this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
Hot. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
 mad.

Hot. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
 He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
 when I urg'd the ransom once again
 my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
 on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 smiling even at the name of Mortimer.

Hot. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd
 Richard, that dead is, the next in blood?
Hot. He was; I heard the proclamation:
 I then it was, when the unhappy king
 whose wrongs in us God pardon! did set forth
 on his Irish expedition;
 whence he, intercepted, did return
 he depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Hot. And for whose death, we in the world's
 wide mouth
 scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
 proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
 heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did bear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
 that wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
 But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
 upon the head of this forgetful man;
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
 of murder's subornation,—shall it be,
 that you a world of curses undergo;
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 the cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
 to show the line, and the predicament,
 wherein you range under this subtle king.—
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
 or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 that men of your nobility and power
 did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 and plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 that you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 by him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
 of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
 to answer all the debt he owes to you,
 even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 and to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 as to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 on the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 so honour cross it from the north to south,
 and let them grapple; O! the blood more stirs,
 to rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 to pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
 or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 and pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
 so he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 without corral, all her dignities:
 but out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
 but not the form of what he should attend.—
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
 that are your prisoners,— I'll keep them all;
 by heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
 no, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
 and lend no ear unto my purposes.—
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
 he said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
 forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
 but I will find him, when he lies asleep,
 and in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Hot. Nay,
 I'll have a starting shall be taught to speak
 nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
 to keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
 Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
 save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
 and that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
 but that I think his father loves him not,
 and would be glad he met with some mischance,
 I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you, When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool Art thou, to break into this woman's mood; Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?— A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept; His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, When you and he came back from Ravensburg.

North. At Berkley castle. *Hot.* You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look,—when his infant fortune came to age, And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,— O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again; We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners. Deliver them up without their ransome straight, And make the Douglas' son your only mean For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons, Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd, Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,— Shall secretly into the bosom creep Of that same noble prelate, well below'd, The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scro I speak not this in estimation, As what I think might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and set down; And only stays but to behold the face Of that occasion, that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do. *North.* Before the game's a-foot, thou still slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble! And then the power of Scotland, and of York To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they slip. *Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us provide To save our heads by raising of a head:

For, hear ourselves as even as we can, The king will always think him in our debt And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay us home. And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd. *Wor.* Cousin, farewell:—No further go,

Than I by letters shall direct your course. When time is ripe, (which will be sudden)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer Where you and Douglas, and our powers meet, (As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet, To bear our fortunes in our own strong arm Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be Till fields, and blows, and groans approach sport!

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse is not packed. What ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed, since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee; hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern to my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, v up the gentlemen; they will along with c for they have great charge. [*Exeunt*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand the chamberlain: for thou variest no m picking of purses, than giving direction d labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. current, that I told you yesternight: T's franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brou three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard it to one of his company, last night at s kind of auditor; one that hath abundance larg too, God knows what. They are up alre call for eggs and butter: they will away p

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with s cholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, l for the hangman; for, I know, thou wip saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falseh

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the h if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: if hang, old sir John hangs with me; an knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there Trojans that thou drestest not of, the sport sake, are content to do the professi grace; that 'would, if matters should b into, for their own credit sake, make all

and with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, no strikers; none of these mad, mustachio-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and dillity; bargomasters, and great oneyers; such hold in; such as will strike sooner than and speak sooner than drink, and drink than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray ally to their saint, the commonwealth; or, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride i down on her, and make her their boots.

u. What, the commonwealth their boots? he hold out water in foul way?

v. She will, she will; justice hath liquored We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have cept of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

w. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more as to the night, than to fern-seed, for your invisible.

x. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a in our purchase, as I am a true man.

y. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a hief.

z. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The road by Gadshill.

Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

u. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed B's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet. *ten.* Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Points! Points, and he hanged! Points!
ten. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a ag dost thou keep!

Where's Poins, Hal?
ten. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I seek him. [*Pretends to seek Poins.*]

I am accursed to rob in that thief's com-the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied know not where. If I travel but four foot squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. I doubt not but to die a fair death for all f I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I forsworn his company hourly any time this id-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched he rogue's company. If the rascal have not me medicines to make me love him, I'll be I; it could not be else; I have drunk medi-Points!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—igh!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot r. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, a true man, and leave these rogues, I am the varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles with me; and the stony-hearted villains know enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot e to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—ue upon you all! Give me my horse, you I; give me my horse, and be hanged.
ten. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine se to the ground, and list if thou canst hear ad of travellers.

Have you any levers to lift me up again, down? 'Shlood, I'll not bear mine own flesh afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's uer. What a plague mean ye to colt me

ten. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art ed.

I pry'thee, good prince Hal, help me to my good king's son.

ten. Out, you rogue, shall I be your ostler! Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I not ballads made on you all, and sung to tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; When is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

1. Stand.
So I do, against my will.
2. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the prof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

I Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

I Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, hacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A room in the castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why is

he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward tonight.*

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't, that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bead thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often, when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd; And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisades, frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoner's ransome, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream: And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see, when men restrain their breath On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*— Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horse.

My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen, As you are toss'd with. In faith, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir About his title; and hath sent for you, To line his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love *Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer Directly to this question, that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, Away, you trifer!—Love?—I love thee no I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world To play with mamets, and to tilt with li We must have bloody noses, and crack'd And pass them current too.—Gods me, my l What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st th with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, Well, do not then; for, since you love me I will not love myself. Do you not love m Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride! And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kat I must not have you henceforth question n Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclud This evening must I leave you, gentle Kat I know you wise; but yet no further wise Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you as

But yet a woman: and for secrecy, No lady closer; for I well believe, Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not kr And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far? *Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.— Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A room in the Boar's Head

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that f and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast thou been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, three or four score hogsheds. I have sou very base string of humility. Sirrah, I as brother to a leash of drawers; and can call by their Christian names, as—Tom, D Francis. They take it already upon their s that, though I be but prince of Wales, y the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthia of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so t me; and when I am king of England, I sh mand all the good lads in Eastcheap. The drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid i off.—To conclude, I am so good a pr one quarter of an hour, that I can drink v tinker in his own language during my life thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, t wert not with me in this action. But, swe to sweeten which name of Ned, I give t pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now in r by an under-skinker; one that never spal English in his life, than—*Eight shillings e pence, and—You are welcome;* with this s dition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of b the Half-moon,* or so. But, Ned, to drive a time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do th in some by-room, while I question my puny to what end he gave me the sugar; and n never leave calling—Francis, that his tal may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[Exit.]

Enter FRANCIS.

1. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the grate, Ralph.

2. Come hither, Francis.

3. My lord.

4. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

5. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

6. [Within.] Francis!

7. Anon, anon, sir.

8. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for nking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou saliant, as to play the coward with thy in- e, and to shew it a fair pair of heels, and am it?

9. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the in England, I could find in my heart—

10. [Within.] Francis!

11. Anon, anon, sir.

12. How old art thou, Francis?

13. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I

14. [Within.] Francis!

15. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my

16. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar

17. 'twas a penny-worth, was't not?

18. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

19. I will give thee for it a thousand pound:

20. when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

21. [Within.] Francis!

22. Anon, anon.

23. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to- y, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

24. My lord?

25. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal- nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, cad- ter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

26. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

27. Why then, your brown bastard is your ink: for, look you, Francis, your white can- blet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot

28. so much.

29. What, sir?

30. [Within.] Francis!

31. Away, you rogue: Dost thou not hear all?

Here they both call him; and the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such g? Look to the guests within. [Exit Fran.]

1. O lord, sir John, with half a dozen more, are loor; Shall I let them in?

2. Let them alone awhile, and then open

3. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Anon, anon, sir.

1. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the are at the door; Shall we be merry?

2. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark at cunning match have you made with this be drawer; come, what's the issue?

3. I am now of all humours, that have themselves humours, since the old days of a Adam, to the pupil age of this present

4. 'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Francis with What's o'clock, Francis?

5. Anon, anon, sir.

6. That ever this fellow should have fewer han a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—

7. ustry is—upstairs, and down stairs; his e, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet

8. 's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he, that some six or seven dozen of Scots at a

9. t, washes his hands, and says to his wife, pon this quiet life! I want work. O my

10. arry, says she, how many hast thou killed

11. Give me roon horse a drench, says he; wers, Some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle,

12. I pry'thee, call in Falstaff; I'll play and that damned brawn shall play dame

13. r his wife. Rivo, says the drunkard. Call all in talow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-

stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack,

rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but rogery to be found in vil-

lanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go

thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if man-

hood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live

not three good men unalshed in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while!

a had world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst.

You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O, villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [He drinks.]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, ecce signum. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it done?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in toe other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have

peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; by this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great

matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall the better of myself and thee, during my life, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, the titles of good fellowship come to you! shall we be merry? shall we have a play-pore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman the court at door, would speak with you: he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make a royal man, and send him back again to my father.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed-night?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardoly, are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, Hostess, Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger said, he would swear truth out of England would make you believe it was done in fig persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with grass, to make them bleed; and then to blow our garments with it, and to swear it was of true men. I did that I did not this before, I blushed to hear his monstrous device.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup eighteen years ago, and wert taken with it, and ever since thou hast blushed except Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Cholour, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone now, my sweet creature of bombast? 'Tis 't' ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own

Fal. My own knee? when I was about the Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the world, could have crept into any alderman's thumb. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a like a bladder. There's villainous news here was sir John Bracy from your father must to the court in the morning. That s' fellow of the north, Percy; and he of West gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made cuckold, and swore the devil his true upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He, that rides at high speed, with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, to praise him so for running.

O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will dge a foot.

es. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

I grant ye, upon instioct. Well, he is there d oae Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps

Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy fa-ear is turned white with the news; you y land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

ex. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot nd this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, I have good trading that way.—But, tell me, t thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir t, could the world pick thee out three such

again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit and that devil Glendower? Art thou not

afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

a. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy

Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, on comest to thy father: if thou love me, an answer.

a. Do thou stand for my father, and ex-ec upon the particulars of my life.

shall I? content:—This chain shall be my is dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my

i. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy ceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious en, for a pitiful bald crown!

Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out oow shall thou be moved.—Give me a cup to make mine eyes look red, that it may

ht I have wept; for I must speak in pas- I will do it in king Cambyases' vein.

Well, here is my leg.

nd here is my speech:—Stand aside, no-

This is excellent sport, i'faith.

leep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears

vain.

the father, how he holds his countenance!

or God's sake, lords, convey my trustful en,

do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

rare! he doth it as like one of these

layers, as I ever see.

ace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-

arry, I do not only marvel where thou

by time, but also how thou art accom-

though the camomile, the more it is,

the faster it grows, yet youth, the more

sd, the sooner it wears. That thou art my

ve partly thy mother's word, partly my

on; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine

a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that

ant me. If then thou be son to me, here

int:—Why, being son to me, art thou so

? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove

and eat blackberries? a question not to

Shall the son of England prove a thief,

urses? a question to be asked. There is

larry, which thou hast often heard of,

mown to many in our land by the name

this pitch, as ancient writers do report;

; so doth the company thou keepest:

now I do not speak to thee in drink,

s; not in pleasure, but in passion; not

only, but in woes also:—And yet there

as man, whom I have often noted in thy

not I know not his name.

What manner of man, an it like your

ood portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent;

al look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble

nd, as I think, his age some fifty, or by

ring to threescore; and now I remember

me is Falstaff: if that man should be

en, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see

s looks. If then the tree may be known

s, as the fruit by the tree, then peremp-

ak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff:

ith, the rest banish. And tell me now,

ty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poultier's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry; whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tinkle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion.

Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of headliness, that swoln parcel of dropnies, that hugh bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [A knocking heard.]

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the and snoring like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches Search his pockets. [*Poins searches.*] W thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read t

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2 l.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-penny of bread to this intolerable deal of sack there is else, keep close; we'll read it at vantage: there let him sleep till day. I court in the morning: we must all to and thy place shall be honourable. IT this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I k death will be a march of twelve-score. T shall be paid back again with advantage. me betimes in the morning; and so good Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Bangor. A room in the Archdeacon's house.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,— Will you sit down?— And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glen. No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur: For by that name as oft as Lancaster Doth speak or you, his cheek looks pale; and with A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets; and, at my birth, The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done At the same season, if your mother's cat had But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake, when I was born. *Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glen. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity. Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisoning of unruly wind Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving, Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth, Our grandam earth, having this distemperature, In passion shook.

Glen. Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave To tell you once again,—that at my birth, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes; The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields. These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; And all the courses of my life do show, I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea That chides the banks of England, Scotland,

Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art, And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks Welsh:—

I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will mad.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vast *Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any m But will they come, when you do call fo

Glen. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame By telling truth; I'll tell truth, and shame th If thou have power to raise him, bring h And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame l O, while you live, tell truth, and shame!

Mort. Come, come, No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry B made head

Against my power: thrice from the bank And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent, Bootless home, and weather-beaten bac

Hot. Home without boots, and in faul w How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's na

Glen. Come, here's the map; shall our right,

According to our threefold order ta'en! *Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn, hither By south and east, is to my part assign;

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn, And all the fertile land within that bour

To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, t The remnant northward, lying off from

And our indentures tripartite are drawn Which being sealed interchangeably, (A business that this night may execute

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I, And my good lord of Worcester, will su

To meet your father, and the Scottish p, As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet, Nor shall we need his help these fourteen

Within that space, [*To Glend.*] you drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring *Glen.* A shorter time shall send me to And in my conduct shall your ladies co From whom you now must steal, and tak For there will be a world of water sho Upon the parting of your wives and yo

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from B In quantity equals not one of yours: See, how this river comes me cranking

cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out,
 Have the current in this place damm'd up;
 Here the smug and silver Trent shall run
 In a new channel, fair and evenly:
 Shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 Rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Lead. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

Hot. Yea, mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up like advantage on the other side; lying the opposed continent as much, on the other side it takes from you.
For. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here, on this north side win this cape of land; then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
Lead. I will not have it alter'd.

For. Will not you?

Lead. No, nor you shall not.

For. Who shall say me nay?

Lead. Why, that will I.

For. Let me not understand you then, like it in Welsh.

Lead. I can speak English, lord, as well as you; I was train'd up in the English court:

For. being but young, I framed to the harp an English ditty, lovely well,

Lead. gave the tongue a helpful ornament; true, that was never seen in you.

For. Marry, and I'm glad of 't with all my heart;

Lead. I rather be a kitten, and cry—mew, one of these same metre ballad-mongers:

For. I rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd, dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;

Lead. that would set my teeth nothing on edge, singing so much as mincing poetry;

For. like the fore'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Lead. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

For. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land to my well-deserving friend;

Lead. in the way of bargain, mark ye me, will on the ninth part of a hair.

For. be indentures drawn? shall we be gone!

Lead. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:

For. haste the writer, and, withal,

Lead. with your wives of your departure hence: afraid, my daughter will run mad,

For. such she doth on her Mortimer. *[Exit.*

For. 7. fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Lead. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me, telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

For. a dreamer Merlin and his prophecies; of a dragon and a finless fish,

Lead. a wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven, a ching lion, and a ramping cat,

For. such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff to me from my faith. I tell you what,—

Lead. I'd be but last night, at least nine hours, knocking up the several devils' names,

For. were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,—

Lead. go to,—

For. mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious as a tired horse, a railing wife;

Lead. or than a smoky house:—I had rather live, cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,

For. feed on cates, and have him talk to me, in a summer-house in Christendom.

Lead. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman; dingly well read, and profited

For. in concealments; valiant as a lion, and rous affable; and as beautiful as the Indies.

Lead. Shall I tell you, cousin? I'ds your temper in a high respect,

For. works himself even of his natural scope, you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:

Lead. I want you, that man is not alive, so have tempted him as you have done,

For. not at the taste of danger and reproof; not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Lead. In faith, my lord, you are too wifful-blame; need your coming hither have done enough

For. him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault: Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood, (And that's the dearest grace it renders you,) Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage, Defect of manners, want of government, Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain: The least of which, haunting a nobleman, Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain Upon the beauty of all parts besides, Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed! Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me.— My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you, She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy, Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.]

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, One no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady M. speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.]
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame, In such a parley would I answer thee.

[Lady M. speaks.]
 I understand thy kisses, and thou mine, And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will never be a truant love, Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd, Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[Lady M. speaks again.]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down, And rest your gentle head upon her lap, And she will sing the song, that pleaseth you, And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness; Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep, As is the difference betwixt day and night, The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians, that shall play to you, Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence; Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

Glendower speaks some Welsh words, and then the musick plays.

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh; And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous. By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh song sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day: And giv'st such sarcent surety for thy oaths, As if thou never walk'dst further than Finshury. Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth, And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens. Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. *[Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer, you are as slow, As hot lord Percy is on fire to go. By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A room in the palace.

Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some conference: But be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you. *[Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so, For some displeasing service I have done, That in his secret doom, out of my blood He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me; But thou dost, in thy passages of life, Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven, To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else, Could such inordinate, and low desires, Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts, Such barren pleasures, rude society, As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to, Accompany the greatness of thy blood, And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty I would I could, Quit all offences with as clear excuse, As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge Myself of many I am charg'd withal: Yet such extenuation let me beg, As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,— Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,— By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers, I may, for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faulty wander'd and irregular, Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger brother is supplied; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood: The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man Prophetically does fore-think thy fall. Had I so lavish of my presence been, So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, So stale and cheap to vulgar company; Opinion, that did help me to the crown, Had still kept loyal to possession; And left me in reputeless banishment, A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood. By being seldom seen, I could not stir, But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at: That men would tell their children, *This is he;* Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?* And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, And dress'd myself in such humility, That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts, Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned king. Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new; My presence, like a robe pontifical, Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast And won, by rareness, such solemnity. The skipping king, he ambled up and down With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits, Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his mingled his royalty with capering fools; Had his great name profaned with their scoot And gave his countenance, against his name, To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push Of every beardless vain comparative: Grew a companion to the common streets, Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, They surfeited with honey; and began To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little More than a little is by much too much. So, when he had occasion to be seen, He was but as the cuckoo is in June, Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes As, sick and blunted with community, Afford no extraordinary gaze, Such as is bent on sun-like majesty, When it shines seldom in admiring eyes: But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids, Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect As cloudy men use to their adversaries; Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd, and And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou For thou hast lost thy princely privilege, With vile participation; not an eye But is a-weary of thy common sight, Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee: Which now doth that, I would not have it Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world, As thou art to this hour, was Richard the When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg And even as I was then, is Percy now. Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot, He hath more worthy interest to the state, Than thou, the shadow of succession: For, of no right, nor colour like to right, He doth fill fields with harness in the real Turns head against the lion's armed jaws; And, being no more in debt to years than Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops To bloody battles, and to bruising arms. What never-dying honour hath he got Against renowned Douglas; whose high d Whose hot incursions, and great name in Holds from all soldiers chief majority, And military title capital.

Through all the kingdoms, that acknowledged Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing This infant warrior in his enterprizes Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once Enlarged him, and made a friend of him, To fill the mouth of deep defiance up, And shake the peace and safety of our throne And what say you to this? Percy, Northumb The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, and Capitulate against us, and are up. But wherefore do I tell these news to thee? Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes, Which art my near'st and dearest enemy Thou that art like enough, through vassal Base inclination, and the start of spleen, To fight against me under Percy's pay, To dog his heels, and court'sy at his brow To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find And God forgive them, that have so much Your majesty's good thoughts away from I will redeem all this on Percy's head, And, in the closing of some glorious day, Be bold to tell you, that I am your son; When I will wear a garment all of blood And stain my favours in a bloody mask, Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame And that shall be the day, whene'er it li

this same child of honour and renown,
gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
very honour sitting on his helm,
did they were multitudes; and on my head
hames redoubled! for the time will come
I shall make this northern youth exchange
glorious deeds for my indignities.
It is but my factor, good my lord,
gross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
I will call him to so strict account,
he shall render every glory up,
even the slightest worship of his time,
will tear the reckoning from his heart.
In the name of God, I promise here:
which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
beseech your majesty, may save
long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
the end of life cancels all hands;
I will die an hundred thousand deaths,
reak the smallest parcel of this vow.
Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
at. So hath the business, that I come to speak of.
Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
leventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
ghy and a fearful head they are,
misses be kept on every hand,
er offer'd foul play in a state.
ten. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
him my sou, lord John of Lancaster;
is advertisement is five days old:—
Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
out; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
march through Gloucestershire; by which
account,
business valued, some twelve days hence
general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
lands are full of business: let's away;
stage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

t'cheap. A room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since
st action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?
my skin hangs about me like an old lady's
torn; I am wither'd like an old apple-John.
I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am
liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and
shall have no strength to repent. An I have
rotten what the inside of a church is made
of a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the in-
f a church! Company, villainous company,
see the spoil of me.

F. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot
sing.

Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy
make me merry. I was as virtuously given,
milesman need to be; virtuously enough: swore
died, not above seven times a week; went
awdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of
it; paid money that I borrowed, three or four
lived well, and in good compass: and now
out of all order, out of all compass.

d. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you
needs be out of all compass; out of all re-
compass, sir John.

Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my
Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern
poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art
light of the burning lamp.

d. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.
No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of
any a man doth of a death's head, or a me-
mori: I never see thy face, but I think upon
re, and Dives that lived in purple; for there
a his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert
ay given to virtue, I would swear by thy

face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou
art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but
for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness.
When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to
catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been
an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no pur-
chase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph,
an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me
a thousand marks in links and torches, walking
with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:
but the sack, that thou hast drunk me, would have
bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest
chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that
salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-
and-thirty years: Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your
belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be
heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Parlet the hen? have you in-
quired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir
John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house?
I have searched, I have inquired, so has my hus-
band, man by man, boy by boy, servant by ser-
vant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my
house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved,
and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket
was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I! I defy thee: I was never called so
in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John: you do not know me, sir
John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money,
sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me
of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowias, filthy dowias: I have given them
away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters
of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of
eight shillings an ell. You owe money here ba-
sides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings,
and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call
you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his
cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you
make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease
in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?
I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth
forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him,
I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup;
and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a
dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marking.
FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his
truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door,
i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly?
How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an
honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind
the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house
is turned hawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four
bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my
grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I
heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks
most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he
is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?
Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox: and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why! she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you,

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whorson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long

winded; if thy pocket were enriched with other injuries but these, I am a villain. A you will staid to it; you will not pocket up Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, this state of innocence, Adam fell; and what poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess thou picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy secherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tract any honest reason: thou seest, I am pac Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*]
Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the rury lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still langel to thee:—The money is paid back ag

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my fath may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thi does, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a cl foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Whe I find one that can steal well? O for a fir of the age of two and twenty, or thereab am heinously unprovided. Well, God be for these rebels, they offend none but the v I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of La My brother John; this to my lord of We land.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, as Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner th Jack,

Meet me to-morrow i'th the Temple-hall At two o'clock i'th the afternoon: There shalt thou know thy charge; and there Money, and order for their furniture. The land is burning; Percy stands on high! And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and B*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Host breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth, In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself: Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour: No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievously sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick, In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep I
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I se

And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than ne
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness do

The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could n

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it me
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That writt our small conjunction, we should
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing nov
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present war
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were

To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

not good: for therein should we read
 cry bottom and the soul of hope;
 cry list, the very utmost bound
 our fortunes.

g. 'Faith, and so we should;
 now remains a sweet reversion:
 ay boldly spend upon the hope of what
 come in:

fort of retirement lives in this.

A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
 the devil and mischief look big
 the maidenhead of our affairs.

But yet, I would your father had been here.
 quality and air of our attempt
 no division: It will be thought
 me, that know not why he is away,
 wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
 think, how such an apprehension
 in the tide of fearful faction,
 need a kind of question in our cause:
 tell you know, we of the offering side
 keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
 on all slight-holes, every loop, from whence
 of reason may pry in upon us:
 presence of your father's draws a curtain,
 bows the ignorant a kind of fear,
 not dream of.

You strain too far.
 er, of his absence make this use;—
 s a lustre, and more great opinion,
 r dare to our great enterprise,
 f the earl were here: for men must think,
 without his help, can make a head
 b against the kingdom; with his help,
 ll o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
 goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
 . As heart can think: there is not such a word
 f in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
 Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
 l of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 hing hitherwards; with him, prince John.
 No harm: What more?

And further, I have learn'd,—
 g himself in person hath set forth,
 erwards intended speedily,
 rous and mighty preparation.
 He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 ble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
 comrades, that daft'd the world aside,
 t it pass?

All furnish'd, all in arms,
 n'd like estridges that wing the wind;
 ke eagles having lately bath'd;
 ng in golden coats, like images;
 of spirit as the month of May,
 geous as the sun at midsummer;
 as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 oung Harry,—with his beaver on,
 ses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
 m the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 lted with such ease into his seat,
 angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 ch the world with noble horsemanship.
 No more, no more; worse than the sun in
 larch,

use doth nourish agues. Let them come;
 me like sacrifices in their trim,
 the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 and bleeding, will we offer them:
 led Mars shall on his altar sit,
 e ears in blood. I am on fire,
 this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
 to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 the bosom of the prince of Wales:
 Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 d ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
 Glendower were come!

There is more news:
 l in Worcester, as I rode along,
 of draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Hor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Fer. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us make a muster speedily:
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A public road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill
 me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march
 through; we'll to Sutton-Coldfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it
 make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coin-
 age. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the
 town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am
 a soused garnet. I have misused the king's press
 damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
 and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.
 I press me none but good house-holders, yeomen's
 sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as
 had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodi-
 ty of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil
 as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver,
 worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I
 pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with
 hearts in their bellies no bigger than puns' heads,
 and they have bought out their services; and now
 my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals,
 lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as
 ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the
 glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, in-
 deed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust
 serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, re-
 volved tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers
 of a calm world, and a long peace: ten times more
 dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:
 and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that
 have bought out their services, that you would
 think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered pro-
 digals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eat-
 ing draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the
 way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets,
 and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen
 such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry
 with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains
 march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves
 on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of
 prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my
 company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked
 together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a
 herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say
 the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's,
 or the red-nose innkeeper of Daintry. But that's
 all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a
 devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord
 of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought
 your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that
 I were there, and you too; but my powers are
 there already: the king, I can tell you, looks for
 us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a
 cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy
 theft hath already made thee hutter. But tell me,
 Jack; whose fellows are these, that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; and food for

powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well.

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. If may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour hid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and 'would

to God,

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well: and even those some

Envy your great deserving, and good name;

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty!

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs; and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such hold hostility, teaching his duteous laud

Audacious cruelty: If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

Which he confesseth to be manifold,—

He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest;

And pardon absolute for yourself and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears:

And,—when he was not six and twenty st

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and l

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—

My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And,—when he heard him swear, and vow

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery, and beg his peace;

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too

Now, when the lords and barons of the re

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him

The more and less came in with cap and k

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their

Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd hi

Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.

He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—

Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, while his blood was p

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform

Some certain edicts, and some strait decre

That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

Over his country's wrongs; and, by this

This seeming brow of justice, did he win

The hearts of all, that he did angle for.

Proceeded further; cut me off the heads

Of all the favourites, that the absent king

In deputation left behind him here,

When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the p

In short time after, he depos'd the king;

Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;

And, in the neck of that, task'd the whol

To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman

(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd

Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,

There without ransom to lie forfeited:

Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;

Sought to intrap me by intelligence;

Rated my uncle from the council-board;

In rage dismiss'd my father from the cou

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on

And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out

This head of safety; and, withal, to pry

Into his title, the which we find

Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to th

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdra

Go to the king; and let there be impaw

Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall mine us

Bring him our purposes: and so farewell

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grac

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven you do!

SCENE IV.

York. A room in the Archbishop's h

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a G

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this se

With winged haste, to the lord marsha

This to my cousin Scroop; and all the r

To whom they are directed: if you kno

How much they do import, you would m

Gen. My good lord,

I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you d

To-morrow; good sir Michael, is a day,

Wherein the fortune of ten thousand me

Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shre

As I am truly given to understand,

The king, with mighty and quick-raised

Meets with lord Harry; and I fear, sir,

What with the sickness of Northumberl

(Whose power was in the first proportio

And what with Owen Glendower's absen

(Who with them was a rated siew too,

And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophec

I fear, the power of Percy is too weak

age an instant trial with the king.
st. Why, good my lord, you need not fear;
 there's Douglas,
 Mortimer.
cl. No, Mortimer's not there.
st. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry
 Percy,
 there's my lord of Worcester, and a head
 allant warriors, noble gentlemen.
cl. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
 special head of all the land together;—
 prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;

And many more cor-rivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.
Genl. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
 oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
 And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
 For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
 Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
 To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.
 [Exit severally.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The King's camp near Shrewsbury.

*King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince
 BN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT,
 Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 As you busky hill! the day looks pale
 & distemperature.

Yes. The southern wind
 play the trumpet to his purposes;
 by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 alls a tempest, and a blustering day.
Gen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
 nothing can seem foul to those, that win.—

set. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
 you and I should meet upon such terms
 we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
 made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 ish our old limbs in ungentle steel:
 a not well, my lord, this is not well.
 say you to't? will you again unknot
 hurlish knot of all-aborred war?
 oove in that obedient orb again,
 e you did give a fair and natural light;
 e no more an exhal'd meteor,
 lity of fear, and a portent
 ached mischief to the unborn times?
 . Hear me, my liege:
 ine own part, I could be well content
 certain the lag-end of my life
 quiet hours; for, I do protest,
 not sought the day of this dislike.

Yes. You have not sought it! how comes it
 then?

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Gen. Peace, chewet, peace.

. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
 our, from myself, and all our house;
 et I must remember you, my lord,
 ere the first and dearest of your friends.
 e my staff of office did I break
 ard's time; and posted day and night
 et you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 yet you were in place and in account
 ig so strong and fortunate as I.

myself, my brother, and his son,
 ought you home, and boldly did outdare
 ngers of the time: You swore to us,—
 ou did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 ou did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 aim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
 at of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
 e swore our aid. But, in short space,
 'd down fortune showering on your head;
 sch a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 with our help; what with the absent king;
 with the injuries of a wanton time;
 eming sufferances, that you had borne;
 e contrarious winds, that held the king
 g in his unlucky Irish wars,
 ll in England did repute him dead,—
 ron this swarm of fair advantages,
 ck occasion to be quickly woo'd
 e the general sway into your hand:
 your oath to us at Doncaster;

And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.
K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of horlyburly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we ven-
 ture thee,
 Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no.
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are misled upon your cousin's part:
 And will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exit Worcester and Vernon.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
 charge;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[Exit King, Blunt, and Prince John.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
 bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour pricks me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The rebel camp.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard, The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone. It is not possible, it cannot be, The king should keep his word in loving us; He will suspect us still, and find a time To punish this offence in other faults: Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes: For treason is but trusted like the fox; Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up, Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. Look how we can, or sad, or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our looks; And we shall feed like oxen at a stall, The better cherish'd, still the nearer death. My nephew's trespass may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood; And an adopted name of privilege,— A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen: All his offences live upon my head, And on his father's;—we did train him on; And, his corruption being ta'en from us, We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all. Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know, In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so. Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,— By now forswearing that he is forsworn: He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth, And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it; Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads; And that no man might draw short breath to-day, But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly, Unless a brother should a brother dare

To gentle exercise and proof of arms. He gave you all the duties of a man; Trimm'd up your praises with a princely title; Spoke your deservings like a chronicle; Making you ever better than his praise, By still dispraising praise, valued with you And, which became him like a prince indeed, He made a blushing cital of himself; And chid his truant youth with such a grace As if he master'd there a double spirit, Of teaching, and of learning, instantly. There did he pause: But let me tell the world If he outlive the envy of this day, England did never owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamour'd Upon his follies; never did I hear Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:— But, be he as he will, yet once ere night I will embrace him with a soldier's arm, That he shall shrink under my courtesy.— Arm, arm, with speed:—Aud, fellows, friends,

Better consider what you have to do, Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short; To spend that shortness basely, were too fool: If life did ride upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour. An if we live, we live to tread on kings; If die, brave death, when princes die with Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from For I profess not talking; Only this— Let each man do his best; and here draw A sword, whose temper I intend to stain With the best blood that I can meet with In the adventure of this perilous day. Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on. Sound all the lofty instruments of war, And by that music let us all embrace: For, heaven to earth, some of us never shal A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and*

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is And I do haunt thee in the battle thus, Because some tell me, that thou art a king

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day he Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king I This sword hath ended him; so shall it Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou pr And thou shalt find a king, that will rev Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and Blunt*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holm I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here break the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face A gallant knight he was, his name was Semblably furnish'd like the king himself

A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
 'd title hast thou bought too dear.
 dost thou tell me that thou wert a king?
 The king hath many marching in his coats.
 Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
 I'll raze all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
 and meet the king.

Up, and away;
 diers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Other alarms. Enter FALSTAFF.

Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,
 he shot here; here's no scoring but upon the
 left! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—
 honour for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as
 molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep
 of me! I need no more weight than mine
 rils.—I have led my raggamuffins where
 peppered: there's but three of my hundred
 left alive; and they are for the town's end,
 and living life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

1. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me
 y sword:
 nobleman lies stark and stiff
 he hoofs of vaunting enemies,
 leaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend thy
 sword.

2. Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe
 —Turk Gregory never did such deeds in
 I have done this day. I have paid Percy,
 and made him sure.

3. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
 e thy sword, I pr'ythee.

4. I lay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou
 thy sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

5. Give it me: What, is it in thy case?
 y, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will
 ty. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*]

6. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?
 [Throws it at him, and exit.]

7. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If
 me in my way, so: if he do not, if I come
 illingly, let him make a carbozard of me.
 such grinning honours as sir Walter hath:
 life: which if I can save, so; if not, he
 is unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

*Excursions. Enter the King, Prince
 Y, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORE-*

1. I pr'ythee,
 ithdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—
 n of Lancaster, go you with him.

2. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
 I do beseech your majesty, make up
 retirement do amaze your friends.

3. I will do so:—
 of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

4. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.
 Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

5. 'en forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
 e of Wales from such a field as this;

6. ain'd nobility lies trodden on,
 is' arms triumph in massacres!

7. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin
 estmoreland,

8. this way lies; for God's sake, come.
 [*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]

9. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-
 aster,

10. think thee lord of such a spirit:
 lov'd thee as a brother, John;

11. I do respect thee as my soul.
 I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
 tier maintenance than I did look for
 n ungrown warrior.

O, this boy

12. title to us all. [*Exit.*]

Alarms. Enter DOUGLAS.
 13. oother king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those,
 That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
 That counterfeit'st the person of a king!

K. Hen. The king, himself; who, Douglas, grieves
 at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
 And not the very king. I have two boys,
 Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
 But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
 I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
 And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
 But mine, I am sure, thou art, whose'er thou be,
 And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: the King being in danger, enter
 Prince Henry.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
 Never to hold it up again! the spirits
 Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
 It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;
 Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—

[*They fight, Douglas flies.*
 Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
 Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
 And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:
 Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion;
 And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
 That ever said, I hearken'd to your death.
 If it were so, I might have left alone
 The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
 Which would have been as speedy in your end,
 As all the poisonous potions in the world,
 And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas
 Gawsey. [*Exit King Henry.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Moonmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.
 I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
 To share with me the glory any more:
 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
 Nor can one England brook a double reign,
 Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
 To end the one of us; Aud 'would to God,
 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
 And all the budding honours on thy crest
 I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you
 shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with Falstaff, who falls
 down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hot-*

spur is wounded, and falls.
Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
 I better brook the loss of brittle life,
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
 They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
 my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
 Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death
 Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
 And food for— [Dies.]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,
 great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face!
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*]

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Shlood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore, I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing comfutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY, and Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I pry'thee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so: if not, let them, that should reward valour, hear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Execute Prince Henry, and Prince John.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave neat, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to.
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Execute Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, whom he slew,
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,— fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

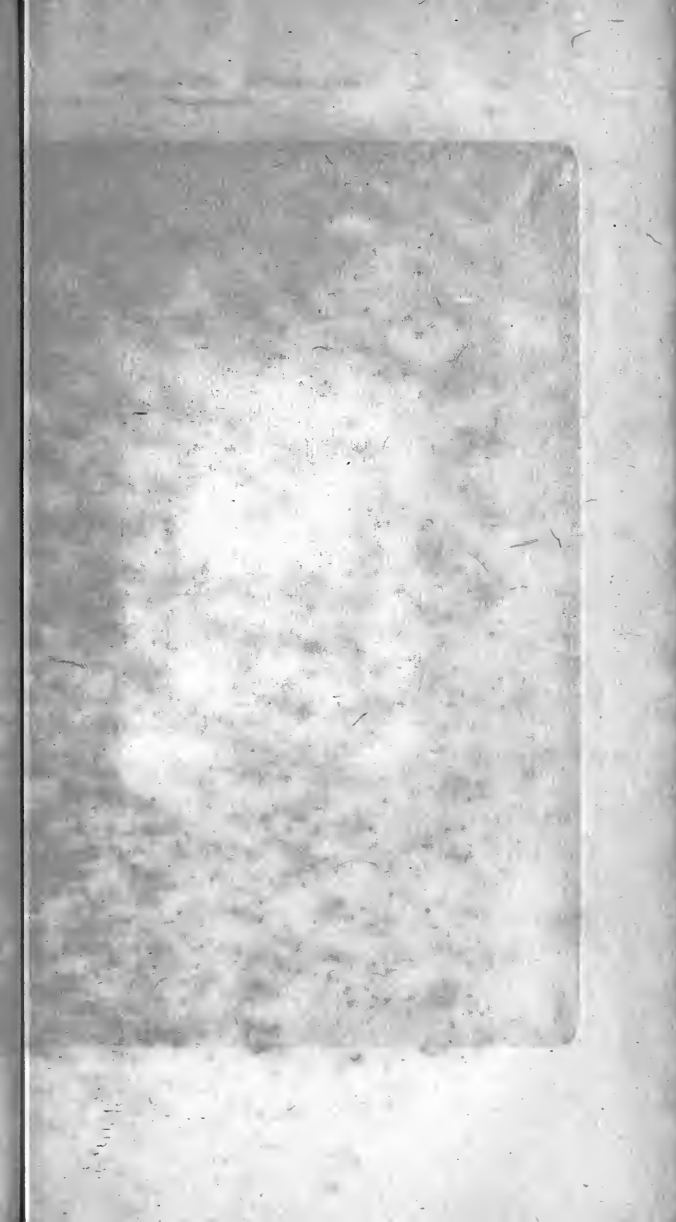
P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

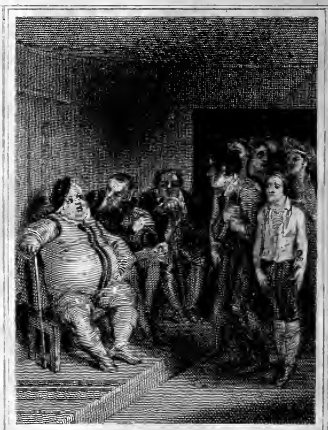
K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your due speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Warwick
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exit.*]







T. Stothard RA.

Aug Fox sc.

HENRY IV. PART 2.

Act. 3. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane 1824.

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King **HENRY** the Fourth.
HENRY, prince of Wales, afterwards
 king Henry V.;
THOMAS, duke of Clarence;
 Prince **JOHN** of Lancaster, afterwards
 (3 Henry V.) duke of Bedford;
 Prince **HUMPHREY** of Gloucester, after-
 wards (2 Henry V.) duke of Gloucester;
 Earl of **WARWICK**;
 Earl of **WESTMORELAND**;
GOWER; **HARCOURT**;
 Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
 A Gentleman attending on the chief justice.
 Earl of **NORTHUMBERLAND**;
SCROOP, archbishop of York;
 Lord **MOWBRAY**; Lord **HASTINGS**;
 Lord **BARDOLPH**;
 Sir **JOHN COLEVILLE**;

TRAVERS and **MORTON**, domestics of Nor-
 thumberland.
FALSTAFF, **BARDOLPH**, **PISTOL**, and
 Page.
POINS and **PETO**, attendants on prince Henry.
SHALLOW and **SILENCE**, country justices.
DAVY, servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, **SHADOW**, **WART**, **FEEBLE**, and
BULLCALF, recruits.
FANG and **SNARE**, sheriff's officers.
RUMOUR. A Porter.
 A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

Lady **NORTHUMBERLAND**. Lady **PERCY**.
 Hostess **QUICKLY**. **DOLL TEAR-SHEET**.

Lords, and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

Scene,—England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will
 stop

The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
 I, from the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The news commenced on this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Scattering the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity
 Under the smile of safety wounds the soul:
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
 Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And so such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Drawn by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,

Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
 I run before king Harry's victory;
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's
 tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
 wrongs. *[Exit.]*

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The same.

The Porter before the gate; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is
 the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?
Bard. Tell thou the earl,

That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
 Praye it your honour, knock hut at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute
 now

Should be the father of some stratagem:
 The times are wild; contention, like a horse
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
 And hears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
 I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:—

The king is almost wounded to the death;
 And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
 Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
 Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
 And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
 And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,

Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Caesar's fortunes !

North. How is this deriv'd ?
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence ;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you ?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his peer jade
Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha !—Again,
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur, coldspur ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck !

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what ;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony ; never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then such instances of loss ?

Bard. Who, he ?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on : and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume :
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so wee-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd :
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
Thus thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus ;

Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gain'd
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not, that Percy
I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
The tongue offends not, that reports his deed
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to see
That, which I would to heaven I had not
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody act
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-to
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath h
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more spr
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp),
Being bruited once, took fire and heat aw
From the best temper'd courage in his tro
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heav
And as the thing, that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest spee
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with t
That arrows fled not swifter toward th
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their sat
Fly from the field : Then was that noble V
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labour'd
Had three times slain the appearance of t
'Gan veil his stomach, and did grace the
Of those, that turn'd their backs ; and, in
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum
Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath a
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lo
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland : this is the news at

North. For this I shall have time enough
In poison there is physick ; and these ne
Having been well, that would have mad
Being sick, have in some measure mad
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakn'
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under li
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my li
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd
Are three themselves : Hence therefore,
crutch ;
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of ste
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou st
Thou art a guard too wanton for the hea
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, a
Now bind my brows with iron ; And ap
The ragged'st hour that time and spite d
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberl
Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nat
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all besoms, that, each heart bei
On bloody courses, the rude scene may
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Tra. This strained passion doth you v
lord.
Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom
honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving comp
Lean on your health ; the which, if you
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord
And summ'd the account of chance, before y
Let us make head. It was your presurr
That, in the dole of blows your son mig
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forv

lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd;
you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
strongly apprehended, could restrain
f-borne action: What hath then befallen,
t hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
an that being, which was like to be!

We all, that are engaged to this loss,
that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
the respect of likely peril fear'd;
we are o'erset, venture again.

re will all put forth; body, and goods.
Tis more than time: And, my most noble
rd,

or certain, and do speak the truth,—
the archbishop of York is up,
ell-appointed powers; he is a man,
th a double surety binds his followers
your son had only but the corps,
lows, and the shows of men, to fight:
same word, rebellion, did divide
on of their bodies from their souls;
y did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
drink potions; that their weapons only
in our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
rd, rebellion, it had froze them up,
we in a pond: But now the bishop
surrection to religion:

I sincere and holy in his thoughts,
ow'd both with body and with mind;
h enlarge his rising with the blood
ing Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:
from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
m, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
for life under great Bolingbroke;
e, and less, do flock to follow him.

I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
sent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
ith me; and counsel every man
st way for safety, and revenge:
t, and letters, and make friends with speed;
few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. A Street.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page
bearing his sword and buckler.

irrah, you giant, what says the doctor to
r?

He said, sir, the water itself was a good
water: but, for the party that owed it, he
ve more diseases than he knew for.

ten of all sorts take a pride to gird at me:
n of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is
to invent any thing, that tends to laughter,
in I invent, or is invented on me: I am
witty in myself, but the cause that wit is
men. I do here walk before thee, like a
bath overwhelmed all her litter but one.
ince put thee into my service for any other
an to set me off, why then I have no judg-
hou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to
in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I
r manned with an agate till now: but I
ron neither in gold nor silver, but in vile
and send you back again to your master,
el; the juvenal, the prince your master,
in is not yet flegged. I will sooner have
grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall
n his cheek; and yet he will not stick to
face is a face royal: God may finish it
will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may
ill as a face-royal, for a barber shall never
ence out of it; and yet he will be crowing,
had writ man ever since his father was a

He may keep his own grace, but he is
at of mine, I can assure him.—What
Dumbleton about the satin for my short
d slops?

He said, sir, you should procure him better
than Bardolph: he would not take his
t years; he liked not the security.
et him be damned like the glutton I may
se be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a

rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in
hand, and then stand upon security!—The whor-
son smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high
shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if
a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,
then they must stand upon—security. I had as
lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer
to stop it with security. I looked he should have
sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a
true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he
may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of
abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines
through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have
his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bar-
dolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your
worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me
a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife
in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that com-
mitted the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?
Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good
service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going
with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.
Ch. Just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any
thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must
speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there
not wars? is there not employment? I loth not the
king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers?
Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it
is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side,
were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell
how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest
man? setting my knighthood and my soldiery
aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood
and your soldiery aside; and give me leave to
tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any
other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside
that, which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave
of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better
be hanged: You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship
good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship
abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I
hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your
lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath
yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the
saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your
lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your
expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty
is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would
not com: when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen
into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let
me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of
lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of
sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from
study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read
the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of
dizziness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty: but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He, that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A vassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravv, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he, that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapstey, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us, that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we, that are in the vaward of our youth, I most confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he, that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have it him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better part: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you prince Harry: I hear, you are going with John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, a earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit: But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady at home, that our armies join not in a hot for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts on me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white. There is not a dangerous action can pesp a head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I can ever: But it was always yet the trick of our nation, if they have a good thing, to make common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God name were not so terrible to the enemy as I were better to be eaten to death with rust, be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; Bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attorneys.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-mar—A man can no more separate age and cunning, than he can part young limbs and life; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my cure.

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this condition of the purse: borrowing only lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this prince! this to the earl of Westmoreland; to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weak to marry since I perceived the first white in my chin: About it; you know where to [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a pox of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays with my great toe. It is no matter, if I have the wars for my colour, and my shall seem the more reasonable: a good make use of any thing; I will turn it to commodity.

SCENE III.

York. A room in the Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the Lord BISHOPS, NOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our counsel: know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.

And first, lord marshal, what say you to this?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our business: but gladly would be better satisfied,

How, in our means, we should advance it.

To look with forehead bold and big enough upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present numbers grow upon us: To five and twenty thousand men of choice.

And our supplies live largely in the hope of great Northumberland, whose bosom

With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, is this:—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand may hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the question: But if without him we be thought too few,

My judgment is, we should not step too far, till we had his assistance by the hand:

For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

uncertain, should not be admitted.
 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for indeed,
 young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
 It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with
 ope,
 he air on promise of supply,
 ng himself with project of a power
 maller than the smallest of his thoughts :
 with great imagination,
 o madmen, 'ed his powers to death,
 nking, leap'd into destruction.
 Bat, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
 low'n likelihoods, and forms of hope.
 Yes, in this present quality of war;—
 he instant action, (a cause on foot,)
 e hope, as in an early spring
 the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
 ves not so much warrant, as despair,
 ets will bite them. When we mean to
 ild,
 survey the plot, then draw the model ;
 n we see the figure of the house,
 st we rate the cost of the erection :
 f we find outweighs ability,
 o we then, but draw anew the model
 offices ; or, at least, desist
 at all ! Much more, in this great work,
 is, almost, to-pluck a kingdom down,
 another up,) should we survey
 of situation, and the model ;
 upon a snre foundation ;
 surveyers ; know our own estate,
 e such a work to undergo,
 a against his opposite; or else,
 fy in paper, and in figures,
 e names of men instead of men :
 , that draws the model of a house
 his power to build it ; who, half through,
 et, and leaves his part-created cost
 subject to the weeping clouds,
 te for churlish winter's tyranny.
 rant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)
 e still-born, and that we now possess'd
 utmost man of expectation :
 we are a body strong enough,
 we are, to equal with the king.
 What ! is the king but five and twenty
 ousand ?

Hast. To us, no more ; nay, not so much, lord
 Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
 Are in three heads : one power against the French,
 And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
 Must take up us : So is the uniform king
 In three divided ; and his coffers sound
 With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
 together,
 And come against us in full puissance,
 Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
 He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
 Baying him at his heels : never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither ?
Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland ;
 Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth :
 But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
 I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on ;
 And publish the occasion of our arms.
 The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
 Their over-greedy love hath surfeit'd :—
 An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, bestly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou discharge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard :
 And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
 times ?

They, that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
 Thou, that throw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud London he came sighing on
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
 Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,
 And take thou this !* O thoughts of men accurst !
 Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be
 gone. [Reunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

London. A street.

*Master Fang, and his Boy, with her ;
 and SNARE following.*

Master Fang, have you enter'd the ac-
 n ?
 It is enter'd.

Where is your yeoman ? Is it a lusty yeo-
 ill a' stand to't ?

Sirrah, where's Snare ?

O lord, ay : good master Snare.

Here, here.

Snare, we must arrest sir John Fal-
 ff.
 'ea, good master Snare : I have entered him

It may chance cost some of us our lives,
 ill stab.

Alas the day ! take heed of him ; he stabbed
 his own house, and that most bestly : in
 h, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if
 on be out : he will foin like any devil ; he
 e neither man, woman, nor child.
 If I can close with him, I care not for his

No, nor I neither : I'll be at your elbow.
 An I but fist him once ; an a' come but
 y vice ;—

(Am undone by his going ; I warrant you,
 infinitive thing upon my score :—Good
 ang, hold him sure ;—good master Snare,
 ot 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-

corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle ;
 and he's incited to dinner to the lubbar's head in
 Lambert-street, to master Smooth's the silk-man :
 I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case
 so openly known to the world, let him be brought
 in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan
 for a poor lone woman to bear : and I have borne,
 and borne, and borne ; and have been fubbed off,
 and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to
 that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There
 is no honesty in such dealing ; unless a woman
 should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every
 knave's wrong.—

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BAR-
 DOLPH.*

Yonder he comes ; and that arrant malmsey-nose
 knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do
 your offices, master Fang, and master Snare ; do
 me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now ! whose mare's dead ? what's the
 matter ?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mis-
 tress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets !—Draw, Bardolph ; cut me
 off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the
 channel.

Hast. Throw me in the channel ? I'll throw thee
 in the channel. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ? thou bas-
 tardly rogue !—Murder, murder ! O thou honey-
 suckle villain !—wilt thou kill God's officers, and
 the king's ? O thou honey-seed rogue ! thou art a
 honey-seed ; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. Ho now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as likely to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum, that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou did'st swear to me then; as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly! coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound! And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; what a *Gow.* The king, my lord, and Harry I Wales,

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I trow must be fain to pawn both my plate, and pesty of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drink for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or of the prodigal, or the German hunting-f

work, is worth a thousand of these bed-l and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be t if thou canst. Come, an it were not fo

mours, there is not a better wench in Engl wash thy face, and 'draw thy action: Co must not be in this humour with me; I know me? Come, come, I know thou wa

to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be bu nobles; i'faith I am loath to pawn my g good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: Y me altogether?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with *Bardolph*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well; W news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hund Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster Against Northumberland, and the archbi

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me Come, go along with me, good master G

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too l you are to take soldiers up in counties a

Fal. Will you sup with me, master G

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become r was a fool, that taught them me.—This i fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, a fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee a great fool.

SCENE II.

The same. Another street.

Enter Prince HENRY and POIN

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding w *Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thou ness durst not have attached one of so h

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it the complexion of my greatness to ackno Doth it show vilely in me, to desire sma

Poins. Why, a prince should not be studied, as to remember so weak a comp

P. Hen. Believe then, my appetite was n got? for, by my troth, I do now rememb creature, small beer. But, indeed, the considerations make me out of love with

ness. What a disgrace is it to me to

me! or to know thy face to-morrow? or to see how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, these, and those that were the peach-blossoms? or to hear the inventory of thy goods, as, one for superfluity, and one other for want; but that, the tennis-court keeper knows better; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when I am great while, because the rest of thy lowlies have made a shift to eat up thy holland; and I know, whether those, that bawl out of the sky, shall inherit his kingdom: but I do not say, the children are not in the fault; upon the world increases, and kindreds are daily strengthened.

How ill it follows, after you have laboured, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how good young princes would do so, their facing so sick as yours at this time is?

Yes. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

It shall serve among wits of no higher rank than thine.

Go to; I stand the push of your one thing, you will tell.

Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet, that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault matter, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and feed too.

Very hardly, upon such a subject.

By this hand, thou think'st me as far in ill's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy resistency: Let the end try the man. But I see,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is sick: and keeping such vile company as thou, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

The reason?

What wouldst thou think of me, if I weep?

I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

It would be every man's thought: and that a blessed fellow, to think as every man; never a man's thought in the world keeps d-way better than thine: every man would me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites most worshipful thought, to think so?

Why, because you have been so lewd, much engrafted to Falstaff.

And to thee.

By this light, I am well spoken of, I can with my own ears: the worst that they can me is, that I am a second brother, and that proper fellow of my hands; and those two I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, comes Bardolph.

And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he is from me christian; and look, if the fat have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

'Save your grace!

And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Come, you virtuous ass, [To the Page.] O' my word, you must be blushing? wherefore you now? What a maidenly man at arms a become? Is it such a matter, to get a pot's maidenhead?

He called me even now, my lord, through lattice, and I could discern no part of him in the window: at last, I spied his eyes; thought he had made two holes in the alewife petticoat, and peeped through.

Hath not the boy profited?

Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was wed of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him ram.

A crown's worth of good interpretation. 'Tis it, boy.

O, that this good blossom could be kept

from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Hen. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those, that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.*

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where saps he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a apprentice? a low transformation! that shall be

mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lady PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs: Put not you on the visage of the times, And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more: Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn; And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars! The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endeard' to it than now; When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry, Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

North. There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's. For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light, Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass, Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait: And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, Became the accents of the valiant;

For those, that could speak low, and tardily, Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: So, that in speech, in gait, In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood, He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him! O miracle of men!—him did you leave,

(Second to none, unseconded by you,) To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage; to abide a field, Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible:—so you left him: Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

To hold your honour more precise and nice With others, than with him; let them alone;

The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong: Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart, Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me, With new lamenting ancient oversights.

But I must go, and meet with danger there; Or it will seek me in another place,

And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland, Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,

Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king, Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves, First let them try themselves: So did your son;

He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow; And never shall have length of life enough,

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes, That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,

As with the tide, swell'd up unto its height, That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop, But many thousand reasons hold me back:—

I will resolve for Scotland; there am I, Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

London. A room in the Bear's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there?

apple-Johns? thou know'st, sir John cannot an apple-John.

2 Draw. Mass, thou sayest true: The priest set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and to there were five more sir Johns: and, put his hat, said, I will now take my leave of thee dry, round, old, withered knights. It anger'd to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down. And see if thou canst find out Sneak's mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some Despatch:—The room where they supped hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the priest master Poin's anon: and they will put on our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John n'know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old: will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see, if I can find out Sneak's

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now in an excellent good temperality: your beats as extraordinarily as heart would and your colour, I warrant you, is as red rose: But, i'faith, you have drunk too mureis; and that's a marvellous searching w'it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Ex-jordan.—And was a worthy king: [Exit] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be o' calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll. I make them! gluttony and disease them; I make them not.

Host. If the cook help to make the glutty help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my po grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains, and our j Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and oaches

serve bravely, is to come halting off, yo To come off the breach with his pike bent and to surgery bravely; to venture upon th chambers bravely:—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy con; yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fast two never meet, but you fall to some dise are both, in good troth, as rheumatick a toasts; you cannot one bear with another mities. What the good-year! one must

that must be you: [To Doll.] you are th vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear su full hog'shead? there's a whole merchant of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have n hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Com friends with thee, Jack: thou art goo wars; and whether I shall ever see thee no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, a speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! le come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd st England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come by my faith; I must live amongst my ne I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name with the very best:—Shut the door;—th no swaggerers here: I have not lived all to have swaggering now:—shut the doo you.

Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there are no swaggerers here.

Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; he said to me,—it was no longer ago than today last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour*, says he, *receive those that are civil*; th he, *you are in an ill name*;—now he said in tell whereupon; *for*, says he, *you are on woman, and well thought on; therefore take out guests you receive: Receive*, says he, *no ing companions*.—There comes none here; would bless you to hear what he said:—no, swaggerers.

He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, I may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey—he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, matters turn back in any show of resistance. him up, drawer.

Cheater, call you him? I will bar no man my house, nor no cheater: But I do swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, me says—swagger: feel, masters, how I look you, I warrant you.

So you do, hostess.

Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere a leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

'Save you, sir John!

Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I rou with a cop of sack: do you discharge me hostess.

I will discharge upon her, sir John, with lets.

She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly er.

Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: ik no more than will do me good, for no leasure, I.

Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will roa.

Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-ade! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I t for your master.

I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy way! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in wldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle

! Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, hat, with two points on your shoulder?

I will murder your ruff for this.

No more, Pistol; I would not have you go : discharge yourself of our company,

No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet

captain! thou abominable damned cheater, not ashamed to be called—captain? If were of my mind, they would truncheon for taking their names upon you before you eed them. You a captain, you slave! for e tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-He a captain! Haug him, rogue! He is mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. n! these villains will make the word cap-icious as the word occupy: which was an good word before it was ill sorted: there-ains had need look to it.

Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Mark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Got I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Pray thee, go down.

I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus tres vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. down, dogs! down fautors! Have we not re?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your cholera.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crows like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.— Fear we broadsides? no, let the feed give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come me to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling; nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?— [*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]
Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew bear-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: it do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the price of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? haeg him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Lewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his hood very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's best him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.* *Fal.* Ha! a hasted son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; none.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me; and call me a pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what.

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; bone none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him, which doing, I have done the part of a good friend, and a true subject, and thy father I thank me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this gentlewoman to close with us? Is she wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked is the boy of the wicked! Or honest B. whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer. *Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down B. irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy where he doth nothing but roast malt with the boy.—There is a good angel about him, the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I have money; and whether she be damned for it, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, quit for that: Marry, there is another in upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten house, contrary to the law; for the which thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that, which his grace against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at the door of the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at West. And there are twenty weak and wearied. Come from the north: and, as I came about I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the And asking every one for sir John Falst.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the so borne with black vapour, doth begin to And drop upon our bare scarred heads Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff,

[*Exeunt P. Hen. Poins, Peto,*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest moon night, and we must hence, and leave it [*A knocking heard.*] More knocking at the

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—Y good wenches, how men of merit are set the undeserver may sleep, when the ma is called on. Farewell, good wenches; sent away post, I will see you again ere*

Dol. I cannot speak;—If my heart be to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have it these twenty-nine years, come peasecod an honest, and truer hearted man,—thee well.

Bard. [*Withn.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Withn.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll!

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*A room in the palace.**King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.*

Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
I consider of them: Make good speed.—
[Exit Page.]

my thousand of my poorest subjects
his hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
soft nurse, how have I fought thee,
in no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
of my senses in forgetfulness?
ther, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
easy pallets stretching thee,
h'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
the perfum'd chambers of the great,
and canopies of costly state,
'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
hull god, why liest thou with the vile
some beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
-case, or a common 'larum bell?
in upon the high and giddy mast
the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
of the rude imperious surge;
be visitation of the winds,
and the ruffian billows by the top,
their monstrous heads, and hanging them
afu'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
th the hurly, death itself awakes?
son, O partial sleep! give thy repose
yet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
the calmest and most stillest night,
appliances and means to boot,
to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
lies the head, that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

Many good morrows to your majesty!
1. Is it good morrow, lords?
Tis one o'clock, and past.
2. Why then, good morrow to you all, my
ds.
I read o'er the letters that I sent you?
We have, my liege.
3. Then you perceive, the body of our
edgdom
it is; what rank diseases grow,
what danger, near the heart of it.
4. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;
his former strength may be restor'd,
and advice, and little medicine:—
Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
5. O heaven! that one might read the book
fate;
the revolution of the times
contains level, and the continent
of solid firmness,) melt itself
sea! and, other times, to see
by girdle of the ocean
for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
ages fill the cup of alteration
ers liquors! O, if this were seen,
lest youth,—viewing his progress through,
his past, what crosses to ensue,—
out the book, and sit him down and die.
on years gone,
hard, and Northumberland, great friends,
together, and, in two years after,
y at wars: It is but eight years, since
y was the man nearest my soul;
a brother toil'd in my affairs,
his love and life under my foot;
my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
defiance. But which of you was by,
sin Nevil, as I may remember,)
[To Warwick.]
chard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,
h'd and rated by Northumberland,—
these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
rland, thou ladder, by the which

My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne:—
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasur'd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gness,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers, that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Court before Justice Shallow's house in Gloucestershire.**Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your
hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer,
by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow?
and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-
daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.
Shal. By yea, and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin
William is become a good scholar: He is at Ox-
ford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly:
I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they
will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and
I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly
too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffor-
shire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pick-
bone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had
not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of
court again: and, I may say to you, we knew
where the bona-rohas were; and had the best of
them all at commandment. Then was Jack Fal-
staff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas
Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw
him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when
he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same
day, did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a

fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you: my captain, sir John Falstaff; a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backward man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady's his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, it is: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Pie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men.

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see: Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before: could have let me alone: my old dame w done now, for one to do her husbandry, drudgery; you need not have pricked n are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside you where you are?—For the other, sir John, me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; a father's shadow: so the son of the female shadow of the male: It is often so, and not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—for we have a number of shadows to muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel upon his back, and the whole frame st pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir: do it: I commend you well.—Francis Fee

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been tailor, he would have pricked you,—make as many holes in an enemy's batt hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as va wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mo the woman's tailor well, master Shal. master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's t thou might'st mend him, and make his I cannot put him to a private soldier, a leader of so many thousands: Let t most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Fee is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf!

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Fore God, a likely fellow!—me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,

Fal. What dost thou roar before thou

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseased

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough

I caught with ringing in the king's affair coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars: we will have away thy cold; and I will order, that thy friends shall ring fe here all!

Shal. Here is two more called than ye you must have but four here, sir;—and you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you not tarry dinner. I am glad to see y troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember all night in the windmill in Saint Geo

to more of that, good master Shallow, no that.

Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane work alive?

She lives, master Shallow.

She never could away with me.

Never, never: she would always say, she t' abide master Shallow.

By the mass, I could anger her to the she was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold well?

Old, old, master Shallow.

Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work ight-work, before I came to Clement's-inn. hat's fifty-five year ago.

Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen t this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir id I well?

We have heard the chimes at midnight, hallow.

That we have, that we have, that we have; sir John, we have; our watch-word was, is!

—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to —O, the days that we have seen!—Come,

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.*]

Good master corporate Bardolph, stand d; and here is four Harry ten shillings in rowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had

hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own I do not care; but, rather, because I am

g, and, for mine own part, have a desire ith my friends; else, sir, I did not care, own part, so much.

Go to; stand aside.

And good master corporal captain, for my 's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody y thing about her, when I am gone; and I, and cannot help herself: you shall have

Go to; stand aside.

My troth I care not;—a man can die but e owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base

ut't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: s too good to serve his prince; and, let it

way it will, he, that dies this year, is he next.

Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*]

Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Four, of which you please.

Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound

ouldy, and Bull-calf.

Go to; well.

Come, sir John, which four will you

o you choose for me.

Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble,

low.

ouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy,

ome still; you are past service:—and, for

, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it;

ne of you.

Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong;

your likeliest men, and I would have you

th the best.

Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to

man? Care I for the limb, the thaves,

e, bull, and big assenblance of a man!

he spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;

what a ragged appearance it is: he shall

ce, and discharge you, with the motion of

a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well;—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn,—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver fellow,

and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.

—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen

both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.

—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return,

visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph,*

Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow.

Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his

youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember

him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was asked, he was,

for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was

so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine;

yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-

scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-

nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt,

as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-

yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told

John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into

an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land

and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make

him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no

reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A forest in Yorkshire.

Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY,

HASTINGS, and Others.

What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoveries forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion, that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Launcester.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if dam'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose hand the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question
stands.

Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person.
Even by those men, that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood,) and the examples

Of every minute's instance, (present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate of
That you should seal this lawless bloody
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the common
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such reason.
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours!

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present fit,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiorities,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my lord
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in
The king, that lov'd him, as the state set
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and
Being mounted, and both roused in their
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beav'd
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sigh
And the loud trumpet blowing them tog
Then, then, when there was nothing could
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke
O, when the king did throw his warder
His own life hung upon the staff he thr
Then threw he down himself; and all t
That, by indictment, and by dint of swi
Have since miscarried under Bolingbrok

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now,
not what:

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman
Who knows, on whom fortune would
smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayer
Were set on Hereford, whom they dete
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more th
But this is mere digression from my pu
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from h
That he will give you audience: and w
It shall appear, that your demands are
You shall enjoy them; every thing set
That might so much as think you enem

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compe
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to ta
This offer comes from mercy, not from
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear
Our battle is more full of names than y
Our men more perfect in the use of arm
Our armour all as strong, our cause the
Then reason wills, our hearts should be
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall adm
West. That argues but the shame of yo
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full co
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon

4. That is intended in the general's name :
 5. You make so slight a question.
 6. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
 schedule ;
 is contains our general grievances :—
 several article herein redress'd ;
 members of our cause, both here and hence,
 are insinew'd to this action,
 led by a true substantial form ;
 resent execution of our wills
 and to our purposes, consign'd ;
 me within our awful banks again,
 sit our powers to the arm of peace.
 7. This will I shew the general. Please you,
 ords,
 it of both our battles we may meet :
 ther end in peace, which heaven so frame !
 the place of difference call the swords
 must decide it.

My lord, we will do so.
 [Exit Westmoreland.]

8. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
 o conditions of our peace can stand.
 9. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
 ocb large terms, and so absolute,
 conditions shall consist upon,
 ace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
 10. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
 very slight, and false-derived cause,
 very idle, nice, and wanton reason,
 so the king, taste of this action :
 here our royal faiths martyrs in love,
 all be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
 ren our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
 od from bad find no partition.

No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is
 eary
 ty and such picking grievances :
 hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
 two greater in the heirs of life.
 before will he wipe his tables clean ;
 up no tell-tale to his memory,
 sy repeat and history his loss
 remembrance : For full well he knows,
 not so precisely weed this land,
 misdoubts present occasion :
 are so enroved with his friends,
 lucking to unfix an enemy,
 unfasten so, and shake a friend.
 this land, like an offensive wife,
 th enrag'd him on to offer strokes ;
 striking, holds his infant up,
 igs resolv'd correction in the arm,
 is unprear'd to execution.

Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
 offenders, that he now doth lack
 instruments of chastisement :
 his power, like a fangless lion,
 n, but not hold.
 'Tis very true ;—
 before be assur'd, my good lord marshal.
 now make our atonement well,
 ce will, like a broken limb united,
 ronger for the breaking.

Be it so.

return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

The prince is here at hand : pleaseth your
 rdship,
 his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?
 Your grace of York, in God's name then
 t forward.
 Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we
 me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

From one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop,
 INGS, and Others : from the other side,
 JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORE-
 l, Officers, and Attendants.

e. You are well encounter'd here, my
 asin Mowbray :—
 r to you, gentle lord archbishop ;—

And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
 My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text ;
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
 It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of God ?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
 To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself ;
 The very opener, and intelligencer,
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace :
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
 The which hath been with scorn show'd from the
 court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes ;
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
 And so, success of mischief shall be born ;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

P. Hen. You are too shallow, Hastings, much
 too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them di-
 rectly,

How far-forth you do like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well :
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning, and authority.—

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
 Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these re-
 dresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my
 word :

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
 Hast. Go, captain, [To an Officer.] and deliver
 to the army,

This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
 I know, it will well please them ; His these, captain.
 [Exit Officer.]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
 West. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew
 what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
 You would drink freely : but my love to you
 Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.
 West. I am glad of it,—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season; For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry; But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit. *Arch.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest; For then both parties nobly are subdued, And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord, And let our army be discharged too.— [*Exit Westmoreland.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains March by us; that we may peruse the men We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings, And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit Hastings.*]

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already: Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,

Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place. *West.* Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray, Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the forest.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILLE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Coleville of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whose'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all any other word but my name. An I had belly of any indifference, I were simply t'active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further Call in the powers, good cousin Westmor

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this

When every thing is ended, then you com

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my li

One time or other break some gallow's bac

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it is

thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and cl

the reward of valour. Do you think me a

an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my peo

motion, the expedition of thought? I have

hither with the very extremest inch of pos

I have foundered nine score and odd po

here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my

immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevi

dale, a most furious knight, and valorous

But what of that? he saw me, and yield

I may justly say with the hook-nosed

Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy t

deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and her

him: and I beseech your grace, let it b

with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by

I will have it in a particular ballad else,

own picture on the top of it, Coleville k

foot: To the which course if I be enforce

do not all show like gilt twopences to m

in the clear sky of fame, o'ershrine you as

the full moon doth the cinders of the elem

show like pins' heads to her; believe not

of the noble: Therefore let me have rich

desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good

may do me good, and call it what you w

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Col

Fal. And a famous true subject took h

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my better

That led me hither: had they been rul'

You should have won them dearer than

Fal. I know not how they sold themse

thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself

I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confi

To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guar

And now despatch we toward the court,

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his maje

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to com

And we with sober speed will follow you

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me

through Gloucestershire: and, when you

court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in

report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I,

dition,

Shall better speak of you than you dese

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 't

than your dukedom.—Good faith, this s

sober-blooded boy doth not love me; i

cannot make him laugh;—but that's no

drinks no wine. There's never any of th

boys come to any proof: for thin drink d

their blood, and making many fish-meals, that all into a kind of male green-sickness; and when they marry, they get wenches: they are lly fools and cowards;—which some of us be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-ath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and and crudy vapours, which environ it: makes ehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, electable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes at wit. The second property of your excellerris is,—the warming of the blood; which, cold and settled, left the liver white and which is the badge of pusillanimity and cow- but the sherris warms it, and makes it from the inwards to the parts extreme. It eth the face; which, as a beacon, gives ng to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, : and then the vital commoners, and inland spirits, muster me all to their captain, the who, great, and puffed up with his retinue, ay deed of courage; and this valour comes ris: so that skill in the weapon is nothing, it sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, ; hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack mces it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the ood he did naturally inherit of his father, he like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, eded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of ng good, and good store of fertile sherris: is become very hot, and valiant. If I had and sons, the first human principle I would hem, should be,—to forswear thin potatoes, idict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

ow, Bardolph?
 I. The army is discharged all, and gone.
 Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; here will I visit master Robert Shallow, : I have him already tempering between my and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with Come away. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Westminster. A room in the palace.

King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

en. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
 a debate, that bleedeth at our doors,
 ill our youth lead on to higher fields,
 raw no swords but what are sanctified.
 My is address'd, our power collected,
 substitutes in absence well invested,
 every thing lies level to our wish:
 we want a little personal strength;
 use us, till these rebels, now afoot,
 underneath the yoke of government.

Both which, we doubt not but your majesty soon enjoy.

en. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester, is the prince your brother?

ump. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

en. And how accompanied?

ump. I do not know, my lord.

en. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

ump. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

What would my lord and father?

en. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

hance, thou art not with the prince thy brother? es thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas; hast a better place in his affection,

all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy; able offices thou may'st effect

diation, after I am dead,

on his greatness and thy other brethren:— ore, omit him not; blunt not his love:

use the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congeal'd in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
 But, being moody, give him lice and scope;
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
 Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cl. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cl. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

Cl. With Poinis, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 Toward fronting peril and oppo's'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
 The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
 But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers: and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
 In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness

Added to that, that I am to deliver!
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace pnts forth her olive every where.
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here at more leisure may your highness read;
 With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those, that I am come to tell you of!
 The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English, and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*]
P. Humph. Comfort your majesty!

Cl. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
 look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know these
 fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.
 Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be
 well.

Cl. No, no; he cannot long hold out these
 pangs;

The incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break
 out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do
 observe

Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
 The seasons change their manners, as the year
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them
 over.

Cl. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb be-
 tween:

And the old folk, time's dotting chronicles,
 Say, it did so, a little time before
 That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
 died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his
 end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
 hence

Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
 [*They convey the King into an inner part of
 the room, and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
 Unless some dull and favourable hand
 Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cl. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?
Cl. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none
 abroad!

How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
 Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physick.
War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet
 prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Cl. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Wilt please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the
 king. [*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Performe must move.—My gracious lord! my fa-
 ther!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due, from
 Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
 My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
 Which, as immediate from thy place and
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
 [*Putting it on his head.*]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the
 whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: This from the
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest

Cl. Doth the ki

War. What would your majesty? He

your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here al-
 lods?

Cl. We left the prince my brother here,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where
 let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this
P. Humph. He came not through the
 where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took
 my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, w
 here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hen-
 seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
 My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick: chide hi
 [*Exit.*]

This part of his conjoints with my disease
 And helps to end me.—See, sons, what th
 are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
 When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleep with thoughts, th
 with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved g
 For this they have been thoughtful to in
 Their sons with arts, and martial exercise

When, like the bee, tolling from every fl-
 The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mou-
 they honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the be-
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter

Yield his engrossments to the ending fat-
 [*Exit.*]

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he, that will not stay so
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd r

War. My lord, I found the prince in
 room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle che-
 With such a deep demeanour in great so-
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but bl-
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming h

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take
 crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me,
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Prince &
 Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you spe-
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry
 thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with
 nouns,

thy hour be ripe! O foolish youth!
 seek'st the greatness, that will overwhelm
 thee.
 but a little; for my cloud of dignity
 is from falling with so weak a wind,
 it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
 bast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
 thine without offence; and, at my death,
 hast seal'd up my expectation:
 life did manifest, thou lov'd'st me not,
 thou wilt have me die assured of it.
 hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
 thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 as at half an hour of my life.
 canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
 get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;
 and the merry bells ring to thine ear,
 thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 ll the tears, that should bedew my hearse,
 ops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
 compound me with forgotten dust;
 that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 down my officers, break my decrees;
 ow a time is come to mock at form,
 the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
 royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
 the English court assemble now,
 every region, apes of idleness!
 neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
 you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 the night; rob, murder, and commit
 idest sins the newest kind of ways?
 ppy, he will trouble you no more:
 ad shall double gild his treble guilt;
 ad shall give him office, honour, might:
 e fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 ussle of restraint, and the wild dog
 flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
 u will be a wilderness again,
 d with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
 'ca. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my
 tears, [Kneeling.
 oist impediments unto my speech,
 forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 a with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 use of it so far. There is your crown;
 e, that wears the crown immortally,
 guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 s your honour, and as your renown,
 s no more from this obedience rise,
 a my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 th,) this prostrate and exterior hending!
 witness with me, when I here came in,
 and no course of breath within your ma-
 jesty,
 old it struck my heart! if I do feign,
 me in my present wildness die;
 ver live to show the incredulous world
 ble change, that I have purposed!
 to look on you, thinking you dead,
 ead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 unto the crown, as having sense,
 us upbraided. *The care on thee depending,
 d upon the body of my father;
 re, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 less fine in carut, is more precious,
 ing life in med'cine potable:
 as most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 at thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal
 liege,
 g it, I put it on my head;
 with it,—as with an enemy,
 ad before my face murder'd my father,—
 arel of a true inheritor.
 did infect my blood with joy,
 ll my thoughts to any strain of pride;*

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head!
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son!
 Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel,
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.
*Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK,
 Lords, and Others.*
K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of
 Lancaster.
P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my
 royal father!
K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,
 son John;
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a wrong.—
 Where is my lord of Warwick?
P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!
K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging, where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life
 must end.
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;
 Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:—
 But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Gloucestershire. A hall in Shallow's house.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see;—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit Shallow.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Recount Bardolph and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his

men, I would curry with master Shallow, man could better command his servants. It tain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant care is caught, as men take diseases, one of as therefore, let men take heed of their company: will devise matter enough out of this Shallow keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the ing-out of six fashions, (which is four times two actions,) and he shall laugh without vallums. O, it is much, that a lie, with oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulder. O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, Shallow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Westminster. A room in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? away!

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now away.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of

And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had done with him:

The service, that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king is not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and myself.

To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon Than I have drawn it in my phantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY RENCE, WESTMORELAND, and

War. Here come the heavy issue of death

O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be over.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had

speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument

is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him,

made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be

P. Humph. Cla. Good my lord, you have

friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that

Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own

P. John. Though no man be assur'd

to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise!

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir Job

fair;

Which swims against your stream of quarrel.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did

honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.—

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master, that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven

majesty!

This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
 so easy on me as you think.—
 You mix your sadness with some fear;
 the English, not the Turkish court;
 ourath an Amurath succeeds,
 Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,
 speak truth, it very well becomes you;
 so royally in you appears,
 will deeply put the fashion on,
 as it is in my heart. Why then, be sad:
 certain no more of it, good brothers,
 joint burden laid upon us all.
 by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 your father and your brother too;
 but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 ep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
 rry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 ber, into hours of happiness.
 ka, &c. We hope no other from your ma-
 jesty.

You all look strangely on me;—and you
 most; [To the Chief Justice.
 I think, assur'd I love you not.
 ust. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 aiesty hath no just cause to hate me.

No!
 ight a prince of my great hopes forget
 t indignities you laid upon me?
 rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 mediate heir of England! Was this easy?
 s be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
 ust. I then did use the person of your fa-
 ther;

age of his power lay then in me:
 the administration of his law,
 I was busy for the commonwealth,
 ghness pleased to forget my place,
 jesty and power of law and justice,
 age of the king, whom I presented,
 uck me in my very seat of judgment;
 n, as an offender to your father,
 old way to my authority,
 I commit you. If the deed were ill,
 contented, wearing now the garland,
 a son set your decrees at naught;
 k down justice from your awful bench;
 the course of law, and blunt the sword,
 ards the peace and safety of your person:
 ore; to spurn at your most royal image,
 ck your workings in a second body.
 a your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 the father, and propose a son:
 ur own dignity so much profan'd,
 r most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 yourself so by a son disdain'd;
 n imagine me taking your part,
 your power, soft silencing your son:
 is cold consideration, sentence me;
 you are a king, speak in your state,—
 have done, that miscame my place,
 son, or my liege's sovereignty.

You are right, justice, and you weigh this
 all;
 re still bear the balance, and the sword:
 lo wish your honours may increase,
 I do live to see a son of mine
 you, and obey you, as I did.
 I live to speak my father's words;—
 sm I, that have a man so bold,
 res do justice on my proper son:
 t less happy, having such a son,
 uld deliver up his greatness so
 hands of justice.—You did commit me:
 ich, I do commit into your hand
 stained sword, that you have used to bear;
 tis remembrance,—that you use the same
 e like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
 ll be as a father to my youth:
 e shall stoop as you do prompt mine ear;
 ill stoop and humble my intents
 well-practic'd, wise directions.—
 mees all, believe me, I beseech you;—
 er is gone wild into his grave,
 us tomb lie my affections;
 th his spirit sadly I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world;
 To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament:
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[To the Lord Chief Justice.
 Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state:
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Gloucestershire. The garden of Shallow's house.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE,
 BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where,
 in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of
 my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so
 forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling,
 and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beg-
 gars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread,
 Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is
 your serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good
 varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too
 much sack at supper.—A good varlet. Now sit
 down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall
 Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
 [Singing.

And praise heaven for the merry year;
 When flesh is cheap, and females dear,
 And lusty lads roam here and there,
 So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Si-
 lence, I'll give ye a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit: [Seating Bardolph and the
 Page at another table.] I'll be with you anon:—
 most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master
 page, sit: proface! What you want in meat, we'll
 have in drink. But you must bear; and the heart's
 all. [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph; and my little
 soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;
 [Singing.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:
 'Tis merry in hall, when beads wag all,
 And welcome merry shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a
 man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once,
 ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.
 [Setting them before Bardolph.

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.
 [To Bard.]—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
 And drink unto the leman mine; [Singing.
 And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the
 sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. Do me right,

And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind that blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but Goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pry'thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [*Stings.*]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways: either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What? do I bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master low, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt fortune's steward.—Get on thy boots; and all night.—O, sweet Pistol.—Away, B. [*Exit Bard.*].—Come, Pistol, utter more and, withal, devise something to do thyself.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know thy king is sick for me. Let us take any man's laws of England are at my comma. Happy are they which have been my friends; woe to my lord chief justice?

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lung
Where is the life that late I led, say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant

SCENE IV.

London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUILL and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would die, that I might have thee hanged: 't is drawn my shoulder out of joint.

I Bead. The constables have delivered me to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer I warrant her: There hath been a mar-lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come tell thee what; thou damned tripe-visaged an the child I now go with, do miscar-hadst better thou hadst struck thy moth paper-faced villain.

Host. O, the lord, that sir John were: would make this a bloody day to someho-I pray God the fruit of her womb miscar-

I Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen again; you have but eleven now. Come, you both go with me; for the man is d you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man ser! I will have you as soundly swinged you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famishe-tioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forsw-kirtles.

I Bead. Come, come, you she knight-err-Host. O, that right should thus overcor-Well; of surffrance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-ho-

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you

I Bead. Very well.

SCENE V.

A public place, near Westminster A

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes

I Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded!

I Groom. It will be two o'clock ere I from the coronation: Despatch, despatch [*Exeun.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PI

BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert I will make the king do you grace; I upon him as 'a comes by; and do but countenance, that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind: I had time to have made new liveries, have bestowed the thousand pound I bor-

you. [*To Shallow.*] But 'tis no matter; show doth better: this doth infer the

to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affecti-

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and ni; not to deliberate, not to remember, no patience to shift me.

It is most certain.

But to stand stained with travel, and sweating desire to see him : thinking of nothing but of getting all affairs else in oblivion ; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

'Tis semper idem, for absque hoc nihil est : in every part.

'Tis so, indeed.

My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, like thee rage.

all, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, and endurance, and contagious prison ;

whither

it mechanical and dirty hand :—

to revenge from ebon deus with fell Alecto's snake,

all is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

the King and his Train, the Chief Justice among them.

God save thy grace, king Hal ! my royal hal !

The heavens thee guard and keep, most sp of fame !

God save thee, my sweet boy !

My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Just. Have you your wits ? know you what is you speak ?

My king ! my, Jove ! I speak to thee my part !

I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy rayers ;

white hairs become a fool, and jester !

long dreamed of such a kind of man,

nit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

ing awake, I do despise my dream.

as thy body, hence, and more thy grace ;

ordaining ; know, the grave doth gape

; thrice wider than for other men :—

ot to me with a fool-born jest ;

not, that I am the thing I was :

ven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

save turn'd away my former self ;

I those, that kept me company.

how dost hear I am as I have been,

h me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

ir and the feeder of my riots :

h, I banish thee, on pain of death,—

re done the rest of my misleaders,—

come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life, I will allow you ;

That lack of means enforce you not to evil :

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord, To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [*Exeunt King and his Train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how ; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol, come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ; Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.* [*Exeunt Fal. Shal. Pist. Bard. Page, and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's : He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for ;

But all are banish'd, till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,

Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence ? [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

t, my fear ; then, my court'sy : last, my My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy, and my speech, to beg your pardons. If for a good speech now, you undo me : for me to say, is of mine own making ; and deed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove a marring. But to the purpose, and so to re.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) tly here in the end of a displeasing play, to r patience for it, and to promise you a better. an, indeed, to pay you with this ; which, if, I venture, it come unluckily home, I break, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promise ould be, and here I commit my body to your hate me some, and I will pay you some, and, debtors do, promise you infinitely. tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,

will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France : where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night : and so kneel down before you ;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.



KING HENRY V.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King HENRY the Fifth.
 Duke of GLOSTER, } brothers to the king.
 Duke of BEDFORD, }
 Duke of EXETER, uncle to the king.
 Duke of YORK, cousin to the king.
 Earls of SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and
 WARWICK.
 Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
 Bishop of ELY.
 Earl of CAMBRIDGE, } conspirators against the
 Lord SCROOP, } king.
 Sir THOMAS GREY, }
 Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLU-
 ELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, officers in
 king Henry's army.
 BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the
 same.

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, formerly
 to Falstaff, now soldiers in the same.
 Boy, servant to them. A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES the Sixth, king of France.
 LEWIS, the Dauphin.
 Dukes of BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and
 BOURBON.
 The Constable of France.
 RAMBURES, and GRANDPREE, French
 Governor of Harfleur. MONTJOY, a French
 Ambassador to the king of England.

ISABEL, queen of France.
 KATHARINE, daughter of Charles and
 Alice, a lady attending on the princess Katherine.
 QUICKLY, Pistol's wife, an hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers and Attendants.

Scene,—at the beginning of the play, lies in England; but afterwards, wholly in France.

CHORUS.

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
 fire,

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O, the very casques,
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million;

And let us, ciphers to this great account,
 On your imaginary forces work:
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance:
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our stage,
 Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

London. An antechamber in the King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and
 Bishop of ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self-bill is urg'd,
 Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scuffling and unquiet time
 Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
 Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession:
 For all the temporal lands, which men devout
 By testament have given to the church,
 Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
 Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
 A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair

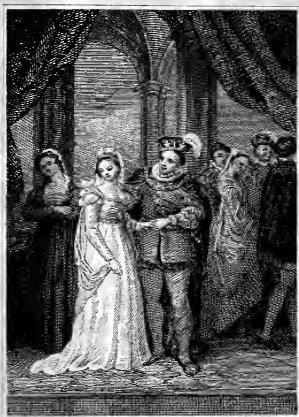
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came,
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made:
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady current, scouring faults;
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire, the king were made a prelate.
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,



Wright del.

S. WALKER sc.

HENRY V.

Act 5. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane 1824

You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
 Last his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in musick:
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
 So that the art and practick part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theorick:
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain:
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ep. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:

And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
 Gave like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
 Concess, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cont. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,
 How things are perfected.

Ep. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Ur'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no?

Cont. He seems indifferent;
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
 Thus cherishing the exhibitors against us:
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation;

And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ep. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cont. With good acceptance of his majesty;
 Save, that there was not time enough to hear
 (As I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,)
 The severals, and unhidden passages,
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ep. What was the impediment, that broke this off?

Cont. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
 Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
 To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ep. It is.

Cont. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ep. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A room of state in the same.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD,
 EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND,
 and Attendants.

E. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

E. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

E. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,

That touch our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and
 Bishop of ELY.

Cont. God, and his angels, guard your sacred
 throne,

And make you long become it!

E. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;

And justify and religiously unfold,

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,

Our should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
 With opening titles miscreate, whose right
 Suits not in native colours with the truth;
 For God doth know, how many, now in health,
 Shall drop their blood in approbation
 Of that your reverence shall incite us to:
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
 For never two such kingdoms did contend,
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the
 swords,

That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
 And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cont. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and
 you peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
 To this imperial throne;—There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
 That the land Salique lies in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:

Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land;

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany, call'd—Meisen.

Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France:

Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of king Pharamond,

Idly succup'd the founder of this law;
 Who died within the year of our redemption

Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as heir general, being descended

Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.

Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—

To fine his title with some show of truth,
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught),
 Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied

That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:

By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear

To hold in right and title of the female:
 So do the kings of France unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;

And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles,
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make
 this claim?

Cont. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ese. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and
means, and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fullness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege:

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

Ese. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a cur's'd necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True; therefore doth heaven

The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at law;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
To the tent-royal of their emperor:

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The stinging masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;

The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—

That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariwise;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;

As many several ways meet in one town
As many fresh streams run in one self sea
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well born
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege,

Divide your happy England into four:
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shew
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the do

Let us be worried; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent to
Dauphin.

[Exit an Attendant. The King enters throne.]

Now are we well resolv'd: and,—by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our use,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France and all her almost kingly isles,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them;
Either our history shall, with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our graves
Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the news
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May it please your majesty, to give
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prison:
Therefore, with frank, and with uncurbed
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then

Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in that
Of your great predecessor, king Edward
In answer of which claim, the prince of Wales
Says,—that you savour too much of you
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought
That can be with a nimble galliard won
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:

He therefore sends you, meeter for your
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Tennis-balls, my liege.
Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us ; present, and your pains, we thank you for : as we have match'd our rackets to these balls, will, in France, by God's grace, play a set, I strike his father's crown into the hazard : him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler, all the courts of France will be disturb'd chaces. And we understand him well, he comes o'er as with our wilder days, measuring what use we made of them. never valu'd this poor seat of England ; therefore, living hence, did give ourself unbarous license ; As 'tis ever common, men are merriest when they are from home. all the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ; as a king, and show my sail of greatness, so I do rouse me in my throne of France : hat I have laid by my majesty, mudded like a man for working-days ; will rise there with so full a glory, I will dazzle all the eyes of France, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. all the pleasant prince,—this mock of his turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance, shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ; Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ; And some are yet ungotten, and unborn, That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn. But this lies all within the will of God, To whom I do appeal ; And in whose name, Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on, To vengeance as I may, and to put forth My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause. So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin, His jest will savour but of shallow wit, When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.— Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Ere. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour, That may give furtherance to our expedition : For we have now no thought in us but France ; Save those to God, that run before our business. Therefore, let our proportions for these wars Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon, That may, with reasonable swiftness, add More feathers to our wings ; for, God before, We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door. Therefore, let every man now task his thought, That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

Enter CHORUS.

Now all the youth of England are on fire, Iken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ; thrive the armourers, and honour's thought's solely in the breast of every man : sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ; ring the mirror of all Christian kings winged heels, as English Mercuries. now sits Expectation in the air ; rides a sword, from hilt unto the point, crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets, s'd to Harry, and his followers. trench, advis'd by good intelligence's most dreadful preparation, in their fear ; and with pale policy's divert the English purposes. land !—model to thy inward greatness, little body with a mighty heart,— might'st thou do, that honour would thee do, all thy children kind and natural ! e thy fault ! France hath in thee found out of hollow bosoms, which she fills treacherous crowns : and three corrupted men,— Richard earl of Cambridge ; and the second, lord Scroop of Masham ; and the third, Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,— for the gift of France, (O guilt, indeed !) a'd conspiracy with fearful France ; r their hands this grace of kings must die, l and treason hold their promises,) take ship for France, and in Southampton. your patience on ; and well digest use of distance, while we force a play. m is paid ; the traitors are agreed ; og is set from London ; and the scene transported, gentles, to Southampton : s the playhouse now, there must you sit : ece to France shall we convey you safe, ing you back, charming the narrow seas s you gentle pass ; for, if we may, not offend one stomach with our play. ll the king come forth, and not till then, outhampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

The same. Eastcheap.

Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.

Well met, corporal Nym.

Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet ?

Nym. For my part, I care not : I say little ; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight ; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron : It is a simple one ; but what though ? it will toast cheese ; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will : and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends ; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France ; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, 'tbat's the certain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may : that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly ; and, certainly, she did you wrong ; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell ; things must be as they may : men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife :—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol ?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me—host ? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term ; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long : for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now ! O Lord ? here's corporal Nym's—now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish !

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog ! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland !

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off ? I would have you *solus*.

[*Stealing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egreious dog ! O viper villa !

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face ;

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

H h

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy ;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth !
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels :
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason ; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well : If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms : if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may ; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight !
The grave doth gape, and dotting death is near ;
Therefore exhale. [*Pistol and Nym draw.*]

Bard. Hear me, hear what I say :—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

Pist. An oath of mickle might ; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give ;
Thy spirits are most tall,

Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other, in fair terms ; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word ?—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get ?
No ; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse :
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she ; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess ;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan : 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days : the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends ? We must to France together ; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats ?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on !

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have ; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound : push home.
Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him ; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends : an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting ?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood :
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me ;—
Is not this just ?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble ?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John : ah, poor heart ! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king ; but it must be as it may ; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight ; for, lamb, we will live. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even do they bear themselves !

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they do.
By interception, which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man, that was his bedfellow, whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with private favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

Trumpet sounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we'll aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts :

Think you not, that the powers we bear wit Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them ?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man be best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a soldier That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies Have steep'd their galls in honey ; and do set With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of fullness ;

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinew And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Ex Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider It was excess of wine, that set him on ;

And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much respect.
Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish him.
Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you do him life,

After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and ear Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us ?—We'll yet enlarge that
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—I mean,
Dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. And now to our
causes ;

Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam. I one, my lord ;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scop. So did you me, my liege.

Hen. And me, my royal sovereign.

Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—

yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,

of Northumberland, this same is yours:—them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

ard of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

see you in these papers, that you lose each complexion?—look ye, how they change! cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there, hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood of appearance?

I do confess my fault; to submit me to your highness' mercy.

Scroop. To which we all appeal.

Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late, our own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:

must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy; your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

as upon their masters, worrying them.—

my princes, and my noble peers, English monsters! My lord of Cambridge

here,—

now, how apt our love was, to accord

with him with all apertinements,

giving to his honour; and this man

for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,

worm into the practices of France,

as here in Hampton: to the which,

night, no less for bounty bound to us,

Cambridgeis,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!

shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,

fiend, savage, and inhuman creature!

that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,

new'st the very bottom of my soul,

almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,

h'ast thou have practis'd on me for thy use?

is possible, that foreign hire

out of thee extract one spark of evil,

might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

though the truth of it stands off as gross

black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

o, and murder, ever kept together,

to yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

is so grossly in a natural cause,

admiration did not whoop at them:

as, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in

us, to wait on treason, and on murder:

whatsoever cunning fiend it was,

ought upon thee so preposterously,

got the voice in hell for excellence:

her devils, that suggest by treasons,

ch and bungle up damnation

atches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd

distressing semblances of piety;

that temper'd thee, hadst thee stand up,

see no instance why thou should'st do treason,

to do but thee with the name of traitor.

same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,

with his lien gait walk the whole world,

h'ast return to nasty Tartar back,

l the legions—I can never win

so easy as that Englishman's.

h'ast thou with jealousy infected

steadfastness of affiance! Show men dutiful?

o did'st thou: Seem they grave and learned?

o did'st thou: Come they of noble family?

o did'st thou: Seem they religious?

o did'st thou: Or are they spare in diet;

in gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;

in spirit, not swerving with the blood;

'd and deck'd in modest complement;

riding with the eye, without the ear,

it in purged judgment, trusting neither?

nd so finely bolted, didst thou seem:

as thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

on the full fraught man, and best endued,

me suspicion. I will weep for thee;

revolt of thine, methinks, is like

fall of man.—Their faults are open,

hem to the answer of the law:—

d acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd; And I repeat my fault, more than my death;

Which I beseech your highness to forgive, Although my body pay the price of it.

Can. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce; Although I did admit it as a motive,

The sooner to effect what I intended;

But God be thanked for prevention;

Which I in suffrance heartily will rejoice, Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice At the discovery of most dangerous treason,

Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself, Prevented from a damned enterprize:

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person, Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;

Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, His princes and his peers to servitude,

His subjects to oppression and contempt, And his whole kingdom unto desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender, Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws

We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, Poor miserable wretches, to your death:

The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you Patience to endure, and true repentance

Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;

Since God so graciously hath brought to light This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,

To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now, But every rub is smoothened on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver Our puissance into the hand of God,

Putting it straight in expedition. Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:

No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London. Mrs. Quickly's house in East-cheap.

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—

Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quickly. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.

'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide:

for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,

I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbl'd of green fields.

How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! he of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God!

three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them,

and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.
Quick. Ay, that 'a did.
Bard. And of women.
Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.
Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.
Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my moveables: Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitck and pay*; Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck; Therefore, *caeceto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys; To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.
Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

France. A room in the French King's palace.

Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns, To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne, Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,— And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch, To line, and new repair, our towns of war, With men of courage, and with means defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As waters to the sucking of a gulph.

It fits us then, to be as provident As fear may teach us, out of late examples, Left by the fatal and neglected English Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father, It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe: For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, (Though war, nor no known quarrel were in question,) But that defences, musters, preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let us do it with no show of fear; No, with no more, than if we heard, that England Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance: For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd, Her sceptre so fantastically borne By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin! You are too much mistaken in this king: Question your grace the late ambassadors,— With what great state he heard their embassy, How well supplied with noble counsellors, How modest in exception, and, withal, How terrible in constant resolution,— And you shall find his vanities fore-spent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with erdure hide those root That shall first spring, and be most delicate
Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high con-
 But though we think it so, it is no matter:
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scant
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong?
 And, princes, look, you strongly arm to
 him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar paths:
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of
 Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain
 ing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun
 Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see his
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns, that by God and by French
 Had twenty years been made. This is a
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry king of
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present a
 Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain*]
 You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friend
Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for
 dogs

Most spend their mouths, when what they
 threaten,
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereignty
 Take up the English short; and let them
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and T

Fr. King. From our brother Engl
Exe. From him; and thus he greets you
 He wills you, in the name of God Almight
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heav
 By law of nature, and of nations, long
 To him, and to his heirs; namely, the cro
 And all wide-stretched honours that perta
 By custom and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of France. That you may
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable line,
 [Gives]

In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
 And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
 Edward the third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you bids
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for
 And therefore in fierce tempest is he comin
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove
 (That, if requiring fail, he will compel);
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
 On the poor souls, for whom this hungry
 Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
 Turns he the widow's tears, the orphan's
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lover
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,

om expressly I bring greeting too.
King. For us, we will consider of this further :
 row shall you bear our full intent
 o our brother of England.

For the Dauphin,
 here for him ; What to him from England ?
 Scorn, and defiance : slight regard, contempt,
 y thing, that may not misbecome
 ighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 ays my king : and, if your father's highness
 , in grant of all demands at large,
 a the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 all you to so hot an answer for it,
 ares and womy vaultages of France
 hide your trespass, and return your mock
 ad accent of his ordnance.

Say, if my father render fair reply,
 ainst my will : for I desire
 ; but odds with England ; to that end,

As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :
 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)
 Between the promise of his greener days,
 And these he masters now ; now he weighs time,
 Even to the utmost grain ; which you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind
 at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
 Come here himself to question our delay ;
 For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair
 conditions :

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
 To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

Enter CHORUS.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene
 ies,
 an of no less celerity
 at of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
 l-appointed king at Hampton pier
 his royalty ; and his brave fleet
 leen streamers the young Phoebus fanning.
 th your fancies ; and in them behold,
 e hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing ;
 e shrill whistle, which doth order give
 ds confus'd : behold the thredden sails,
 ith the invisible and creeping wind,
 e huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 g the lofty surge : O, do but think,
 od upon the rivage, and behold
 n the inconstant billows dancing ;
 ppears this fleet majestical,

ne course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !
 your minds to sternage of this navy ;
 ve your England, as dead midnight, still,
 with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 ast, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance :
 is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 e appearing hair, that will not follow
 l'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
 ork, your thoughts, and therein see a siege :
 he ordnance on their carriages,
 al months gaping on girded Harfleur.
 the ambassador from the French comes
 sk ;

rry—that the king doth offer him
 e his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,
 ry and unprofitable dukedoms.
 likes not : and the nimble gunner
 stock now the devilish cannon touches,
 [*Alarum ; and chambers go off.*]
 n goes all before them. Still be kind,
 out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

The same. Before Harfleur.

*Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BED-
 GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling*

. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
 e more ;
 e wall up with our English dead !
 there's nothing so becomes a man,
 t stillness and humility :
 t the blast of war blows in our ears,
 ate the action of the tiger ;
 e sinews, summon up the blood,
 air nature with hard-favour'd rage :
 l the eye a terrible aspect ;
 through the portage of the head,
 rass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 ly, as doth a galled rock
 and jutty his confounded base,
 ith the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide :
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height !—On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good
 yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt
 not ;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
 Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George,
 [*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

*Forces pass over : then enter NYM, BARDOLPH,
 PISTOL, and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the
 breach !

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay ; the knocks are
 too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a case
 of lives : the humour of it is too hot, that is the
 very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just ; for humours
 do abound ;

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;
 And sword and shield,
 In bloody field,
 Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London ! I
 would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I :
 If wishes would prevail with me,
 My purpose should not fail with me,
 But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing
 on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's blood !—Up to the preaches, you rascals !
 will you not up to the preaches !

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !
 Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage !

Abate thy rage, great duke !

Good lawcock, bate thy rage ! use lenity, sweet chuck !

Nym. These be good humours !—your honour
 wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph,*

followed by Fluellen.

H h 2

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few had words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph ate sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit Boy.]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' adversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is dight himself four yards under the counter-mines; by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, 'a'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It shall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I shall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save

me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time course. The town is beseeched, and the calls us to the breach; and we talk, and do nothing; 'tis shame for us all! so God 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by me and there is throats to be cut, and words done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish save me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eys of us themselves to slumber, aile do gude service ligge i'the ground for it; ay, or go to dea aile pay it as valorously as I may, but surely do, that is the breif and the long: wad full fan heard some question 'tween you

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you your correction, there is not many of y tion—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my na a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and What ish my nation? Who talks of my r

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter t than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradvi shall think you do not use me with that as in discretion you ought to use me, l being as goot a man as yourself, both in plines of wars, and in the derivation of and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a ma self: so Chrish save me, I will cut off y

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistakee

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [A parley

Gow. The trumpet sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, where there better opportunity to be required, look y he so hold as to tell you, I know the of war; and there is an end.

SCENE III.

The same. Before the gates of Harf The Governor and some Citizens on the English Forces below. Enter King HE his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the gover town?

This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore to our best mercy give yourself Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a so (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harf Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard In liberty of bloody hand, shall range With conscience wide as hell; mowing Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flower! What is it then to me, if impious war,— Array'd in flames, like to the prince of i Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all f Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness: When down the hill he holds his fierce We may as bootless spend our vain com Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil, As send precepts to the Leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Take pity of your town, and of your pec Whiles yet my soldiers are in my comm Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind O'erblows the filthy and contagious clou Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.

If not, why, in a moment, look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul Defile the locks of your shrill-s shrieking: Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to Your naked infants spitted upon pikes; While the mad mothers with their howl Do break the clouds, as did the wives c At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughterme

say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 ily in defence, be thus destroy'd?
 Our expectation hath this day an end:
 Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
 as us—that his powers are not yet ready
 to so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
 aid our crown, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
 our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
 e no longer are defensible.
 les. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
 u and enter Harfleur; there remain,
 rtify it strongly 'gainst the French:
 ery to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
 inter coming on, and sickness growing
 our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
 ht in Harfleur will we be your guest;
 row for the march are we address.
 [Flourish. The King, &c. enter the Town.

SCENE IV.

Rouen. A room in the palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, et tu parles
 language.

Un peu, madame.

Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que j'ap-
 parle. Comment appelez vous la main, en
 17

La main? elle est appellee, de hand.

De hand. Et les doigts?

Les doigts? moy foy, je oublie les doigts;
 me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils
 pelle de fingres: ouy, de fingres.

La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres.
 ne, que je suis le bon escotier. J'ay gane
 ais d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez
 ongles?

Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle
 e hand, de fingres, de nails.

C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon

Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

De arm, madame.

Et le coude.

De elbow.

De elbow. Je m'en fais la repetition de
 mots, que vous m'avez appris des a present.

Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand,

e, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

De elbow, madame.

O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De el-
 vnement appelez vous le col?

De neck, madame.

De neck: Et le menton?

De chin.

De sin. Le col, de neck, le menton, de sin.

Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verite, vous

es les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'An-

Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace

et en peu de temps.

N'avez vous pas deja oublie ce que je vous

gnee?

Non, je reciteray, a vous promptement.

De fingre, de mails,—

De nails, madame.

De nails, de arme, de bilbow.

Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin:

appelez vous le piens et la robe?

De foot, madame; et de con.

De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces

s de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et im-

et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user:

oudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seig-

France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de

le con, neunt-moins. Je reciterai une autre

con ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails,

de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.

Excellent, madame.

C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous a

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of BOUR-
 BON, the Constable of France, and Others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river
 Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
 Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
 And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,—
 The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
 Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
 Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds,
 And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman
 bastards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
 To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this
 mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden
 water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty? O, for honour of our Land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
 people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
 Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
 Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us,—to the English dancing-
 schools,

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos:
 Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjôy, the herald? speed
 him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
 Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd.
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
 Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
 You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jaques Chatillion, Rambours, Vandemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrade, Bouciquant, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
 knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the vallies: whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
 Montjôy;

And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with
 us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;

And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

*The English camp in Picardy.**Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not, (God be praised, and blessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the bridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world: but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man. *Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart, Of buxom valour, bath,—by cruel fate, And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel, That goddess blind, That stands upon the rolling restless stone.—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you, that fortune is blind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him; For he hath stol'n a *pix*, and hanged must 'a be. A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free, And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate: But Exeter hath given the doom of death, For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice; And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach: Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as brave words at the bridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a scone, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the

general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, do among foaming bottles, and ale-washer is wonderful to be thought on! but you must know such slanders of the age, or else you are marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I perceive, he is not the man, that he would make show to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. *[Drum.]* Hark you, the king is coming; and I must with him from the bridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? earnest thou the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the French is gone off, look you; and there are the most brave passages: Marry, the French was have possession of the bridge; but he was forced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is of the bridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a brave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'adversary hath very great, very reasonable great: marry, part, I think the duke hath lost never a man one that is like to be executed for robbing a man: Bardolph, if your majesty knows the man, face is all bubukles, and wheels, and knoiflames of fire; and his lips plows at his neck: it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plow sometimes red; but his nose is executed, fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offered off:—and we give express charge, that marches through the country, there be nothing taken from the villages, nothing taken for; none of the French upbraided, or all disdainful language; For when lenity and play for a kingdom, the gentlest gamester soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to of England, Though we seemed dead, we sleep: Advantage is a better soldier, than ravel; Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Hainault; but that we thought not good to brise an till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon and our voice is imperial: England shall his folly, see his weakness, and admire our ance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ravel, which must proportion the losses we have the subjects we have lost, the disgrace digested; which, in weight, to re-answer, less would bow under. For our losses, his quer is too poor; for the effusion of our bluster of his kingdom too faint a number; our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at but a weak and worthless satisfaction.—To—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, betrayed his followers, whose condemnation nounced. So far my king and master; my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy name. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Thou back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now. But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much) Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled. My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee I thought, upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me

do brag thus!—this your air of France
own that vice in me; I must repent
refore, tell thy master, here I am;
some, is this frail and worthless trunk;
y, but a weak and sickly guard;
d before, tell him we will come on,
France himself, and such another neighbour,
our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy,
thy master well advise himself:
ay pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
ll your tawny ground with your red blood
ur: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
i of all our answer is but this:
ld not seek a battle, as we are;
we are, we say, we will not shun it;
our master.

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-
ness. [Exit Montjoy.]
hope, they will not come upon us now.
1. We are in God's hand, brother, not in
airs.
the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
the river we'll encamp ourselves;
e-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

The French camp, near Agincourt.

Constable of France, the Lord RAM-
S, the Duke of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and

at! I have the best armour in the world.—
it were day!
ou have an excellent armour; but let my
e his due.
e is the best horse of Europe.
ill it never be morning?
y lord of Orleans, and my lord high
you talk of horse and armour,—
ou are as well provided of both, as any
the world.

What a long night is this!—I will not
y horse with any that treads but on four
Co, ha! He bounds from the earth, as
alls were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pe-
i a *les narines de feu!* When I bestride
ar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the
s, when he touches it; the basest horn
is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.
is of the colour of the nutmeg.
nd of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast
s: he is pure air and fire; and the dull
of the earth and water never appear
only in patient stillness, while his rider
m: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other
may call—beasts.
deed, my lord, it is a most absolute and
orse.

is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is
dding of a monarch, and his countenance
omage.
more, cousin.
ay, the man hath no wit, that cannot,
ising of the lark to the lodging of the
r deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a
fluent as the sea; turn the sands into
ongues, and my horse is argument for
'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason
r a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and
ld (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay
particular functions, and wonder at him.
t a sonnet in his praise, and began thus:
of nature,—
ave heard a sonnet begin so to one's

men did they imitate that, which I com-
y courser; for my horse is my mistress.
ar mistress bears well.
a well: which is the prescript praise and
of a good and particular mistress.
oy! the other day, methought, your
rewdly shook your back.
perhaps, did yours.
e was not bridled.
then, belike, she was old and gentle;

and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French
hose off, and in your strait trossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.
Dau. Be warned by me then: they that ride so,
and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had
rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears
her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I
had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vomisse-
ment, et la truie lavee au boubrier*: thou makest
use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress:
or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw
in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns,
upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many super-
fluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who
would trot as well, were some of your brags dis-
mounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his
desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morow
a mile, and my way shall be paved with English
faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced
out of my way: But I would it were morning, for
I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty
English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere
you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gal-
lant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out
the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman
of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep
that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one, that knows him
better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said,
he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body
saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and,
when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. It will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flat-
tery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the de-
vil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for
the devil, have at the very eye of that proverb, with
—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how
much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie
within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—
Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!

he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this
king of England, to mope with his fat-brained
followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

Orl. Foolish cars! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say, —that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize the mastiffs, in robustious and rough colour, leaving their wits with their wives: and them great meals of beef, and iron and steel will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly on *Con.* Then we shall find to-morrow — only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen

ACT THE FOURTH.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and idly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things, by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,

And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham!
A good soft pillow for that good white hair
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging is better,
Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love the pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out o'
The organs, though defunct and dead, break
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly
With casted slough and fresh legerity,
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brother,
Commend me to the princes in our camp.
Do my good morrow to them; and, and,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Erp.*]
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good

Go with my brothers to my lords of France,
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thy Harry!

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va la?
K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou officer
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emy.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than I.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a head

A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: a Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger
cap that day, lest he knock that about you.

Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then!
K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is Pistol called.
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierce

Enter FLEUELLEN and GOWER,
Gow. Captain Fluellen!

So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak
It is the greatest admiration in the un-
world, when the true and auccient prerogatives
of the wars is not kept: if you would
pains but to examine the wars of Pompey
at, you shall find, I warrant you, that there
idle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's,
I warrant you, you shall find the ceremo-
ny of the war, and the cares of it, and the forms
of the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it,
herwise.

Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him
t.

If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a
coccumb, is it meet, think you, that we
also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a
coccumb; in your own conscience now?
I will speak lower.

I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*]

u. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
such care and valour in this Welsh-
an.

BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Brother John Bates, is not that the
y, which breaks yonder?

I think it be: but we have no great cause
of the approach of day.

We see yonder the beginning of the day,
think, we shall never see the end of it.—
es there?

t. A friend.

Under what captain serve you?

Under sir Thomas Erpingham.
A good old commander, and a most kind
a: I pray you, what thinks he of our

u. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that
e washed off the next tide.

He hath not told his thought to the king?

t. No; nor it is not meet he should. For,
speak it to you, I think, the king is but
as I am: the violet smells to him, as it
se; the element shows to him, as it doth
all his senses have but human conditions:
sonies laid by, in his nakedness he ap-
t a man; and though his affections are
ounted than ours, yet, when they stoop,
p with the like wing; therefore, when he
on of fears, as we do, his fears, out of
of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in
o man should possess him with any ap-
of fear, lest he, by showing it, should
a his army.

He may show what outward courage he
e, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he
h himself in the Thames up to the neck;
would he were, and I by him, at all ad-
so we were quit here.

By my troth, I will speak my conscience
g; I think, he would not wish himself
s but where he is.

Then, 'would he were here alone! so
e: be sure to be ransomed, and a many
s lives saved.

I dare say, you love him not so ill, to
here alone; howsoever you speak this,
er men's minds: Methinks, I could not
here so contented, as in the king's com-
cause being just, and his quarrel ho-

that's more than we know.

Ay, or more than we should seek after;
sw enough, if we know we are the king's
if his cause be wrong, our obedience to
ripes the crime of it out of us.

But, if the cause be not good, the king
ath a heavy reckoning to make; when
egs and arms, and heads, chopped off in
hall joint together at the latter day, and
Ve died at such a place; some, swearing;
ng for a surgeon; some, upon their wives
hind them; some, upon the debts they
e, upon their children rawly left. I am
re are few die well, that die in battle;

for how can they charitably dispose of any thing,
when blood is their argument? Now, if these men
do not die well, it will be a black matter for the
king, that led them to it; whom to disobey, were
against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent
about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the
sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your
rule, should be imposed upon his father, that sent
him: or if a servant, under his master's command,
transporting a sum of money, be assailed by rob-
bers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you
may call the business of the master the author of
the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the
king is not bound to answer the particular endings
of the soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master
of his servant; for they purpose not their death,
when they purpose their services. Besides, there
is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come
to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with
all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have
on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived
murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken
seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bul-
wark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of
peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these
men have defeated the law, and outrun native
punishment, though they can outstrip men, they
have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle,
war is his vengeance; so that here men are pun-
ished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in
now the king's quarrel: where they feared the
death, they have borne life away; and, where they
would be safe, they perish. Then if they die un-
provided, no more is the king guilty of their dam-
nation, than he was before guilty of those impieties
for the which they are now visited. Every sub-
ject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul
is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the
wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every
mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is
to him advantage; or not dying, the time was
blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained;
and in him, that escapes, it were not sin to think,
that making God so free an offer, he let him out-
live that day to see his greatness, and to teach
others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill,
the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer
for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me;
and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would
not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheer-
fully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be
ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his
word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a
perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and
private displeasure can do against a monarch! you
may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with
fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll
never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish
saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round;
I should be angry with you, if the time were con-
venient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will
wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest
acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever
thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is
my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on
the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee
in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!

And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced tide running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

[*Enter ERPINGHAM.*]

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will
Though all, that I can do, is nothing worth:
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploping pardon.

[*Enter GLOSTER.*]

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things stay!

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

[*Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURG, and Others.*]

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up,
Dau. *Montez a cheval!*—My horse! my
quay! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre!*

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et la feu!*

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—

[*Enter Constable.*]

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present serv
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in th
That their hot blood may spin in English
And dout them with superfluous courage:

Ram. What, will you have them weep o
blood?
How shall we then behold their natural

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. The English are embattled, you Fr
Con. To horse, your gallant princes! Fr
horse!

Do but behold you poor and starved ban
And your fair show shall suck away thei
Leaving them but the shales and husks:

There is not work enough for all our han
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly v
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day do
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but bl
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn th
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our pe
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enoug
To purge this field of such a hiding foe:
Though we, upon this mountain's basis
Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honours must not. What's
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets
The tucket-sonance, and the note to mo
For our approach shall so much dare the
That England shall crouch down in fear,

[*Enter GRANDPRE.*]

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my
France!

Yon island carrions, desperate of their be
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose
And our air shakes them passing scornful
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their begga
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks
With torch-staves in their hand: and their
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides
The gum down-roping from their pale-de
And in their pale dull mouths the gimms
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and mo
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hor
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and
for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

I, I stay but for my guard; On, to the field:
I the banner from a trumpet take,
use it for my haste. Come, come away!
un is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The English camp.

the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Where is the king?
The king himself is rode to view their battle.
Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

There's five to one; besides, they are all fresh.
God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.
We wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
my lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu.

Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
et I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
ou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
ly in both.

O that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

ten thousand of those men in England,
o no work to-day!

What's he that wishes so?
usin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
we mark'd to die, we are enough
our country loss; and if to live,
wer men, the greater share of honour
will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
e, I am not covetous for gold;
re I, who doth feed upon my cost;
as me not, if men my garments wear;
atward things dovet not in my desires:
it be a sin to covet honour,
se most offending soul alive.

th, my coz, wish not a man from England:
peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
man more, methinks, would share from me,
best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
s, which hath no stomach to this fight,
I depart; my passport shall be made,
owns for convoy put into his purse:
uld not die in that man's company,
urs his fellowship to die with us.

y is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
t outlives this day, and comes safe home,
and a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
use him at the name of Crispian.
t shall live this day, and see old age,
arly on the vigil feast his friends,
—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:

ll he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
s, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.
I forget; yet all shall he forget,
ll remember, with advantages,
ats he did that day: Then shall our names,
e in their mouths as household words,—
e king, Bedford, and Exeter,
k and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
eir flowing cups freshly remember'd:
ry shall the good man teach his son;
spin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
is day to the ending of the world,
in it shall be remembered:

, we happy few, we band of brothers;
to-day that sheds his blood with me,
my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
' shall gentle his condition:
demen in England, now a-bed,
nk themselves accurs'd, they were not here:
l their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
ght with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed;
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be engulged. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor
hodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those, that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime.
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly;—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly),
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,
march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The field of battle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualite.*

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O signieur, thou do give to me Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitie de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys; For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat, In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French, What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez: Comment estes vous appelle?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firik him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firik.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout a cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par mafoy, pesant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neanmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner in liberte, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, & tres distingue signeur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—Follow me, cur. *[Exit Pistol.]*

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[Exit French Soldier.]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field of battle.

Alarums. *Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and Others.*

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!*

Reproach and everlasting shame Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune! Do not run away. [A short alarm.]*

Con. Why, all our ranks are

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab our

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but

shame!

Let us die instant: Once more back again;

And he, that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand

Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the field

Let life be short; else, shame will be too long. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. *Enter King HENRY and for EXETER, and Others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-

countrymen: We have

But all's not done, yet keep the French the

Exe. The duke of York commends him to

majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, with

hour,

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fight

From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth

Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,

(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds),

The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled on

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gash

That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him

He smil'd me in the face, rought me his ha

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—Dear my lord

Command my services to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compour

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

But, hark! what new alarm is this same?

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;

Give the word through. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. *Enter FLUELLEN and GOV.*

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis ev

against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a

knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd

'erld: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gou. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left

and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the

have done this slaughter! besides, they have

and carried away all that was in the king'

wherefore the king, most worthily, hath

soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis
ant king!

Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain
r: What call you the town's name, where
nder the pig was born?

Alexander the great.

Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The
r the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or
agnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the
s is a little variations.

I think, Alexander the great was born in
lan; his father was called—Philip of Mace-
a I take it.

I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander
a. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the
of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the
asons between Macedon and Monmouth, that
nations, look you, is both alike. There is a
a Macedon; and there is also moreover a river
amouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but
out of my brains, what is the name of the
river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fin-
to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.
mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Mon-
re is come after it indifferently well;
re is figures in all things. Alexander (God
and you know,) in his rages, and his furies,
a his ales and his cups, so also Harry Mon-
being in his right wits and his goot judg-
is turn away the fat knight with the great
outlet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and
es, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Sir John Falstaff.
Our king is not like him in that; he never
any of his friends.

It is not well done, mark you now, to take
of my mouth, ere it is made an end and
I. I speak but in the figures and compa-
if it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus,
a his ales and his cups, so also Harry Mon-
being in his right wits and his goot judg-
is turn away the fat knight with the great
outlet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and
es, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Sir John Falstaff.
That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men
Monmouth.

Here comes his majesty.

Enter King HENRY, with a part of the
ark forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EX-
R, and Others.

I was not angry, since I came to France,
is instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
ou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
will fight with us, bid them come down,
the field; they do offend our sight:
ll do neither, we will come to them;
ke them skirr away, as swift as stones
d from the old Assyrian slings:
, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
t a man of them, that we shall take,
ste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
a. How now! what means this, herald?
ow'st thou not,
have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
thou again for ransom?

No, great king:

to thee for charitable licence,
y may wander o'er this bloody field,
our dead, and then to bury them;
our nobles from our common men!
ty of our princes (woe the while!)
v'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
ur vulgar drench their peasant limbs
of princes;) and their wounded steeds
ock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
t their armed heels at their dead masters,
them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
the field in safety, and dispose
dead bodies.

I tell thee truly, herald,
ot, if the day be ours, or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?
Mont. They call it—Agin-court.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't
please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward
the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your ma-
jesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing
leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your ma-
jesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge
of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes
no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your
majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell
you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as
it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's country-
man, I care not who know it; I will confess it to
all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your
majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty
is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to Williams. *Exeunt Montjoy and
Others.*

Exc. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in
thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of
one, that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that
swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live, and
ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to
take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in
his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier,
he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is
it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please
your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of
great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the
tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is ne-
cessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and
his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his re-
putation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce,
as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and
his earth, in my conscience, I a.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou
meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good know-
ledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour
for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and
myself were down together, I plucked this glove
from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a
friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if
thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou
dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can
be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would
fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall
find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all;
but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his
grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.
K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit.
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels :
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear ;
It is the soldier's ; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with cholera, hot as gunpowder.
And quickly will return an injury :
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and bis pleasure, captain, I peesech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into ploys, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech

you, take it for your own fault, and not mine had you been as I took you for, I made no otherfore, I beseech your highness, pardon
K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crown:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is pence for you, and I pray you to serve G keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and qu and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is th for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, fore should you be so pashful? your shoe so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead nu
Her. Here is the number of the sla
French. [Delivers

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort a
uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to t
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqua
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten t
French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd
So that, in these ten thousand they have
There are but sixteen hundred mercenarie
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights
And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles, that lie
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of Fra
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Ramb
Great-master of France, the brave sir G
Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of B
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and I
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents anothe
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Sud
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and, of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm w
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem
But in plain shock, and even play of battl
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to
lage:

And be it death proclaimed through our
To boast of this, or take that praise from
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your ma
tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this
ledgment,

That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us gre

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deu*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England th
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more ha

ACT THE FIFTH.

Enter CHORUS.

or. Vouchsafe to those, that have not read the story,

I may prompt them : and of such as have, I may pray them to admit the excuse of me, of numbers, and due course of things, which cannot in their huge and proper life be presented. Now we bear the king and Calais : grant him there ; there seen, we him away upon your winged thoughts, part the sea : Behold, the English beach in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea.

Behold, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king, to prepare his way : so let him land ; and solemnly, see him set on to London. Lift a pace hath thought, that even now may imagine him upon Blackheath : where that his lords desire him, to have borne crested helmet, and his bended sword, to him, through the city : he forbids it, free from vainness and self-glorious pride ; a full trophy, signal, and ostent, from himself, to God. But now behold, the quick forge and working house of thought, London doth pour out her citizens ! Mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—in the senators of antique Rome, the plebeians swarming at their heels,—to fetch their conquering Cæsar in : yet a lower but by loving likelihood, now the general of our gracious empress in a good time, he may, from Ireland coming, of rebellion broached on his sword, many would the peaceful city quit, to come him ? much more, and much more cause, say this Harry. Now in London place him ; to the lamentation of the French the king of England's stay at home : the emperor's coming in behalf of France, for peace between them ; and omit occurrences, whatever chance'd, Harry's back-return again to France ; must we bring him ; and myself have play'd the traitor, by remembering you—'tis past. Look abridgment : and your eyes advance your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.]

SCENE I.

France. An English court of guard.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your day ? Saint Davy's day is past. There is occasions and causes why and where in all things : I will tell you, as my captain Gower ; The rascally, scald, beggarly, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you yourself, and all the world, know to be no better fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come, and brings me pread and salt yesterday you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in where I could not breed no contentions with you I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap, to him once again, and then I will tell him piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-

cock. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his leeks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol ! you lousy knave, Got pless you ! Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? Dost thou thirst, as Trojan, me fold up Parca's fatal web ? I am qualmish at the smell of leek. I preech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, sires, and my requests, and my petitions, look you, this leek ; because, look you, you

do not love it ; nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.] Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again.] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire ; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days :—Pite, I pray you ; it is good for your green wound, and bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ; I eat, and eke I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you : Will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave ; heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away ; the skiu is good for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them ; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good :—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat !

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go ; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words ? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel : you find it otherwise ; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now ? News have I, that my Nell is dead ! 'tis the spital Of malady of France ;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn, And something lean to pursue of quick hand. To England will I steal, and there I'll steal : And patches will I get unto these scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne. An apartment in the French King's palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords ; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,

Health and fair time of day :—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy ;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality ; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England ! That I have
labour'd

With all my wis, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated ; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear curse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage !
Alas ! she hath from France too long been chas'd ;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleached,—
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
That should decarinate such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country ;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing, that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled : and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections,
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands ;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enshedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which,
as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'erglanc'd the articles : pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and preemptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloucester,—
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king :

And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands ;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair s,

Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine

with us ;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but Henry, Katharine, and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I
speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will
soudly with your French heart, I will be
to hear you confess it brokenly with your
tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

Kath. Pardon me, I cannot tell what is—
K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate ; a
are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à le*
Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre gra*
dit il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine ; and
not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hom*
pleines des tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one ?
tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice. *Ouy ; dat de tongues of de ma*
full of deceits : dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better
woman. Ifaith, Kate, my wooing is fit
understanding : I am glad thou can'st
better English ; for, if thou couldst, thou
find me such a plain king, that thou woul
I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I
ways to mince it in love, but directly to sa
you : then, if you urge me further than to
you in faith ? I wear out my suit. Give
answer ; ifaith, do ; and so clap hands at
gain : How say you, lady ?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur,* me underst
K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me
or to dance for your sake, Kate, why y
me : for the one, I have neither words nor
and for the other, I have no strength in
yet a reasonable measure in strength. I
win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting
saddle with my armour on my back, t
correction of bragging be it spoken, I shou
leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet fo
or bound my horse for her favours, I
on like a huteher, and sit like a jack-an-a
off : but, before God, I cannot look gre
gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no c
protestation ; only downright oaths, whic
use till urged, nor never break for urging
canst love a fellow of this temper, Ka
face is not worth sun-burning, that neve
his glass for love of any thing he sees
thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee
dier : If thou canst love me for this, ta
not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is tr
for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I
too. And while thou livest, dear Kat
fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ;
force must do thee right, because he hat
gift to woo in other places : for these fall
finite tongue, that can rhyme themselves in
favours,—they do always reason them
again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ;
is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ;
back will stoop ; a black beard will tur
curled pate will grow bald ! a fair face w
a full eye will wax hollow : but a good he
is the sun and moon ; or, rather, the sun

moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, keeps his course truly. If thou would have a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray

th. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy France?

Hen. No; it is not possible you should love enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you did love the friend of France; for I love France well, that I will not part with a village of it; ill have it all mine: and, Kate, when France dies, and I am yours, then yours is France, and are mine.

th. I cannot tell vat is dat.

Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; but, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like ew-married wife about her husband's neck, (ly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de ce, & quand vous avez la possession de moi, me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed! ce nostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is say for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as weak so much more French: I shall never move in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

th. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

Hen. No, i'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy king of my tongue, and I thine, most truly ly, must needs be granted to be much at one. Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? or thou love me?

th. I cannot tell.

Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: at night, when you come into your closet, I question this gentlewoman about me; and I, Kate, you will, to her, praise those parts, that you love with your heart: but, good mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle prince, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half th, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? th. I do not know dat.

Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to be: do but now promise, Kate, you will enquire for your French part of such a boy; and, y English moiety, take the word of a king and a belor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse?*

th. Your majesty 'ave fussee French enough to be de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

Hen. Now, lie upon my false French! By honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: such honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; y blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, upstanding the poor and untempering effect of sage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he binking of civil wars when he got me; thereas I created with a stubborn outside, with feet of iron, that when I come, to woo ladies, it them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, ster I shall appear: my comfort is, that old hat ill layer up of beauty, can do no more upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear thee; and better; And therefore tell me, most adarine, will you have me? Put off your a blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart he looks of an empress; take me by the hand, y—Harry of England, I am thine: which thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Iren—thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaine is thine; who, though I speak it before his be be not fellow with the best king, thou and the best king of good fellows. Come, your in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, y English broken: therefore, queen of all,

Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veur point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; eaeusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, & damoiselles, pour estre baisees devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLÖSTER, EXETER, WESTMORLAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz: and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if you conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, god my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness: who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid, that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exc. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, Let that one article rank with the rest: And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

F. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, ^[Flourish.] Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the pactions of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.— Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[Exeunt.]

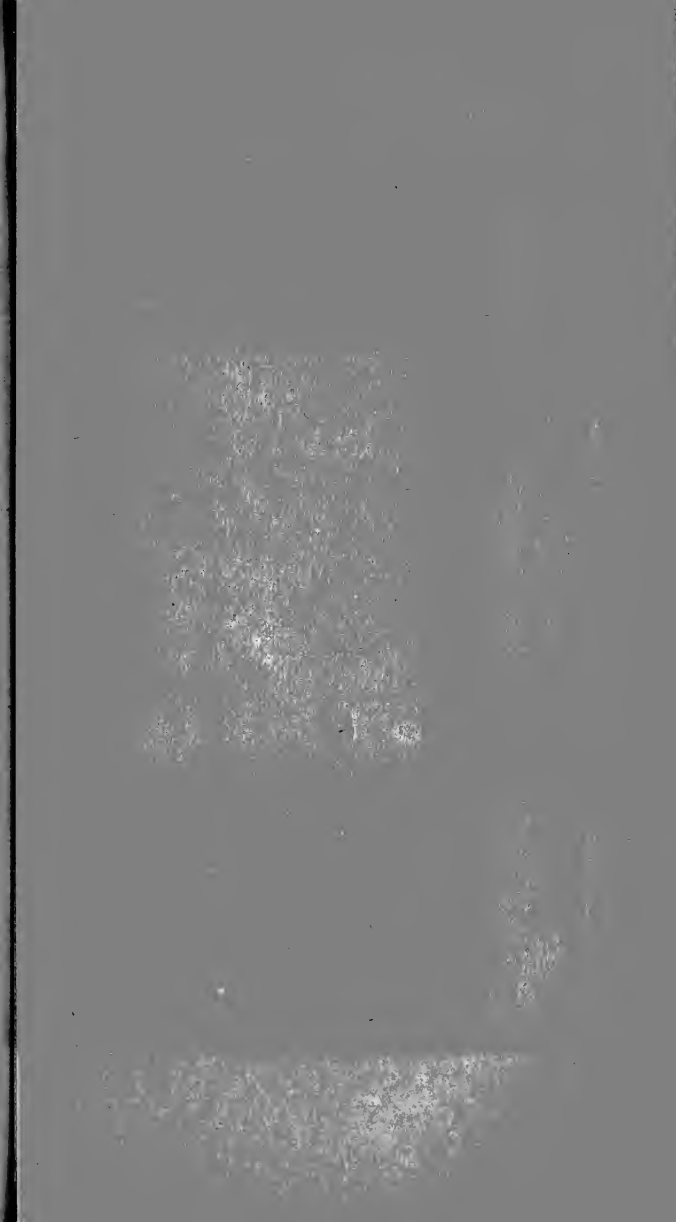
Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory,
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king,
Of France and England did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the manag'ing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exeunt.]







T. Stothard R.A.

Ang Fox sc

HENRY VI PART II.

Act. 2. Sc. 3.

Published by W. Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane 1824.

KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King HENRY the Sixth.
Duke of GLOSTER, uncle to the king, and promoter.
Duke of BEDFORD, uncle to the king, and regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, duke of Exeter, great uncle to the king.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great uncle to the king, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, earl of Somerset; afterwards, duke.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest son of Richard late earl of Cambridge; afterwards duke of York.
Earl of WARWICK. Earl of SALISBURY.
Earl of SUFFOLK.
Lord TALBOT, afterwards earl of Shrewsbury;
JOHN TALBOT, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Persons appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

Scene,—partly in England, and partly in France.

Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London. WOODVILLE, lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards king of France.
REIGNIER, duke of Anjou, and titular king of Naples.
Duke of BURGUNDY. Duke of ALENCON.
Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.
MARGARET, daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to king Henry.
Countess of AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Westminster Abbey.

Lord Marshal. Corpse of King HENRY the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

And. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Bemurder your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!

Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Venus he had, deserving to command:

His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,

Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:

He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.
Re. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plow'd thus our glory's overthrow?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
When the French the dreadful judgment day
In dreadful will not be, as was his sight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:

The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:

None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;

And lookest to command the prince and realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds
in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—

Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;

Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—

Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—

Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!

A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,

Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guaysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

Eae. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—

That here you maintain several factions;

And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling'ring wars with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

A third man thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:

Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Eae. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,

These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; request I am of France.—

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,

To wipe their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad
mischance,

France is revolted from the English quite;

Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The duke of Alençon fieth to his side.

Eae. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!

O, whether shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-

ness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—

I must inform you of a dismal fight,

Betwix the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-

thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,

Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,

By three and twenty thousand of the French

Was round encompassed and set upon:

No leisure had he to enrank his men;

He wanted pikes to set before his archers;

Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly,

To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued;

Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,

Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.

Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew;

The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;

All the whole army stood amaz'd on him:

His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,

And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,

If sir John Fastolf had not play'd the coward;

He, being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,

With purpose to relieve and follow them,) cowardly fled,

Not having struck one stroke.

Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;

Enclosed were they with their enemies:

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,

Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;

Whom all France, with their chief assembled

strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,

For living idly here, in pomp and ease,

Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner

And lord Scales with him, and lord Hunge

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend

Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours

Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,

To keep our great Saint George's feast with

Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,

Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is betray'd

The English army is grown weak and faint

The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,

Since they, so few, watch such a multitude

Eae. Remember, lords, your oaths to me

sworn;

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take I

To go about my preparation.

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the best

To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king

Eae. To Eltham will I, where the young

Being ordain'd his special governor;

And for his safety there I'll best provide.

Win. Each hath his place and function to

I am left out; for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;

The king from Eltham I intend to send,

And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.

[*Exit. See*

SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans.

*Enter CHARLES, with his forces: ALE
REIGNIER, and Others.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the

So in the earth, to this day is not known:

Late did he shine upon the English side:

Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment, but we have

At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;

Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alea. They want their porridge, and

bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,

And have their provender tied to their mo

Or piteous they will look, like drowned

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live

here?

Talbot is taken, whom we want to fear:

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury

And he may well in fretting spend his gal

Nor men, nor money, hath he to make w

Char. Sound, sound alarm: we will rush

Now for the honour of the forlorn French

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,

When he sees me go back one foot, or fly

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Re

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, REI

and Others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men

Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er

But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide

He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,

Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alea. Froissard, a countryman of ours,

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,

During the time Edward the third did rei

More truly now may this be verified;

For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Lean raw-hon'd rascals! who would e'er

They had such courage and audacity!

Let's leave 'this town; for they are hair-
rain'd slaves,
nger will enforce them to be more eager:
I know them; rather with their teeth
lls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
rms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
'er could they hold out so, as they do.
consent, we'll e'en let them alone.
Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news
of him.

Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
spall'd;

a late overthrow wrought this offence?
dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

maid hither with me I bring,
by a vision sent to her from heaven,

re the English forth the bounds of France.
it of deep prophecy she hath,

ag the nine sibyls of old Rome;
past, and what's to come, she can descry.

hall I call her in? Believe my words,
'are certain and unfallible.

Go, call her in: [*Exit Bastard.*] But,
st, to try her skill,

'stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—

means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*]

**A PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and
Others.**

Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous
uts?

Seignior, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me?

the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
hee well, though never seen before.

mas'd, there's nothing hid from me:
e will I talk with thee apart;

ck, you lords, and give us leave a while,
she takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
daughter,

entrain'd in any kind of art.
and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd

on my contemptible estate:
it I waited on my tender lambs,

in's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
ther deigned to appear to me;

a vision full of majesty,
e to leave my base vocation,

my country from calamity:
he promis'd, and assur'd success:

the glory she reveal'd herself;
reas I was black and swart before,

se clear rays, which she infus'd on me,
ity am I bless'd with, which you see.

that question thou canst possible,
ll answer unpremeditated:

ge try by combat, if thou dar'st,
shalt find, that I exceed my sex.

o this: Thou shalt be fortunate,
eeve me for thy warlike mate.

ou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
proof I'll of thy valour make,

combat thou shalt buckle with me;
ou vanquishest, thy words are true;

o, I renounce all confidence.
m prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,

ith five flower-de-luces on each side;
h at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's

rechyrd,
reat deal of old iron I chose forth.

hen come o'God's name, I fear no woman.
ad, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*]
ay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,

eat with the sword of Deborah.
hrist's mother helps me, else I were too

k.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou, that must
help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate

thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her
smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no

mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do

know:
These women are 'shrewd tempters with their
tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight
it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we'll try;—Come, let's away

about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London. Hill before the Tower.

*Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with
his Serving-men, in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; Gloster it is, that calls.

[*Servants knock.*]
1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who is there, that knocks so
imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not
let him in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so
we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands,
but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter, to the
gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what
traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king;
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
I Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry, what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Staud back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin;
I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

This he Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I heard thee to thy face

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[*Gloster and his men attack the Bishop.*

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose, I cry—a rope! a rope!

Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards not God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;

One, that still motions war, and never peace;

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;

That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm;

And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this

day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge

and command you, in his highness's name, to repair

to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear,

handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger,

henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;

But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:

This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou

may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head:
For I intend to have it, ere long.

May. See the east clear'd, and then depart.—

Good God! that nobles should such stomach
I myself fight not once in forty year.

SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how O'besteg'd;

And how the English have the suburbs won

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot

Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be t

by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

Something I must do, to procure me grace

The prince's espials have informed me,

How the English, in the suburbs close er

Went, through a secret grate of iron bars

In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;

And thence discover, how, with most ad

They may vex us, with shot, or with ass

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac

And fully even these three days have I v

If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me wo

And thou shalt find me at the governor's

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy then

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower,

SALISBURY and TALBOT, Sir W

GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GAI

and Others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again re

How wert thou handled, being prisoner?

Or by what means got'st thou to be rele

Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's to

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a pris

Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santr

For him I was exchang'd and ransomed

But with a baser man of arms by far,

Once, in contempt, they would have bas

Which I, disdain'd, scorn'd; and crav

Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'

In fine, redeem'd I was, as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds

Whom with my bare fists I would exec

If now I had him brought into my powe

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert e

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and co

taunts,

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a publick spectacle to all;

Here, said they, is the terror of the Fre

The scare-crow, that affrights our child

Then broke I from the officers, that led

And with my nails digg'd stanes out of t

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;

None durst come near for fear of succ

In iron walls they deem'd me not secur

So great fear of my name 'mongst them v

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had

That walk'd about me every minute-wh

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the he

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments ye

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I can count av

And view the Frenchmen how they fort

Let us look in, the sight will much deli

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William

Let me have your express opinions,

Where is best place to make our batter

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for

lords.

an. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
 u. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
 with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town. Salisbury and Sir Tho. Gargrave fall.*]

l. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
 v. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!
 d. What chance is this, that suddenly hath
 cross'd us?—

k. Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
 far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
 of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
 ned tower! accursed fatal hand,
 hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
 drteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 y the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
 ist any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,
 word did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
 iv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth
 fail,

eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
 me with one eye vieweth all the world.—
 en, be thou gracious to none alive,
 Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
 hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
 Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 bury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
 shalt not die, whiles—
 echoes with his hand, and smiles on me;
 ho should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
where to avenge me on the French.—
 agenet, I will; and Nero-like,
 on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 ched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarm.*]
 stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
 see cometh this alarm, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

x. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
 head:
 Jauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
 y prophethess, new risen up,—
 oc with a great power to raise the siege.
 [Salisbury groans.]
 Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
 his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
 Amen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
 le or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
 hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 take a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
 y me Salisbury into his tent,
 hen we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
 dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*]

SCENE V.

The same. Before one of the gates.

n. *Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the
 phin, and driveth him in: then enter JOAN
 PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her.*
 enter TALBOT.

Where is my strength, my valour, and my
 force?
 English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
 man, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
 or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
 will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
 straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
 Come, come, 'tis only I, that must disgrace
 thee. [*They fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
 But I will chāstise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
 I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
 O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
 Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
 Help Salisbury to make his testament:
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*Pucelle enters the town, with soldiers.*]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do:
 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
 So hees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
 Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarm.*]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarm. Another skirmish.*]

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
 In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarm. Retreat. Exeunt Talbot and his forces, &c.*]

SCENE VI.

The same.

*Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES,
 REIGNIER, ALENCON, and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
 Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrac's daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophethess!—
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout
 the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
 When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
 For which, I will divide my crown with her:
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
 A stately pyramid to her I'll rear,
 Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn, more precious
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in; and let us banquet royally,
 After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The same.

At the gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
 noise, or soldier, you perceive,

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors
 (When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

K k

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and forces, with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—By whose approach the regions of Artois, Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us, This happy night the Frenchmen are secure, Having all day carous'd and banqueted: Embrace we then this opportunity; As fitting best to quittance their deceit, Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude, To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long; If underneath the standard of the French, She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name, Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,

That we do make our entrance several ways;

That, if it chance the one of us do fail,

The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this. Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appear

How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter by the town.]

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, BUSTARD, ALENCON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize

More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was. And now there rests no other shift but this.—To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd, And lay new platforms to endanger them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have. The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword; For I have loaden me with many spoils, Using no other weapon but his name.

SCENE II.

Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, Captain, and Others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth. Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury. And here advance it in the market-place, The middle centre of this cursed town.— Now have I paid my vow unto his soul; For every drop of blood was drawn from him There hath at least five Frenchmen died to— And, that hereafter ages may behold What ruin happen'd in revenge of him, Within their chiefest temple I'll erect A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd Upon the which, that every one may read, Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans; The treacherous manner of his mournful death. And what a terror he had been to France. But, lords, in all our bloody massacre, I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's good. His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc. Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when they Rons'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds They did, amongst the troops of armed men Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern) For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night Am sure, I scard'd the Dauphin, and his train. When arm in arm they both came swiftly— Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves, That could not live asunder day or night. After that things are set in order here, We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts

So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak to him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne

With modesty admiring thy renown,

By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst visit

To visit her poor castle, where she lies;

That she may boast, she hath beheld the

Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, it

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,

When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. You may not, my lord, despise her gentle

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a man

Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:—

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks

And in submission will attend on her.—

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners

And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests

Are often welcomest, when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

hither, captain. [*Whispers.*—You perceive my mind.

t. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess, and her Porter.

nt. Porter, remember what I gave in charge; when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

t. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

nt. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right, I as famous be by this exploit, ythan Thomyris by Cyrus' death, is the rumour of this dreadful night, is achievements of no less account: would mine eyes be witness with mine ears, e their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

r. Madam, ting as your ladyship desir'd, message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

nt. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

r. Madam, it is.

nt. Is this the scourge of France?

t. The Talbot so much fear'd abroad,

with his name the mothers still their babes?

report is fabulous and false:

ght I should have seen some Hercules,

and Hector, for his grim aspect,

urge proportion of his strong-knit limbs,

this is a child, a silly dwarf:

set be, this weak and writhled shrimp

I strike such terror to his enemies.

Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:

nce your ladyship is not at leisure,

rt some other time to visit you.

nt. What means he now?—Go ask him,

whither he goes.

t. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves

ow the cause of your abrupt departure.

Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

nt. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Prisoner! to whom?

nt. To me, blood-thirsty lord;

re that cause I train'd thee to my house,

ime thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

my gallery thy picture hangs:

ow the substance shall endure the like;

will chain these legs and arms of thine,

ast by tyranny, these many years,

d our country, slain our citizens,

nt our sons and husbands captivate.

Ha, ha, ha!

nt. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall

urn to moan.

I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,

nk, that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,

on to practise your severity.

nt. Why, art not thou the man?

I am indeed.

nt. Then have I substance too.

No, no, I am but shadow of myself;

e deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

ast you see, is but the smallest part

ast proportion of humanity:

oo, madam, were the whole frame here,

such a spacious lofty pitch,

oof were not sufficient to contain it.

t. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

I be here, and yet he is not here:

an these contraries agree?

That I will show you presently.

nds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of

nce. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

ty you, madam? are you now persuaded,

albot is but shadow of himself?

re his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

which he yoketh your rebellious necks;

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns, And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse: I find, thou art no less than fame hath brutted, And more than may be gather'd by thy shape. Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; For I am sorry, that with reverence I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake The outward composition of his body.

What you have done, hath not offended me: No other satisfaction do I crave, But only (with your patience,) that we may Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have; For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a ease of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud; The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth; Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a taut in the law; And never yet could frame my will to it;

And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth, Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best, Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment: But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance: The truth appears so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd, So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts: Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth, If he suppose, that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him, that is no coward, nor no flatterer, But dare maintain the party of the truth,

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour Of base insinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset; And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected; If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case, I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off; Least, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed, Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

And keep me on the side, where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study, and my books be false,

The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[To Somerset.]

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorn thus way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him
and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole;

And we grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;

Springcrestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him, that made me, I'll maintain my
words

On any plot of ground in Christendom:

Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension:

Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;

Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambi-
tion!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious
Richard. [Exit.]

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce en-
dure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:

And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose:

And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That thou on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Vern. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

The same. A room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by
Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of de
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes,—like lamps, whose wasting
spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the gro

Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay I
Unable to support this lump of clay,—

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come
I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, wi

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber
And answer was return'd, that he will cor

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be sat
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mi

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reig
(Before whose glory I was great in arms),
This loathsome sequestration have I had;

And even since then hath Richard been of
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:

But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is I

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, com

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:

O, tell me, when my lips do touch his ch
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss—
And new declare, sweet stem from York's gre

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert de
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against m

And, in that case, I'll tell thee my diseas
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset a

Among which terms he used his lavish to:
And did upbraid me with my father's des

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue
Else with the like I had requited him:

Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sa
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause

My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his hea
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that impris

And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring y
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pin
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause t
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.—

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath pe
And death approach not ere my tale be de

Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's s

The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descen

During whose reign, the Percies of the no
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the thro

The reason, mov'd these warlike lords to
Was—for that (young king Richard thus)
Leaving no heir begotten of his body.)
I was the next by birth and parentage;

my mother I deriv'd am
Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
of Edward the third, whereas he
John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
but fourth of that heriok line.
ark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
aboured to plant the rightful heir,
my liberty, and they their lives.
after this, when Henry the fifth,—
ding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
ther, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
ing my sister, that thy mother was,
in pity of my hard distress,
an army; weening to redeem,
ave install'd me in the diadem:
s the rest, so fell that noble earl,
as beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
am the title rested, were suppress'd.
1. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
at my fainting words do warrant death:
urt my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
t be wary in thy studious care.
Thy grave admistments prevail with me:
t, methinks, my father's execution
othing less than bloody tyranny.
With silence, nephew, be thou politick;
fixed is the house of Lancaster,
like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled peace.
Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young
years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer
doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!
[*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out Mortimer.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same. The Parliament-House.

Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSWARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD STAGENET, and Others. *Gloster offers to a bill; Winchester snatches it, and tears it.*

Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
sirey of Gloster; if thou caust accuse,
thou intend'st to lay unto my charge,
without invention suddenly;
with sudden and extemporal speech
to answer what thou canst object.
Presumptuous priest! this place commands
thy patience.
I should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
not, although in writing I prefer'd
number of thy vile outrageous crimes,
wherefore I have forg'd, or am not able
to rehearse the method of my pen:
date; such is thy audacious wickedness,
r'd, pestiferous, and dissentional pranks,
infants prattle of thy pride.
rt a most pernicious usurer;
d by nature, enemy to peace;
ous, wanton, more than well beseems
of thy profession, and degree;
thy treachery, What's more manifest?
thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
at London bridge, as at the Tower?
I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
g, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
vious malice of thy swalling heart.
Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
me hearing what I shall reply.
e covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
ill have me, How am I so poor!
haps it, I seek not to advance
myself, but keep my wanted calling?
dissention, Who preferrest peace
an I do,—except I be provok'd?
good lords, it is not that offends;
that, that hath incens'd the duke:
cause no one should sway but he;
but he, should be about the king;
it engenders thunder in his breast,
kes him roar these accusations forth.
shall know, I am as good—

As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office, that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speuk, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside.

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[A noise within; Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this!

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[A noise again; Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out;
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

K l 2

Enter, skirmishing, the retainers of Gloster and Winchester, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself, To hold your slaughter'd hands, and keep the peace. Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil, And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man Just and upright; and, for your royal birth, Inferior to none, but to his majesty: And, ere that we will suffer such a prince, So kind a father of the commonweal, To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate, We, and our wives, and children, all will fight, And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

Glo. *[Skirmish again.]* Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do, Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!— Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold My sighs and tears, and will not once relent? Who should be pitiful, if you be not? Or who should study to prefer a peace, If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse, To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm. You see what mischief, and what murder too, Hath been enacted through your enmity; Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop; Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke Hath banish'd moody discontented fury, As by his smoothed brows it doth appear: Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin: And will not you maintain the thing, you teach, But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent; What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee; Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.— See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not? *[Aside.]*

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,

How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.

3 Serv. And I will see what physick the tavern affords. *[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.]*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign; Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right:

Especially, for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,

That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willetth Winche

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that; But all the whole inheritance I give, That doth belong unto the house of York, From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plant. Thy humble servant vows obedience And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee to my foot;

And, in requerdon of that duty done, I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;

And rise created princely duke of York.

Plant. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may

And as my duty springs, so perish they

That grudge one thought against your majesty

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty

York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty

To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France

The presence of a king engenders love

Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends:

As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king

goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness

[Exeunt all but

Exc. Ay, we may march in England, or in

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late dissention, grown betwixt the ps

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall aw

So will this base and envious discord breed

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,

Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe:

That Henry, born at Monmouth, should w

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time

SCENE II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUELLE, disguised, and dressed like countrymen, with sacks up her backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates o Through which our policy must make a b Take heed, be wary how you place you Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men, That come to gather money for their corn. If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall) And that we find the slothful watch but I'll by a sign give notice to our friends, That Charles the Dauphin may encounter

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;

Therefore we'll knock.

Guard. *[Within.] Qui est la?*

Puc. *Paisants, pauvres gens de France:*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is

[Opens

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwa

ground. *[Pucelle, &c. enter*

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALL

and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy st

And once again we'll sleep secure in Rou

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her pri

Now she is there, how will she specify,

Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yond

Which, once discern'd, shows, that her mea

No way to that, for weakness, which she

Enter LA PUELLE on a battlement,

out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy weddin

sinth Rouen unto her countrymen;
 rning fatal to the Talbotites.

See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
 rning torch in yonder turret stands.

New shine it like a comet of revenge,
 bet to the fall of all our foes!

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
 and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
 en do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*]

as. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
 tears,

ot but survive thy treachery.—

, that witch, that damned sorceress,
 rought this hellish mischief unawares,

ardly we escap'd the pride of France.
 [*Exeunt to the town.*]

Excursions. Enter, from the town, BED-

D, brought in sick, in a chair, with TAL-

BURGUNDY, and the English Forces.

, enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE,

RLES, Bastard, ALENCON, and Others.

Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for
 read?

, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
 he'll buy again at such a rate:

full of darnel? Do you like the taste?
 Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtizan!

, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
 ake thee curse the harvest of that corn.

. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before
 hat time.

O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this
 reason!

What will you do, good grey-beard? break
 lance,

a a tilt at death within a chair?
 Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,

pass'd with thy lustful paramours!
 is it thee to taunt his valiant age,

it with cowardice a man half dead?
 l, I'll have a bout with you again,

let Talbot perish with this shame.
 Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold
 by peace;

not do but thunder, rain will follow.—
 [*Talbot, and the rest, consult together.*]

eed the parliament! who will be the speaker?
 Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
 if that our own be ours, or no.

I speak not to that railing Hecate,
 do thee, Alençon, and the rest;

, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
 Signior, no.

Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
 assant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

are not take up arms like gentlemen.
 Captains, away; let's get us from the walls;

lbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
 wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
 e are here.

[*Exeunt La Pucelle, &c. from the walls.*]

And there will we be too, ere it be long,
 reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!

Burgandy, by honour of thy house,
 d on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,

to get the town again, or die:
 —as sure as English Henry lives,

his father here was conqueror;
 as in this late-betrayed town

Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
 I swear, to get the town, or die.

My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
 Bot, ere we go, regard this dying prince,

liant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
 ll bestow you in some better place,

or sickness, and for crazy age.
 Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:

ill I sit before the walls of Rouen,
 ll be partner of your weal, or woe.

Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
 Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
 out Pendragon, in his litter, sick,

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
 Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
 Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand,
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces,
 leaving Bedford, and Others.*]

Alarm: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FAS-

TOLFE, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
 Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;

We are like to have the overthrow again.
 Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay.

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
 [*Exit.*]

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA

PUCELLE, ALENCON, CHARLES, &c. and

Exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
 For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
 They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
 Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*]

Alarm: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and

Others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
 This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
 Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
 Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But, where is Pucelle
 now?

I think her old familiar is asleep:
 Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
 gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
 That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,
 Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;
 For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
 Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;

A braver soldier never couched lance,
 A gentler heart did never sway in court:

But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
 For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. The plains near the city.

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENCON,
 LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
 Nor grieve, that Rouen is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
 For things, that are not to be remedied.

Let frankick Talbot triumph for a while,
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
 If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence;

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
 Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,

And we will make thee famous through the world.
 Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,

And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
 Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
 By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,

We will entice the duke of Burgundy
 To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expul'd from France,

And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*
Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!

O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny,
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace
My forces and my power of men are yours;
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust the

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn
Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship

us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our b
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our p
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [E

SCENE IV.

Paris. A room in the palace.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other
VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT
and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable p
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:

In sign whereof, this arm—that hath rail'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of st
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' fe
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle G
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my l

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and vi
lord!

When I was young (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.

Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as than

Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good d
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;

And in our coronation take your place.
[*Exeunt K. Hen. Glo. Tal. and*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot
Disgracing of these colours, that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou!

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patro
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man s
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take

[*Strit*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms
That, who draws a sword, 'tis present d
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to vengeance wrong!

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon
And, after, meet you sooner than you woul

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same. A room of state.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER,
YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHES-
TER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governour
of Paris, and Others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governour of Paris, take your oath,—
[*Governour kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his
And none your foes, but such as shall pret
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous Go

[*Exeunt Gov. and his*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
base knight, when I did meet thee next,
the garter from thy craven's leg.

[Plucking it off.]

I have done) because unworthily
ast installed in that high degree.—
me, princely Henry, and the rest:
stard, at the battle of Patay,
ut in all I was six thousand strong,
t the French were almost ten to one,—
we met, or that a stroke was given,
a trusty esquire, did run away;
a assault we lost twelve hundred men;
and divers gentlemen beside,
ere surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
dge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
her that such cowards ought to wear
ament of knighthood, yea, or no.
o say the truth, this fact was infamous,
beseming any common man;
ore a knight, a captain, and a leader.
When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
of the garter were of noble birth;
and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
were grown to credit by the wars;
ing death, ner shrinking for distress,
ays resolute in most extremes.
, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
t usurp the sacred name of knight,
g this most honourable order;
ald (if I were worthy to be judge,)
degraded, like a hedge-born swain,
h presume to boast of gentle blood.
i. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st
y doom:
ng therefore, thou that wast a knight;
th we hainish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit Fastolf.]

my lord protector, view the letter,
our uncle duke of Burgundy.
hat means his grace, that he hath chang'd
style? *[Reading the superscription.]*
but plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
forget, he is his sovereign?
this churlish superscription
some alteration in good will?
ere!—*I have, upon especial cause,—*

[Reads.]

*With compassion of my country's wreck,
t with the pitiful complaints
i as your oppression feeds upon,—
n your pernicious faction,
d'n'd with Charles, the rightful king of
nce.*
ous treachery! can this be so;
lliance, amity, and oaths,
uld be found such false dissembling guile?
What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
e doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk
h him,
him chastisement for this abuse:—
how say you? are you not content?
ontent, my liege? Yes; but that I am
vented,
have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
Then gather strength, and march unto
a straight:
erceive, how ill we brook his treason;
t offence it is, to flout his friends.
So, my lord; in heart desiring still,
behold confusion of your foes. *[Exit.]*
nter VERNON and BASSET.

Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
d me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
his is my servant; Hear him, noble prince.
od this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour!

Be patient, lords; and give them leave
peak.—

emen, What makes you thus exclaim?
fore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me
wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong, whereof you both
complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose, I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in
brainsick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest, where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strifa!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;

Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exc. It grieves his highness;—Good, my lords,
be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you, that would be cem-
hatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—

And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France;

O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood?
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—

Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—

And good my lord of Somerset, unite

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King Henry, Glo. Som.*
Win. Suff. and Basset.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist, he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt York, Warwick, and Vernon.*
Eve. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy
voice:

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoever, no simple man, that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the
General of the French Forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way can'st thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring to thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.*
Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—

O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French cur
If we be English deer, be then in blood:
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stag
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my fri
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

SCENE III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a Mes

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd
That degg'd the mighty army of the Daup
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and gi
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd alon
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauph
Which join'd with him, and made their
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somers
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this sie
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier;
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
And hemm'd about with grim destruction
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeau
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England!

York. O God! that Somerset—who in pr
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me w
That thus we die, while remiss traitors s
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distres
York. He dies, we lose; I break my warli
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they d
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave
soul!

And on his son, young John; whom, two ho
I met in travel toward his warlike father
This seven years did not Talbot see his se
And now they meet, where both their lives

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talb
To bid his young son welcome to his gra
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are w
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of seditio
Feeds in the bosom of such great comman
Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—While they each othe
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to los

SCENE IV.

Other plains of Gascony.

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an
TALBOT's with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them
This expedition was by York, and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot

lied all his gloss of former honour
unheeded, desperate, wild adventure :
him on to fight, and die in shame,
albot dead, great York might bear the name.
ere is sir William Lucy, who with me
our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

How now, sir William? whither were you
nt?
Whither, my lord? from bought and sold
rd Talbot;
ag'd about with bold adversity,
t for noble York and Somerset,
assailing death from his weak legions.
iles the honourable captain there
lody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
alooft with worthless emulation.
your private discord keep away
ed succours, that should lend him aid,
e, renowned noble gentleman,
p his life unto a world of odds :
the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Reignier, compass him about,
bot perisheth by your default.
ork set him on, York should have sent
an aid.

And York as fast upon your grace exclaims ;
that you withhold his levied host,
for this expedition.

ork lies; he might have sent and had the
re:

in little duty, and less love ;
soul scorn, to fawn on him by sending,
hefraud of England, not the force of France,
we entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot :
England shall he bear his life ;
betrayed to fortune by your strife.
ome, go ; I will despatch the horsemen
sight :

ix hours they will be at his aid.
oolate comes rescue ; he is ta'en, or slain :
e could not, if he would have fled ;
would Talbot never, though he might.
f he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu !
His fame lives in the world, his shame in
t. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The English camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
thee in stratagems of war ;
bot's name might be in these reviv'd,
pleas age, and weak unable limbs,
ing thy father to his drooping chair.
malignant and ill-boding stars !—
art come unto a feast of death,
and unavoided danger :

dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;
direct thee how thou shalt escape
n flight : come, dally not, begone.
s my name Talbot? and am I your son ?
I fly? O, if you love my mother,
r not her honourable name,
a bastard, and a slave of me :
I will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
ly fled, when noble Talbot stood.
y, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
le, that flies so, will ne'er return again.
we both stay, we both are sure to die.
hen let me stay, and, father, do you fly :
is great, so your regard should be ;
unknown, no loss is known in me.
death the French can little boast ;
they will, in you all hopes are lost.
not stain the honour you have won :

it will, that no exploit have done :
or vantage, every one will swear ;
ow, they'll say—it was for fear.
o hope, that ever I will stay,
st hour, I shrink, and run away.
ny knee, I beg mortality,
in life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb ?
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not
lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name ; Shall flight
abuse it ?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from
that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die ?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide ;

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;

For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die ;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A field of battle.

Alorum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is
hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,

And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath ;

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son :

The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done ;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword

struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,

Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood

From thee, my boy ; and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight—I soon encountered ;

And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,

Bespoke him thus : Contaminated, base,

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine.

Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy :—

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care ;

Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare ?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?

Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead ;

The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :

By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,

'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day :

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame :

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;

All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me

smart,

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,

(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,

The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die !

And like me to the peasant boys of France ;

To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance !

Surely, by all the glory you have won,

As if I fly, I am not Talbot's son :

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Another part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me shriek, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!
Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here
to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe —
Poor boy? he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dies.*]

Alarums: Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Chor. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-
wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestic high scorn,—
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,*

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble
See, where he lies in herbed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bone
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia!
Char. O, no; forbear: for that, which w
During the life, let us not wrong it dead

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended;
Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to kn
Who hath obtained the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a me
word;

We English warriors wot not what it m
I come to know what prisoners thou has
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell ou
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of t
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdu
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord F.
Sheffield,

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridg
Knight of the noble order of Saint Geor
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden
Great Marshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of Fra

Puc. Here is a silly stately style ind
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at ou

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the French
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nem
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets tar
That I, in rage, might shoot them at y
O, that I could but call these dead to l
It were enough to fright the realm of F
Were but his picture left among you h
It would amaze the proudest of you all
Give me their bodies; that I may bear t
And give them burial as becometh their

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Tal
He speaks with such a proud command
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep
They would but stink, and putrefy the

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy.

But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix, that shall make all France a
Char. So we be rid of them, do wit
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering v
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's;

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

London. A room in the palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the
pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord, and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,

It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one f

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Ch
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your gra

In marriage, with a large and sumptuo
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my
young;

And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramor
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you
So let them have their answers every o
I shall be well content with any choic
Tends to God's glory, and my country

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, in a cardinal's habit.

re. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd, call'd unto a cardinal's degree!

o. I perceive, that will be verified, by the fifth did sometime prophesy, *[He comes to be a cardinal, make his cap co-equal with the crown]*

Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits were consider'd and debated on.

r. purpose is both good and reasonable; therefore, are we certainly resolv'd raw conditions of a friendly peace; which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean I be transported presently to France.

o. And for the proffer of my lord your master, we inform'd his highness so at large, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts, beauty, and the value of her dower, both intend she shall be England's queen.

Hen. In argument and proof of which contract, her this jewel, *[To the Amb.]* pledge of my affection.

o. so, my lord protector, see them guarded, safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd, wait them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exit King Henry and Train; Gloster, Exeter, and Ambassadors.]

o. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive sum of money which I promised to be deliver'd to his holiness clothing me in these grave ornaments.

r. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

o. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow, inferior to the proudest peer. *phrey* of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive, neither in birth, or for authority, bishop will be overborne by thee; either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee, or acknowledge this country with a mutiny. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENCON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

o. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:

aid, the stout Parisians do revolt, turn again unto the warlike French.

o. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France, keep not back your powers in dalliance.

r. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us; ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

o. Success unto our valiant general, happiness to his accomplices!

r. What tidings send our scouts? I pry'thee speak.

o. The English army, that divided was into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one; means to give you battle presently.

r. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is; we will presently provide for them.

o. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there; he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

r. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—and the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine; envy fret, and all the world repine.

o. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

The same. Before Angiers.

o. *Excursions.* *Enter LA PUCELLE.*

The regent conquerors, and the Frenchmen fly.— help, ye charming spells, and periapts; ye choice spirits, that admonish me, we-me signs of future accidents! *[Thunder.]*

o. speedy helpers, that are substitutes of the lordly monarch of the north, ye, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof Of your accustom'd diligence to me. Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd Out of the powerful regions under earth, Help me this once, that France may get the field. *[They walk about, and speak not.]*

o. hold me not with silence over-long! Where I was wont to feed you with my blood, I'll lop a member off, and give it you, In earnest of a further benefit; So you do condescend to help me now.— *[They hang their heads.]*

No hope to have redress?—My body shall. Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit. *[They shake their heads.]*

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice, Entreat you to your wonted furtherance? Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all, Before that England give the French the foil. *[They depart.]*

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come, That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest, And let her head fall into England's lap. My ancient incantations are too weak, And hell too strong for me to buckle with: Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast: Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms, And try if they can gain your liberty.— A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace! See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows, As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be. *York.* O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man; No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee! And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pry'thee, give me leave to curse a while. *York.* Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. *[Gazes on her.]*

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly; For I will touch thee but with reverent hands, And lay them gently on thy tender side. I kiss these fingers *[Kissing her hand.]* for eternal peace:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee. *Marg.* Margaret my name; and daughter to a king, The king of Naples, whose'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd. Be not offended, nature's miracle, Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings. Yet, if this servile usage once offend, Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.] O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass; My hand would free her, but my heart says—no. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, Twinkling another counterfeited beam, So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak: I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind: Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself; Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight? Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such, Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Marg. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,— What ransom must I pay before I pass? For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit, L 1

Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd: She is a woman; and therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,

Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen?

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls

We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

Consent, (and for thy honour, give consent,)

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a

Fit to be made companion with a king:

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou

Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;

And those two counties, I will undertake,

Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name

As deputy unto that gracious king,

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly

Because this is in traffick of a king:

And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd;

So, farewell, Reignier! set this diamond seal

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes,

and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark

Margaret;

No princely commendations to my king!

Mar. Such commendations as become a

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—

No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Exit*]

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so pre-

To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Mar.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;

There Minotours, and ugly treasons, lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:

Bethink thee on her virtues, that surmount

Mad, natural graces, that extinguish art:

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's

Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Sheriff.

Sherp. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's

right!

Have I sought every country far and near,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die wretched

Puc. Deceitful miser! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood;

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Sherp. Out, out!—My lords, an please

you not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parent?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes

Sherp. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I pry'thee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd

man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Sherp. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest

born, that I was wedded to her mother.—
down and take my blessing, good my girl.
how not stoop? Now cursed be the time
nativity! I would the milk
other gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
een a little ratsbane for thy sake!
e, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
how deny thy father, cursed drab?
a her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*]
Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
the world with vicious qualities.

First, let me tell you, whom you have con-
demn'd:

a begotten of a shepherd swain,
u'd from the progeny of kings;
is, and holy; chosen from above,
piration of celestial grace,
rk exceeding miracles on earth.

had to do with wicked spirits:

u,—that are polluted with your lusts,
l with the guiltless blood of innocents,
t and tainted with a thousand vices,—
e you want the grace that others have,
dge it straight a thing impossible
pass wonders, but by help of devils.

isconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
in from her tender infancy,

and immaculate in very thought;

maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
ry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,

for no faggots, let there be enough:

barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
her torture may be shortened.

Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—

Joan, discover thine infirmity;

arranteth by law to be thy privilege.—

rich child, ye bloody homicides:

not then the fruit within my womb,

gh ye hale me to a violent death.

Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with
child?

The greatest miracle, that e'er ye wrought:

our strict preciseness come to this?

She and the Dauphin have been juggling:

agine what would be her refuge.

Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;

dly, since Charles must father it.

You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;

Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!

an if it had a thousand lives.

O, give me leave, I have deluded you;

neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,

igquier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

A married man! that's most intolerable.

Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows
at well,

were so many, whom she may accuse.

It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—

et, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:

entreaty, for it is in vain.

Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave
ry curse:

ver glorious sun reflex his beams

ie country, where you make abode!

lness and the gloomy shade of death

l you; till mischief, and despair,

oo to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*]

Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
mal accursed minister of hell!

ster Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.

Lord regent, I do greet your excellence

sters of commission from the king.

rw, my lords, the states of Christendom,

with remorse of these outrageous broils,

urately implor'd a general peace

our nation, and the aspiring French;

re at hand, the Dauphin, and his train,

meth, to confer about some matter.

Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrow'n,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquer'd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENCON, Bastard,
REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our hateful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?

This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd

With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:

Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That, which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:

If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:

And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside, to Charles.*]

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our con-
dition stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of France.—

[*Charles, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

London. A room in the palace.

Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK;
GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your word'rous rare description, noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush ! my good lord ! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worldly praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds :
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
that ?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exc. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower ;

While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen, to make him rich :
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,

Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king :
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk ; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France,
Agree to any covenants : and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say ; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exit Gloster and Essex.*]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd : and thus he
goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit*]





KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King HENRY the Sixth :
 HUMPHREY, duke of Gloster, his uncle.
 Cardinal BEAUFORT, hishop of Winchester, great
 uncle to the king.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, duke of York.
 EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.
 Duke of SOMERSET,
 Duke of SUFFOLK,
 Duke of BUCKINGHAM, } of the king's party.
 Lord CLIFFORD,
 Young CLIFFORD, his son, }
 Earl of SALISBURY,
 Earl of WARWICK, } of the York faction.
 Lord SCALES, governour of the Tower. Lord SAY.
 Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his brother.
 Sir JOHN STANLEY.
 A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and
 WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
 A Herald. VAUX.
 HUME and SOUTHWELL, two priests.
 BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer. A Spirit raised by
 him.
 THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his
 man.
 Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
 SIMPCOX, an impostor. Two Murderers.
 JACK CADE, a rebel :
 GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, the Weaver,
 MICHAEL, &c. his followers.
 ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.
 MARGARET, queen to king Henry.
 ELEANOR, duchess of Gloster.
 MARGERY JOURDAIN, a witch. Wife to
 Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens,
 Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

Scene,—dispersedly in various parts of England.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

London. A room of state in the palace.

French of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one
 side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SA-
 LISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAU-
 FORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led
 in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET,
 BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

King. As by your high imperial majesty
 I had in charge at my depart for France,
 As procurator to your excellence,
 To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
 In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
 The dukes of Orleans, Calabre, Bretaigne, and
 Alençon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend
 bishops,—
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent;
 The happiest gift, that ever marquess gave,
 The surest queen, that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Mar-
 garet:

I can express no kinder sign of love,
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart, replete with thankfulness!
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious
 lord;

The mutual conference, that my mind hath had—
 By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
 In security company, or at my beads,—
 Wish you mine alder-liestef sovereign,
 Make me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,

And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in
 speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's hap-
 piness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
 Here are the articles of contracted peace,
 Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
 For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [Reads.] Imprimis, It is agreed between the
 French king, Charles, and William de la Poole,
 marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of
 England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady
 Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples,
 Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of
 England, ere the thirteenth of May next ensuing.—
 Item,—That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of
 Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her
 father—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
 Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
 And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

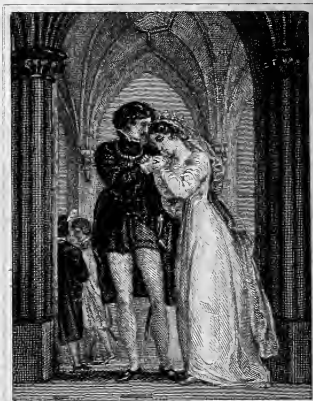
K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—It is further agreed between them,—
 that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released
 and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent
 over of the king of England's own proper cost and
 charges, without having dowry.

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess,
 kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
 And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
 From being regent in the parts of France,
 Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
 Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and
 Buckingham,



L. Stothard RA.

R. Agard sc.

HENRY VI PART 2.

Act. 3. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering, 57 Chancery Lane, 1824.

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*
Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame:
Blotting your names from books of memory:
Razing the characters of your renown;
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him, that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her, that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in
France,

Before—

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'Tis not my speeches, that you do mislike;
But 'tis my presence, that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all:
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smooching word
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—Humphrey, the good duke of Glouster,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!

With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay:
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently.

Son. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
pride,

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector.
Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows!
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.—
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—

More like a soldier, than a man o' the church
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy household
Hath won the greatest favour of the commonwealth
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;

Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people.
Join we together, for the public good;

In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition.
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey:
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greater
Sal. Then let's make haste away, and let
the main.

War. Unto the main! O father! Maine is
That Maine, which by main force Warwick
And would have kept, so long as breath
Main chance, father, you meant; but I mean
Which I will win from France, or else be
[*Exeunt Warwick and Somerset.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles;

The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair dower.
I cannot blame them all; what is't to them
'Tis time they give away, and not their oaths.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
And purchase friends, and give to courtiers
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods

Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless
And shakes his head, and trembling stands
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his oath.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his nails
While his own lands are bargain'd for, an
Methinks, the realms of England, France,

Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

d the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
the prince's heart of Calydon.
and Maine, both given unto the French!
news for me; for I had hope of France,
as I have of fertile England's soil.

will come, when York shall claim his own;
therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
hat's the golden mark I seek to hit:
shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
wear the diadem upon his head,
se church-like humours fit not for a crown.

York, be still awhile, till time do serve;
thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
y into the secrets of the state;
leury, surfeiting in joys of love,
his new bride, and England's dear bought
queen,

Humphrey, with the peers be fall'n at jars:
will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
in my standard bear the arms of York,
apple with the house of Lancaster;
force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
se bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

same. A room in the Duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd
corn,
ing the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
owning at the favours of the world?
are thine eyes fix'd on the sullen earth,
g on that, which seems to dim thy sight?
see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,
us'd with all the honours of the world?
gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
thy head be circled with the same.

With thy hand, reach at the glorious gold—
is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
having both together heav'd it up,
both together lift our heads to heaven;
ever more abase our sight so low,
vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
the canker of ambitious thoughts:
say that thought, when I imagine ill
st my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
y last breathing in this mortal world!
obolous dream this night doth make me sad.
What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll
requite it

sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
Methought, this staff, mine office-hedge in court,
roke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
s I think, it was by the cardinal;

u pieces of the broken wand
plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.

ras my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
he, that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove,
lose his head for his presumption.

st to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
ight, I sat in seat of majesty,
cathedral church of Westminster,
n that chair, where kings and queens are
crown'd:

s Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
u my head did set the diadem.

Nay, Eleanor, then I must chide outright:
mptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
ou not second woman in the realm;
se protector's wife, belov'd of him?

hou not worldly pleasure at command,
the reach or compass of thy thought?
ilt thou still be hammering treachery,
able down thy husband, and thyself,
top of honour to disgrace's feet?

from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord, are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exit Gloucester and Messenger.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet
couferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your
highness

A spirit, raised from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall he propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit Duchess.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess'
gold;

Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk:
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;

And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter PETER and Others, with petitions.

I Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord
protector will come this way by and by, and then
we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good
man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and Queen MARGARET.

I Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen
with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk,
and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with
me?

I Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye
for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription.] To my lord protector! are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*] Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Aitford.—How now, sir knave?

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petitions.* Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All Coms. let's be gone. [*Exit Petitioners.* *Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle, And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall king Henry be a pupil still, Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style, And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies hearts of France; I thought king Henry had resembled thee,

In courage, courtship, and proportion: But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads: His champions are—the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ; His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints. I would the college of cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome, And set the triple crown upon his head;

That were a state fit for his holiness. *Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,

The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham, And grumbling York: and not the least of these,

But can do more in England than the king. *Suf.* And he of these, that can do most of all,

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils: Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife. She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,

More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife; Strangers in court do take her for the queen;

She bears a duke's revenues on her back, And in her heart she scorns our poverty:

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her? Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day, The very train of her worst wearing-gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her: And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,

That she will light to listen to their lays, And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me; For I am bold to counsel you in this.

Although we fancy not the cardinal, Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,

Till we have brought duke Humphrey in dis As for the duke of York,—this late complain Will make but little for his benefit:

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last, And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMEWHAT, conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not for Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in I Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the plac Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yeas, Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters t' War. The cardinal's not my better in the

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, W' *War.* Warwick may live to be the best of

Sal. Peace, son;—and show some reason ingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this. *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will ha

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough hims To give his censure: these are no women's n

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs you To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine inso! Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrec The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the sea

And all the peers and nobles of the realm Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the bags Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy attire, Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution, Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the mercy of the law. *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in F

If they were known, as the suspect is great Would make thee quickly hup without thy

[*Exit Gloster. The Queen drops* Give me my fan: What, minion! can you

[*Gives the Duchess a box on* I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud woman:

Could I come near your beauty with my n I'd set my ten commandments in your face

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas ago will. *Duch.* Against her will! Good king, lool

time; She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Though in this place most master wear no b

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit 1*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Elea And listen after Humphrey, how he proce

She's tickled now; her fume can need no She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction

[*Exit Buck* Re-enter GLOSTER. *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being overb

With walking once about the quadrangle, I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections, Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul As I in duty love my king and country!

But to the matter that we have in hand:— I say, my sovereign, York is meekest man

To be your regent in the realm of France. *Suf.* Before we make election, give me l

To show some reason of no little force, That York is most unmeet of any man.

I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet,
 I cannot flatter thee in pride:
 I be appointed for the place,
 of Somerset will keep me here,
 to discharge, money, or furniture,
 mee be won into the Dauphin's hands.
 So, I dane'd attendance on his will,
 as was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
 That I can witness; and a fouler fact
 or traitor in the land commit
 Peace, head-strong Warwick!
 Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Exeunt of Suffolk, bringing in HORNER
 and PETER.*

Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
 O, the duke of York excuse himself!
 Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
 O. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me:
 What are these?
 Please it your majesty, this is the man
 that accuse his master of high treason:
 As were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
 put his heir unto the English crown;
 For your majesty was an usurper.
 O. Say, man, were these thy words?
 An't shall please your majesty, I never said
 aught any such matter: God is my witness,
 sely accused by the villain.
 By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding up
 his hand*] he did speak them to me in the garret
 as we were scouring my lord of York's

Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
 thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
 I beseech your royal majesty,
 have all the rigour of the law.
 O. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the
 My accuser is my pretence; and when I
 set him for his fault the other day, he did
 on his knees he would be even with me: I
 did witness of this; therefore, I beseech your
 do not cast away an honest man for a
 accusation.

O. Unale, what shall we say to this in law?
 'Tis doom, my lord, if I may judge.
 Somerset be regent o'er the French,
 in York this breeds suspicion:
 these have a day appointed them
 to combat in convenient place;
 with witness of his servant's malice:
 he be law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.
 O. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
 give your grace lord regent o'er the French.
 I humbly thank your royal majesty.
 And I accept the combat willingly.
 O. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's
 my case! the spite of man prevaileth
 on me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall
 not be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart
 is numb, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
 O. Away with them to prison: and the day
 that shall be the last of the next month.—
 Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester's garden.

MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME,
 THWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell
 us, expects performance of your promises.
 Master Hume, we are therefore provided:
 ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?
 Ay; What else? fear you not her courage?
 I have heard her reported to be a woman
 of a noble spirit: But it shall be convenient,
 I think, that you be by her aloft, while we
 are below; and so, I pray you, go in God's
 name, I leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain,
 I beseech you, ostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John
 Thwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, above.

Well said, my masters; and welcome all.
 The sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their
 times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
 The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
 The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
 And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
 That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, fear not; whom we raise,
 We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*[Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining,
 and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or South-
 well, reads, Conjure te, &c. It thunders and
 lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
 Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
 For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and
 done!

Boling. First, of the king. *What shall of him be-
 come?* [*Reading out of a paper.*]

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.]

Boling. *What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. *What shall befall the duke of Somerset?*

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
 Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning laker
 False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.]

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with
 their Guards, and Others.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
 Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
 What, madam, are you there? the king and com-
 monweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
 My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
 See you well guarden'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so had as thine to England's king,
 Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call
 you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*]

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
 And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
 Stafford, take her to thee.—

[Exit Duchess from above.]

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
 All.—Away! [*Exeunt Guards, with South. Boling. &c.*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd
 her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
 Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
 What have we here? [*Reads.*]

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

Why, this is just,
Aio te, Ecceida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall befall the duke of Somerset?—

Let him shun castles;

*Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
 Than where castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,
 And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans,
 With him the husband of this lovely lady:
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord
 of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's
 within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
 To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon
made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown
peremptory?

Tantane animis caelestibus ira?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir: no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

K. Hen. I pry'thee, peace,
Good queen; and what not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to
that!

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside to Glo.*]

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*]

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou
dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. How now, my lords?
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-
hand sword. [*Aside to Glo.*]

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester?
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your
crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*]

Car. *Medice teipsum;* } [*Aside.*]
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your sto-
machs, lords.

How irksome is this musick to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying,
A Miracle!*

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint
shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight,
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to
souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his
and SIMPCOX, borne between two per-
chair; his Wife and a great Multitude fol-
lowing.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on process,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this cart,
Although by his sight his sin be multiple.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him
kings,

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the cir-
cumstances that we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What hast thou been long blind, and now
thou art seen?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother; thou
hast better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't
please your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness
great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass
But still remember what the Lord hath
done for thee.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st
thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; be-
lieve me, a hundred times, and oftener, in my
sle by good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help
thine.*

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many
times.

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty

Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou
been lame?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st clin
thyself?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was
young.

Wife. Too true; and bought his clin-
g.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'st plums well, the
venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife de-
ceiv'd me.

And made me climb, with danger of my
life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall
not let me see thine eyes:—wink now
to me.

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I
and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? what color
cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red, as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What co-
lor gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as
black as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st well
what thou say'st.

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never
see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before
many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all
his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

No, nor his!

No, indeed, master.

What's thine own name?

Saander Simpcox, an if it please you, master. I have seen Saander, sit thou there, the lyingest knave in the stendom. If thou had'st been born blind, thou might'st have known our names, as thus are the several colours we do wear. I say distinguish colours; but suddenly I cannot name them all, 's impossible.—

Yes, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; could ye not think that cunning to be great, could ye restore this cripple to his legs again?

O, master, that you could!

My masters of Saint Albans, have you not in your town, and things called whips? Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

I then send for one presently.

Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, away.

Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with the stool, and whip him till he leap over that same.

I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with the stool, and whip him till he leap over that same.

Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand alone.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry, A Miracle!

O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

It made me laugh, to see the villain run. I will allow the knave; and take this drab away.

Alas, sir, we did it for pure need. Let them be whipped through every market.

When they come to Berwick, whence they [Exit Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

Uke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day. I made the lame to leap, and fly away.

It you have done more miracles than I; e, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

What tidings with our cousin Buckingham? Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

Naughty persons, lewdly bent,—

A countenance and confederacy

Eleanor the protector's wife,

Leader and head of all this rout,—

Actis'd dangerously against your state,

With witches, and with conjurers;

They have apprehended in the fact;

Upwicked spirits from under ground,

Of king Henry's life and death,

Of your highness' privy council,

At large your grace shall understand.

So do so, my lord protector, by this means

It is forthcoming yet at London.

I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

My lord, you will not keep your hour.

[Aside to Gloucester.]

Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my

And grief have vanquish'd all my powers:

Quish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Lowest meaneest groom.

O God, what mischiefs work the wicked

Confusion on their own heads thereby!

Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest;

Thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Adam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,

For my lord's my king, and commonweal:

My wife, I know not how it stands;

And to hear what I have heard:

Is; but if she have forgot

And virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed, and company;

And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,

That have dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us

here:

To-morrow, toward London, back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause

prevails. [Flourish. Exit.]

SCENE II.

London. The duke of York's garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,

In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:

The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.

Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;

And left behind him Richard, his only son,

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as

king;

Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Seiz'd on the realm; and depos'd the rightful king;

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she

came,

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,

Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not

by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,

The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from

whose line

I claim the crown,) had issue—Phillippe, a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March;

Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:

Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;

And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,

Who kept him in captivity, till he died.

But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,

My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir

To Roger, earl of March; who was son

Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Phillippe,

Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:

So, if the issue of the elder son

Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceedings are more plain

than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claims it from the third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—

Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;

And in this private plot, be we the first,

That shall salute our rightful sovereign

With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster: And that's not suddenly to be perform'd; But with advice, and silent secrecy. Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days, Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence, At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition, At Buckingham, and all the crew of them, Till they have suar'd the shepherd of the flock, That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey: 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that, Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick

Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,— Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A hall of justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great; Receive the sentence of the law, for sins Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.— You four, from hence to prison back again;

[*To Jourd. &c.*]

From thence, unto the place of execution: The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes, And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.— You, madam, for you are more nobly born,

[*To the Duchess.*]

Despoiled of your honour in your life, Shall, after three days' open penance done, Live in your country here, in banishment, With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee; I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief. Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!— I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,

Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself Protector be: and God shall be my hope, My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet; And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd, Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years Should be to be protected like a child.—

God and king Henry govern England's helm: Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff: As willingly do I the same resign,

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine; And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it, As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king! When I am dead and gone, May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, scarce himself, That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,— His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off; This staff of honour rought:—There let it stand, Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your

This is the day appointed for the combat

And ready are the appellants and defendants

The armourer and his man, to enter the list

So please your highness to behold the fight

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the list of things fit;

Here let them end it, and God defend the right

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested

Or more afraid to fight, than is the appeller

The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbour

drinking to him so much that he is drunk

he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag

to it; a drum before him: at the other side,

with a drum and a similar staff; according to

Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink

in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour,

shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's

cbarneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good drink

neighbour: drink, and fear not your

Hor. Let it come, I'faith, and I'll

all; And a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not

ter; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and

I pray you; for, I think, I have

draught in this world.—Here, Robin, a

I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou

my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all

that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I

am never able to deal with my

learn't so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking; it

blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy

Hor. Masters, I am come hither,

upon my man's instigation, to prove his

and myself an honest man: and touch

of York,—will take my death, I never

any ill, nor the king, nor the queen:

fore, Peter, have at thee with a down

as Bevis of Southampton—fell upon

York. Despatch:—this knave's tongue

double.

Sound trumpets, alarum to the combat

[*Alarum. They fight, and down his master.*]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess

treason.

York. Take away his weapon:—For

God, and the good wine in thy master

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine

this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor

For, by his death, we do perceive his

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to

The truth and innocence of this poor

Which he had thought to have murder'd

fully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the bright

cloud;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipp:

So cares and joys abound, as seasons

Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Ten is the hour, that was appointed me,
 To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
 She may she endure the flinty streets,
 And tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 O Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
 To see such object people, gazing on thy face,
 And envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
 How erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
 And thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
 How soft I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
 To stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet,
 papers pin'd upon her back, her feet bare,
 a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN
 STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

So please your grace, we'll take her from
 the sheriff.

No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
 Come you, my lord, to see my open
 shame?

How dost penance too. Look, how thy
 gase!

How the giddy multitude do point,
 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
 How Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
 In thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
 And thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

Whilst I think I am thy married wife,

How thou a prince, protector of this land,

How I should not thus be led along,

How I up in shame, with papers on my back;

How I should with a rabble, that rejoice

At my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.

How I should flint doth cut my tender feet;

When I start, the envious people laugh,

How I should be advised how I tread.

How Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

How I should see thee, that e'er I'll look upon the world;

How I should see thee, that enjoy the sun?

How I should see thee, that ark shall be my light, and night my day;

How I should see thee, that upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

How I should see thee, that I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;

How I should see thee, a prince, and ruler of the land:

How I should see thee, 'ere I should see thee, that

Should be rul'd, and such a prince he was,

How I should see thee, stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

How I should see thee, made a wonder, and a pointing-stock

At my idle rascal follower.

How I should see thee, thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

How I should see thee, that is at nothing, till the axe of death

Over thee, as, sure, it shortly will

Descend, and he, that can do all in all

How I should see thee, her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

How I should see thee, that work,—and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

How I should see thee, that all him'd bushes to betray thy wings,

How I should see thee, that thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

How I should see thee, that not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

How I should see thee, that ver seek prevention of thy foes.

How I should see thee, Ah, Nell, forbear; thou almost all awry;

How I should see thee, offend, before I be attainted:

And had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
 But I in danger for the breach of law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
 This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

And sir John Stanley is appointed now
 To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
 You use her well: the world may laugh again;
 And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord; and, bid me not
 farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[Exit Gloster and Servants.]

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with
 thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
 Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
 Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I pry'thee, go, and take me hence;
 I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me, where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
 There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
 And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's
 lady,

According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
 Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office: and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
 Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
 sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
 No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can.
 Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[Exit.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

*to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen
 MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK,
 YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.*

Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:
 'Tis his wont to be the hindmost man,
 'Er occasion keeps him from us now.

Card. Can you not see? or will you not observe
 the consequence of his alter'd countenance?

What a majesty he bears himself;
 How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself!
 How slow the time, since he was mild and affable;

How we did but glance a far-off look,
 How lately he was upon his knees,

How the court admir'd him for submission:
 How we set him now, and, be it in the morn,

When every one will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,

And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 Disdaining duty, that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
 But great men tremble when the lion roars;

And Humphrey is no little man in England.
 First, note, that he is near you in descent;

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your disease,—

That he should come about your royal person,
 Or be admitted to your highness' council;

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
 And, when he please to make commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
 M m

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subor nation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputed of his high descent,
(As next the king, he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsound'd yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults un-
known,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke
Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this
fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's dispos'd as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news
from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's
will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside.]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too
soon.

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me
blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes
of France,

And, being protector, staid the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. It is but thought so? What are the
think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England.
That do it, that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any great I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper store
Because I would not tax the needy common
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles
protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fat
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passes
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly and
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special
That you will clear yourself from all sus-
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dar-
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand
Foul subor nation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know, their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:

But mine is made the prologue to their plea
For thousands more, that yet suspect no plot
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hat
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load, that lies upon his heart
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd by

By false accuse doth level at my life:—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads togeth'
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life;
I shall not want false witness to condemn
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt
The ancient proverb will be well affected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable
If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors'
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your

Suf. Hath he not twist our sovereign law
With ignominious words, though clerks
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations, to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave
Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, I
Beshrew the winners, for they played me
And well such losers may have leave to say

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold
all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his

his legs be firm to bear his body :
is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee first.
hat my fear were false ! ah, that it were !
good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with Gloucester.*]

Gen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
I undo, as if ourself were here.

Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament ?

Gen. Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd with grief,

the flood begins to flow within mine eyes ;

my round engirt with misery ;

what's more miserable than discontent ?—

Uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see

an oap of honour, truth, and loyalty ;

yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,

ere I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

How 'ring star now envies thy estate,

these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

an ek subversion of thy harmless life ?

never did'st them wrong, nor no man wrong :

as the butcher takes away the calf,

so finds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

so leads it to the bloody slaughter-house :

so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.

So the dam runs lowering up and down,

so the way her harmless young one went,

an do nought but wail her darling's loss ;

so myself bewails good Gloucester's case

and sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes

after him, and cannot do him good ;

mighty are his vowed enemies.

As stones I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,

Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the

sun's hot beams.

My lord is cold in great affairs,

full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show

does him, as the mournful crocodile

sorrow snares relenting passengers ;

the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,

shining chequer'd slough, doth sting a child,

for the beauty, thinks it excellent.

So me, lords, were none more wise than I,

yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good ;

Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,

as from the fear we have of him :

That he should die, is worthy policy ;

yet we want a colour for his death :

to see he be condemn'd by course of law.

But, in my mind, that were no policy ;

we will labour still to save his life,

whom none happily rise to save his life ;

as we have but trivial argument,

and haan mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

So that by this, you would not have him die.

Ah, York, no man alive so fair as I.

'Tis York, that hath more reason for his

death.

My lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

you think, and speak it from your souls,—

not all one, an empty eagle were set

up to the chicken from a hungry kite,

and ce duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

Mar. So the poor chicken should be sur'd of death.

Madam, 'tis true : And wer't not madness then,

to see the fox surveyor of the fold ?

being accus'd a crafty murderer,

it should be but idly posted over,

to see his purpose is not executed.

Let him die, in that he is a fox,

and were prov'd an enemy to the flock,

his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood ;

and Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege :

to not stand on quilllets, how to slay him :

by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

by waging, 'tis no matter how,

he be dead : for that is good deceit

that mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Not resolute, except so much were done ;

and ings are often spoke, and seldom meant :

that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—

Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—

Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of

Suffolk,

ere you can take due orders for a priest :

Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner,

I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

O. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I : and now we three have spoke it,

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,

To signify—that rebels there are up,

And put the Englishmen unto the sword :

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,

Before the wound do grow incurable ;

For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop,

What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither :

'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd ;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,

Had been the regent there instead of me,

He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :

I rather would have lost my life betimes,

Than bring a burden of dishonour home,

By staying there so long, till all were lost.

Show me one scar character'd on thy skin :

Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

O. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging

fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—

No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still ;—

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught ? nay, then a

shame take all !

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest

shame !

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,

Collected choicely, from each county some,

And try your hap against the Irishmen !

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent ;

And, what we do establish, he confirms :

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,

That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more,

And so break off ; the day is almost spent :

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,

At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful

thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution :

Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art

Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on

thought ;

And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men :

I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your

hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :

I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
 I will stir up in England some black storm,
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell :
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden circuit on my head,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
 Oppose himself against a troop of kernes ;
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
 Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute ;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured ;
 I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will),
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest, which that rascal sow'd :
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Bury. A room in the palace.

Enter certain Murderers hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know,
 We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
 2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you
 Despatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
 house ;

I will reward you for this ventrous deed.
 The king and all the peers are here at hand :—
 Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away, he gone! [Reuent Murderers.]

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Car-
 dinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and
 Others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
 Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Lords, take your places ;—And I pray
 you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
 Than from true evidence of good esteem,
 He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
 That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
 Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret ; these words
 content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest
 thou?

What is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream
 night,

The duke was dumb, and could not speak a
 word. [The King
 king is dead.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lord

Son. Rear up his body ; wring him by the
 neck.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O, hear
 thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again ;—Madam, be
 patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious
 comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk
 come?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;
 And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd wor-
 Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;
 Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's stung
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eye-balls murder's tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound
 Yet do not go away ;—Come, basilisk,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :

For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
 In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffo-
 Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he, most christian-like, laments his de-
 And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans
 Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with
 Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinkin-
 And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem o-
 For it is known, we were but hollow frien-
 It may be judg'd, I made the duke away :

So shall my name with slander's tongue be w-
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my repr-
 This get I by his death : Ah me, unhappy
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, v-
 man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched th-
 What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

What, art thou, like the adder, waxen de-
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn que-
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy
 Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the se-
 And twice by awkward wind from Englan-
 Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well-forewarning w-
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's n-
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gu-
 And he, that loos'd them from their braze-
 And bid them blow towards England's bless-
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee :

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown n-
 Knowing, that thou would'st have me dro-
 shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy un-
 The splitting rocks covr'd in the sinking s-
 And would not dash me with their ragged

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than t-
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from the shore the tempest beat us

I stood upon the hatches in the storm ;
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,—

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died ;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death :
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
Yet notwithstanding such a strict edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary, you were wak'd ;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal :
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, wh'er you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king,
my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hands,
Could send such message to their sovereign :
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are :
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king,
or we'll all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care :
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable :—
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground, that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt K. Henry, Warwick, Lords, &c.]

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you !
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company !
There's two of you ; the devil make a third !
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted
wretch !

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

Suf. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I
curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy, in her loathsome cave :
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words.
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees !
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !
Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings !
Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;
And hoding screech-owls make the concert full !

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou tortur'
thyself ;

And these dread curses—like the sun 'gains
Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
Now by the ground, that I am banish'd from
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease !
thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand ;

[Kisses her]

That thou might'st think upon these by the
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd
thee !

So, get thee gone, that I may know my gr
'Tis but surmisd whilst thou art standing
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself :

And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet !—Even thus two friends com
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times ban
Once by the king, and three times thrice
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou he
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
For where thou art, there is the world its
With every several pleasure in the world
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more :—Live thou to joy thy life
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast ? wh
I pry'thee ?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him
That makes him gasp, and stare, and cate
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on es
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey
Were by his side ; sometime, he calls the
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul :
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to
[Exit Vaux]

Ah me ! what is this world ! what news
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasur
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in
Their for the earth's increase, mine for my
Now, get thee hence : The king, thou kn
coming ;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dea

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liv
And in thy sight to die, what were it els
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips :
Where, from thy sight, I should be rag'd
And cry out for thee to close up mine eye
To have thee with thy lips to stop my m
So should'st thou either turn my flying s
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest ;
From thee to die, were torture more than
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away ! though parting be a fr
rosive,

plied to a deathful wound.
 ace, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
 are's'er thou art in this world's globe,
 re an Iris, that shall find thee out.

I go.
 And take my heart with thee.
 A jewel, lock'd into the woful'st cask,
 er did contain a thing of worth.
 s a splitted bark, so sunder we;
 ay fall I to death.

This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Edon. Cardinal Beaufort's bed-chamber.

*King HENRY; SALISBURY, WAR-
 K, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; At-
 nts with him.*

*Ed. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort,
 o thy sovereign.*

*If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's
 reasure,*

*to purchase such another island,
 i wilt let me live, and feel no pain.*

*Ed. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 death's approach is seen so terrible!*

Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
 Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
 Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?—
 O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
 Alive again? then show me where he is;
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
 Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
 Bring the strong poison, that I bought of him.*

*K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
 O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair!*

*War. See, how the pangs of death do make him
 grin.*

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

*K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-
 sure be!*

*Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
 He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!*

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

*K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
 And let us all to meditation.* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Kent. The sea-shore near Dover.

*heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a
 in, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER
 TMORE, and Others; with them SUF-
 K, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

*The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 into the bosom of the sea;*

*w loud-howling wolves arouse the jades,
 ag the tragick melancholy night;*

*ith their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
 id men's graves, and from their misty jaws
 foul contagious darkness in the air.*

*re, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 list our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 all they make their ransom on the sand,
 their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
 this prisoner freely give I thee.—
 er, that art his mate, make boat of this;—
 er, [*Pointing to Suffolk.*] Walter Whit-
 ere, is thy share.*

*What is my ransom, master; let me know.
 A thousand crowns, or else lay down your
 ad.*

*And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
 What, think you much to pay two thou-
 and crowns,*

*er the name and port of gentlemen?—
 the villains' throats;—for die you shall;
 s of those, which we have lost in fight,
 be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.*

*I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
 And so will I, and write home for it straight.*

*I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 refore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;*

*[To Suf.]
 should these, if I might have my will.
 Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
 Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
 at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
 And so am I; my name is—Walter Whit-
 ore.*

*Why start'st thou? what, doth death
 fright?*

*Why name affrights me, in whose sound is
 ath.*

*Why man did calculate my birth,
 l me—that by Water I should die:
 not this make thee be bloody-minded?
 re is—Gualtier, being rightly sounded.
 Gualtier, or Walter, which it is, I care not;
 t did base dishonour blur our name,*

*But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!*

*[Lays hold on Suffolk.
 Stay, Whitmore: for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pale.*

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

*Suf. Ay, but these rags are na part of the duke;
 Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?*

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

*Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,
 Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.*

*Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
 Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
 And thought thee happy, when I shook my head?
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
 When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
 Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
 And duly waited for my coming forth?
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.*

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so
 art thou.*

*Cap. Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side
 Strike off his head.*

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

*Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
 Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver spring, where England drinks.
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
 Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the
 ground;
 And thou, that smil'd'st at good duke Humphrey's
 death,
 Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
 Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to affy a mighty lord
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgor'd,
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.*

By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France :
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Iuribus nubibus*.
The commons here in Kent are up in arms :
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee :—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than *Bargulus*, the strong *Illyrian* pirate.
Drones suck not eagle's blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :
I go of message from the queen to France ;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter.—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
Suf. *Galidus timor occupat artus* :—'tis thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I
leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
I Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him
fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear :—
More can I bear, than you dare execute.—

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile hezionians :
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stab'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders,
Pompey the great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf. with Whit. and Others.*]

Cap. And as for these, whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart :—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

I Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king :
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends ;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the body.*]

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made
of a lath; they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now
than.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means
to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a
new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,
I say, it was never a merry world in England,
since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
handy-craft's-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in
aprons.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no
workmen.

John. True; And yet it is said,—Labour
vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let
magistrates be labouring men; and therefore
we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no bett
of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's
son, the tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our ene
make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an
iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver:—

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with the
Drum. *Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, S
the Weaver, and Others in great numb*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our s
father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of he

Cade.—for our enemies shall fall before
spired with the spirit of putting down ki
princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a go
layer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daug
sold many laces.

Smith. But, now of late, not able to tr
her furred pack, she washes bucks here a

Cade. Therefore I am of an honourable

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is hor
and there was he born, under a hedge; f
ther had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'Amust needs; for beggary is valian

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have
whipped three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, fo
is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand
fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing o

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain
and vows reformation. There shall be,
in seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny;
hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I
it felony to drink small beer: all the re
be in common, and in Cheapside shall no
go to grass. And, when I am king, (as I
be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—ther
no money, all shall eat and drink on
and I will apparel them all in one livery
may agree like brothers, and worship me

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all th

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is
lamentable thing, that of the skin of a
lamb should be made parchment? that p
being scribbled o'er, should undo a m

say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the l
for, I did but seal once to a thing, and I
mine own man since. How now? who's

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of C

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can
read, and east account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys'

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red

Nay, then he's a conjurer.
Nay, he can make obligations, and write id.

I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: thy name?

Emmanuel.
They use to write it on the top of letters; go hard with you.

Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest-dealing man?

Sir, I thank God, I have been so well up, that I can write my name.

He hath confessed: away with him; he's a bad and a traitor.

Away with him, I say: hang him with a bad inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Where's our general?
Here I am, thou particular fellow.
Oy, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and I are hard by, with the king's forces.
Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: he be encountered with a man as good as He is but a knight, is 'a?

To equal him, I will make myself a knight
Rise up, sir John Mortimer. Now have

HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WIL-
M his brother, with drum and Forces.

bellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
your cottages, forsake this groom;—
is merciful, if you revolt.

But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
forward: therefore yield, or die.

As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;
a, good people, that I speak,

a, in time to come, I hope to reign;
rightful heir unto the crown.

llain, thy father was a plasterer;
thyself a sheerman, Art thou not?

and Adam was a gardener.

And what of that?
arry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of

ch,
duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

o, sir.
yber, he had two children at one birth.

That's false.
e, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

of them, being put to nurse,
beggar-woman stol'n away;

ant of his birth and parentage,
bricklayer, when he came to age:

a I; deny it, if you can.
y, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's
the bricks are alive at this day to testify

re, deny it not.
d will you credit this base drudge's words,
as he knows not what?

o marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.
Jack Cade, the duke of York hath

hath it you this.
e lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]

irrah, Tell the king from me, that—for
s sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time

to span-counter for French crowns,—I
t be shall reign; but I'll be protector

d, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's
elling the dukedom of Maine.

ad good reason; for thereby is England
ad fain to go with a staff, but that my

holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you,
ord Say hath gelded the commonwealth,

an enunch: and more than that, he can
ch, and therefore he is a traitor.

gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen
are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can
he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a
good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assall them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors, that are up with Cade;

That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and Forces.*]
Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;

For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not), take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.
Cade. But then are we in order, when we are
most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and
both the Staffords are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,
and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in
thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I
reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as
it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a
hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no
less. This monument of the victory will I bear;
and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels,
till I do come to London, where we will have the
mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break
open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. A room in the palace.

Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication: the
Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY with
him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning
over Suffolk's head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the
mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

But where's the body, that I should embrace?
Buck. What answer makes your grace to the
rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls

Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely
face

Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but
die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord! Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, Descended from the duke of Clarence's house; And calls your grace usurper, openly, And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death Hath given them heart and courage to proceed: All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth, Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah, were the duke of Suffolk now alive, These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger; The sight of me is odious in their eyes; And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens

Fly and forsake their houses: The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear, To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [*To Lord Say.*] trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. Trust I have in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord SCALES, and Others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those, that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them myself, The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Gough: Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE, and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any one that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But,

first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and party; on the other, Citizens, and the King, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. The citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs:—Now, go some and put the Savoy; others to the inns of court; do them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England run out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for thrust in the mouth with a spear, and whole yet.

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shal Away, burn all the records of the realm; mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's Say, which sold the towns in France made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and ling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou ram lord! now art thou within point-bl jurisdiction regal. What canst thou ask majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be unto thee by these presence, even the p lord Mortimer, that I am the besom, sweep the court clean of such filth as Thou hast most traitorously corrupted of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school; whereas, before, our forefathers had no other but the score and the tally, thou hast printing to be used; and, contrary to the crown, and dignity, thou hast built a parliament. It will be proved to thy face, that thou about thee, that usually talk of a not verb; and such abominable words, as near can endure to hear. Thou hast justices of peace, to call poor men be about matters they were not able to answer, thou hast put them in prison; as they could not read, thou hast hanged the indeed, only for that cause they have worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let wear a cloak, when honest men than their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra*, *Cade.* Away with him, away with him Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ, Is term'd the civil'st place of all this island: Sweet is the country, because full of rich The people liberal, valliant, active, weak: Which makes me hope, you are not void: I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy

cover them, would lose my life.
 With favour have I always done;
 And tears have moved me, gifts could never.
 Ere I aught exacted at your hands,
 To maintain the king, the realm, and you?
 As have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
 My book prefer'd me to the king:
 My ignorance is the curse of God,
 My wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
 A be possess'd with devilish spirits,
 Not but forbear to murder me.
 As hath parley'd unto foreign kings
 In behalf,—
 When struck'st thou one blow in the field?
 Their hands have reaching hands: oft have
 I rack
 At I never saw, and struck them dead.
 My monstrous coward! what, to come be-
 hind folks?
 These cheeks are pale for watching for your
 Id.
 Give him a box o' the ear, and that will
 Red again.
 My sitting to determine poor men's causes
 Led me full of sickness and diseases.
 'E shall have a hempen caudle then, and
 A hatchet.
 Why dost thou quiver, man?
 Be palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.
 Nay, he nods at us: as who should say,
 I'm with you. I'll see if his head will
 Dier on a pole, or no: Take him away,
 And hang him.
 Kill me, wherein I have offended most?
 I feared wealth, or honour; speak!
 My nests fill'd up with extorted gold?
 My rare sumptuous to behold?
 Have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
 As I am free from guiltless blood-shedding,
 For harbouring foul, deceitful thoughts.
 Live!
 I feel remorse in myself with his words:
 Idle it; he shall die, and it be but for
 So well for his life. Away with him! he
 Shall lie under his tongue; he speaks not
 True. Go, take him away, I say, and
 His head presently; and then break into
 The lawyer's house, sir James Cromer, and
 His head, and bring them both upon two
 Trees.
 Shall be done.
 O countrymen! if when you make your
 Oaths,
 I'd be so obdurate as yourselves,
 I'd fare with your departed souls?
 I fore yet relent, and save my life.
 Away with him, and do as I command ye.
 [Exeunt some, with Lord Say.
 The best peer in the realm shall not wear a
 Crown, unless he pay me tribute;
 I not a maid be married, but she shall
 Her maidenhead ere they have it: Men
 Of me in capite; and we charge and
 That their wives be as free as heart can
 Engage can tell.
 My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside,
 To peddle commodities upon our bills?
 I'm sorry, presently.
 I'm brave!

Rebels, with the heads of Lord Say and
 his Son-in-law.

But is not this braver?—Let them kiss
 us, for they loved well, when they were
 in part them again, lest they consult
 giving up of some more towns in France.
 I refer the spoil of the city until night: for
 I'm borne before us, instead of maces, will
 rough the streets; and, at every corner,
 Kiss.—Away!
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.
 Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'

corner! kill and knock down! throw them into
 Thames!—
 [A parley sounded, then a retreat.
 What noise is this I hear? dare any be so bold to
 sound retreat or parley, when I command them
 kill?]

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD,
 with forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be, that dare and will dis-
 turb thee:
 Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
 Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
 And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
 That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
 And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
 Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
 Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
 Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
 Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
 Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
 Shake be his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!
 Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye
 so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe
 him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons
 about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke
 through London Gates, that you should leave me
 at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye
 would never have given out these arms, till you
 had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are
 all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in
 slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs
 with burdens, take your houses over your heads,
 ravish your wives and daughters before your faces:
 For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's
 curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
 That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
 Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
 Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
 Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
 Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
 Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
 The fearful French, whom you late vanquish'd,
 Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
 Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
 I see them lording it in London streets,
 Crying—*Villagers!* unto all they meet.
 Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
 Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
 To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
 Spare England, for it is your native coast:
 Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
 king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and
 fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the
 fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and
 makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay
 their heads together, to surprize me: my sword
 make way for me, for here is no staying.—In de-
 spite of the devils and hell, have through the
 very midst of you! and heavens and honour be
 witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only
 my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes
 me betake me to my heels.
 [Exit.]

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow
 him;

And he, that brings his head unto the king,
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[Exeunt some of them.
 Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
 To reconcile you all unto the king.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and
 SOMERSET, on the terrace of the castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly
 throne,
 And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade,
surpriz'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S Followers,
with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do
yield;

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting
gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and
country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
York distress'd;

Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord, and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have
a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five
days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not
peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but
now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease
of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no
longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed
into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick
a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool
a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think,
this word sallet was born to do me good: for,
many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had
been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time,
when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it

hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink
and now the word sallet must serve me to

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled
court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning
Or gather wealth, I care not with what
Sufficieth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil—come
me for a stray, for entering his fee—some
leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, a
thousand crowns of the king for carrying
to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an
and swallow my sword like a great pin,
and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoever
I know thee not; Why then should I bet
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my groun
Climbing my walls in spite of me the own
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best b
ever was broached, and beard thee too.
me well: I have eat no meat these five-d
come thou and thy five men, and if I do
you all as dead as a door nail, I pray G
never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while
stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd me
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy loc
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the le
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this trur
My foot shall fight with all the strength
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth
As for more words, whose greatness answ
Let this my sword report what speech f

Cade. By my valour, the most complete
that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn t
cut not out the burly-boozed clown in ch
ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech C
knees, thou mayest be turned to hobbs'
fight, Cade falls.] O, I am slain! fami
other, hath slain me: let ten thousand d
against me, and give me but the ten me
lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, ga
be henceforth a burying-place to all tha
in this house, because the unconquered st
is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that
traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy d
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I as
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from th
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's cos
To emblaze the honour, that thy master

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of t
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her hes
exhort all the world to be cowards; for I
feared any, am vanquished by famise, not

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me,
my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of he
thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sv
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to h
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy gra
And there cut off thy most ungracious I
Which I will bear in triumph to the ki
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upo

[*Exit, dragging o*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

King's camp on one side. On the other, enter the King attended, with drum and colours: his Forces at some distance.

From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
 And suck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
 He sells, aloud; but burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 To certain great England's lawful king.
 He sets a majestas! who would not buy these dear?
 We obey, that know not how to rule;
 And was made to handle nought but gold:
 It gives due action to my words,
 A sword, or sceptre, balance it.
 We shall it have, have I a soul;
 Which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
 A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
 To York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
 As a messenger, or come of pleasure?
 A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
 We the reason of these arms in peace;
 For, thou—being a subject as I am,—
 Thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 We raise so great a power without his leave,
 To bring thy force so near the court.

Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great,
 It would hew up rocks, and fight with flint,

And angry at these abject terms;
 As we, like Ajax Telamonius,
 Or oxen could I spend my fury!
 A better born than is the king;
 Like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
 I must make fair weather yet awhile,
 And enry be more weak, and I more strong.—
 Buckingham, I pry'thee, pardon me,
 I have given no answer all this while:
 I was troubled with deep melancholy.
 I see why I have brought this army hither,
 To remove proud Somerset from the king,
 As to his grace, and to the state.

That is too much presumption on thy part:
 Thy arms be to no other end,
 To give bath yielded unto thy demand;
 The king of Somerset is in the Tower.

Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
 Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
 I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
 To-morrow in Saint George's field,
 All have pay, and every thing you wish.
 My sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 And my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
 And my fealty and love,

And them all as willing as I live;
 Goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 To use, so Somerset may die.

York, I commend this kind submission:
 It will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

Now, Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
 As he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
 In all submission and humility,
 He hath presented himself unto your highness.

Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
 To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;

And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
 Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
 May pass into the presence of a king,
 Lo, I present you grace a traitor's head,
 The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art thou!

O, let me view his visage being dead,
 That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
 Tell me, my friend, art thou the man, that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.
 K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
 A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
 He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down; [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
 And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
 And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
 Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
 But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
 Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
 And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 Shall I endure the sight of Somerset!—
 False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
 Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king:
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 Which dar'st not, no, nor can'st not rule a traitor.
 That head of thine doth not become a crown;
 Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engrave these brows of mine;
 Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
 And with the same to act controlling laws.
 Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
 Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
 Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
 Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[Exit an Attendant.]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come again,
 [Exit Buckingham.]

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
 The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
 That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old CLIFFORD and his Son.

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.
 Cliff. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[Kneels.]

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again; For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake; But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do: To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king. *Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower, And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey; His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so; I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.— Call hither to the stake my two brave bears, That, with the very shaking of their chains, They may astonish these fell lurking curs; Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains, If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur Run back and bite, because he was withheld; Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw, Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd: And such a piece of service will you do, If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump, As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow!—

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair, Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!— What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian, And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty? If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?— Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with blood? Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it? For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself The title of this most renowned duke;

And in my conscience do repute his grace The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin; But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her 'custom'd right; And have no other reason for his wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm, Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, Might I but know thee by thy household bad

War. Now, by my father's badge, old N crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet, (As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.) Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy And tread it under foot with all contempt,

Despight the bear-ward, that protects the bear

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father, To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup!

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear

Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds afar And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with us Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arm

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my But match to match I have encounter'd him

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crow fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? wilt thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should love,

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise esteem,

But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason

York. So let it help me now against thee As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action bot

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee ins

Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, if art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son Whom angry heavens do make their minist

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly

He, that is truly dedicate to war, Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance, The name of valour.—O, let the vile world

And the promised flames of the last day Knit earth and heaven together!

let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 clarities and petty sounds
 use!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 to thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 silver livery of advised age;
 in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
 start is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
 I'll be stony. York not our old men spares;
 ere will I their babes: tears virginal
 be to me even as the dew to fire;
 caution, that the tyrant oft reclaim's,
 to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Forth, I will not have to do with pity:
 I an infant of the house of York,
 a many gobbets will I cut it,
 old Medea young Absyrtus did:
 dirty will I seek out my fame.
 Then new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[Taking up the body.]

O Aeneas old Anchises bear,
 or I thee upon my manly shoulders;
 when Aeneas bare a living load,
 as heavy as these woes of mine. *[Exit.]*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting, and Somerset is killed.

So, lie thou there;—
 underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
 made the wizard famous in his death.—
 hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
 pray for enemies, but princes kill. *[Exit.]*

As: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and Others, retreating.

far. Away, my lord! you are slow; for
 shame, away!

So. Can we outrun the heavens; good Marg-
 aret, stay.

far. What are you made of? you'll not
 fight, nor fly:

is it manhood, wisdom, and defence;
 is the enemy way; and to secure us
 at we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 our fortunes: but, if we haply escape,
 I'll we may, if not through your neglect,
 all to London get; where you are lov'd:
 here this breach, now in our fortunes made,
 adily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak blasphemy, ere bid you fly;
 But fly you must; incurable discomfit
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
 Away, for your relief! and we will live
 To see their day, and them our fortune give:
 Away, my lord, away! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
 That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
 Aged contusions and all brush of time;
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
 Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
 If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
 Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
 Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
 Persuaded him from any further act:
 But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
 And like rich hangings in a homely house,
 So was his will in his old feeble body.
 But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
 to-day;

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
 God knows, how long it is I have to live;
 And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
 You have defended me from imminent death.—
 Well, lords, we have not got that, which we have:
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
 To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
 What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
 Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
 Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
 Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
 And more such days as these to us befall! *[Exit.]*

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King HENRY the Sixth :
 EDWARD, prince of Wales, his son.
 LEWIS XI. king of France.
 Duke of SOMERSET. Duke of EXETER. Earl of OXFORD. Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND. Earl of WESTMORELAND. Lord CLIFFORD. } lords on K. Henry's side.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, duke of York :
 EDWARD, earl of March, afterwards king Edward IV.
 EDMUND, earl of Rutland,
 GEORGE, afterwards duke of Clarence,
 RICHARD, afterwards duke of Gloucester, } his sons.
 Duke of NORFOLK,
 Marquis of MONTAGUE, } of the duke of York's party.
 Earl of WARWICK,
 Earl of PEMBROKE,
 Lord HASTINGS,
 Lord STAFFORD,

Sir JOHN MORTIMER, (uncles to the duke of York.
 Sir HUGH MORTIMER, }
 HENRY, earl of Richmond, a youth.
 Lord RIVERS, brother to lady Grey. Sir WILLIAM STANLEY. Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY. Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his father. A Father that has killed his son.

Queen MARGARET.

Lady GREY, afterwards queen to Edward IV.

BONA, sister to the French queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene,—during part of the third act, in France; during all the rest of the play in England.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK and Others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands. York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north, He slyly stole away, and left his men : Whereat the great lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself, Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast, Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in, Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edo. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham, Is either slain, or wounded dangerous : I cleft his heaver with a downright blow ; That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [Showing his bloody sword. To York, showing his.] Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. [Throwing down the duke of Somerset's head.] York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ? Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head. War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York, Before I see thee seated in that throne Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close. This is the palace of the fearful king, And this the regal seat: possess it, York: For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ; For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords ;— And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night. War. And, when the king comes, offer him violence, Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament, But little thinks we shall be of her council : By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house. War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd, Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king ; And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ! I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best, The proudest he that holds up Lancaster, Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells. I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares— Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[Warwick leads York to the throne, who sits himself.]

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and Others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, Even in the chair of state ! belike, he means, (Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,) To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.— Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father.— And thine, lord Clifford ; and you both have wrong'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me ! Cliff. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.



T. Stothard R.A.

Aug. Fox sc.

HENRY 8. PART 3.

Act 5. Sc. 5.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane 1824.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he;

He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; he it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. Bot. when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's

heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war, that Henry means to use.—

[They advance to the Duke.]

Thou factions duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;

I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke

of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural

king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of

York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my

throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,

That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,

As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless

threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

Z. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the

crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the fifth,

Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks

you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edo. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mort. Good brother, [*To York.*] as thou lov'st

and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king

will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave

to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him,

lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my

kingly throne,

Whereto my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeope this my realm;

And, and their colours—often borne in France;

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the

crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:

For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer

not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern

power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—

Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

Where I shall kneel to him, that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my

heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—

What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And, o'er the chair of state where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear but one

word;—

Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet, while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

North. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour hides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not

yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will per-

form. *[Coming from the throne.]*

War. Long live king Henry I!—Plantagenet, em-

brace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exc. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! [*Senet. The Lords come forward.*]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.
Norfolk. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of Wales.

Exc. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*]

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain, which I did for him once;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me,
sweet son;—
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt
be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready: come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get
thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with
me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen Margaret, and the Prince.*]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exc. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in
Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me lead
Edw. I'ò, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?

Rich. About that, which concerns your
and us;

The crown of England, father, which is your
York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be d

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to br

It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath, that he should quietly

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be br
I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should
forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll he
speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossib
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not

Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears;

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he, that made you to de
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms: And, father, do but thi
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown:

Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white ruse, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's he

York. Richard, enough; I will be king on
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Nor
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

While you are thus employ'd, what rest
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou
post?

Mess. The queen, with all the north
and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think
that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with
My brother Montague shall post to London
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the res

Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves;
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fee
And thus most humbly I do take my leave

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MOR
York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortim
uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll mee
the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for

woman's general; What should we fear?

Edw. I hear their drums; let's march afar off.
order;

York. Give men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

my a battle have I won in France,
then as the enemy hath been ten to one;
why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands!
tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

Wif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
for the frat of this accursed duke,
whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Wif. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Soldiers, away with him.

Wif. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
it thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

Wif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
that makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch,
as trembles under his devouring paws:
I so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;

I so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
I dot with such a cruel threat'ning look.

See Clifford, hear me speak before I die;
I mean too mean a subject for thy wrath,
thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Wif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's
blood
thou stopp'd the passage, where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Wif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
are not revenge sufficient for me;

if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
I hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
would not slack mine ire, nor ease my heart,
a sight of any of the house of York
as a fury to torment my soul;

I till I root out their accursed line,
I leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [Lifting his hand.

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Wif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou
slay me?

Wif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born:
I had one son, for his sake pity me;
I, in revenge thereof,—sith, God is just,—
be as miserably slain as I.

Let me live in prison all my days;
I when I give occasion of offence,
do let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Wif. No cause?
I father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Clifford stabs him.*]

Rut. *Du faciant, laudis summa sit laeta tuae!* [Dies.
Wif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
I this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
I'll rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
beal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
I all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!

With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short Alarum within.*]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his ear,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning what'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no
further;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

Whose wrong hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one,

[*Draws.*]
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeachment of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*]
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
booty;

So true men yield with robbers so o'ermatch'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto
him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;
That rought at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood,
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pry'thee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thy entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he, that took king Henry's chair:
And this is he, was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government, that makes them seem divine
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the cl
To hid the father wife his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless!
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy w
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast w
will:

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false Fr
woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move m
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibal
Would not have touch'd, would not have st
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[He gives back the handkerchief.]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tear
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the wo
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your head.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all m
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord, I
umberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my f
death. [Stabbin

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-
king. [Stabbin

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious G
My soul flies through these wounds to se
thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it o
gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. [E

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD with
their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle rage about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;

So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opens her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a yonker, prancing in his love

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfe
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to k
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet
heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights to
And over-shine the earth, as this the world
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bea
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it, ve the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

hat art thou, whose heavy looks foretell dreadful story, hanging on thy tongue?
Ah, one, that was a woful locker on, as the noble duke of York was slain, princely father, and my loving lord.

O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Enviroued he was with many foes;
ood against them as the hope of Troy
t the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
reules himself must yield to odds;
any strokes, though with a little axe,
own and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
ny hands your father was subdu'd;
ly slaughter'd by the ireful arm
eleating Clifford, and the queen:
rown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
d in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
thless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
in steeped in the harmless blood
et young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
fter many scorns, many foul taunts,
ok his head, and on the gates of York
at the same; and there it doth remain,
idest spectacle, that e'er I view'd.

Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
you art gone, we have no staff, no stay!
rd, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
wer of Europe for his chivalry;
sacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
ad to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!
ay soul's palace is become a prison;
ild she break from hence! that this my body
a the ground be closed up in rest:
er henceforth shall I joy again,
O never, shall I see more joy.

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
erves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
-same wind that I should speak withal,
ling coals, that fire all my breast,
rn me up with flames, that tears would
vench.

is to make less the depth of grief:
bes, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!
l, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
renowned by attempting it.

His name that valiant duke hath left with
see;
adom and his chair with me is left.
Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
y descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
ir and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE,
with Forces.*

How now, fair lords? What fare? what
ows abroad?

Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
eful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
iards in our flesh, till all were told,
rds would add more anguish than the
ounds.

at lord, the duke of York is slain.
O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
se stern lord Clifford done to death.

Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
w, to add more measure to your woes,
to tell you things, since then befall'n.
e bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
, as swiftly as the posts could run,
ought me of your loss, and his depart.
n London, keeper of the flock,
d my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
y well appointed, as I thought,
towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
the king in my behalf along:

For by my scouts I was advertis'd,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends:
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with the
soldiers:

And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, helike, when valiant Warwick
fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
hear:

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me
not;

'Tis love I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our hodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our heads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what hesida
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends, that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march again;
And once again bestride our flaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick
speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along ;
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —
Stay ye no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,) I come to pierce it, — or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums ; — God, and Saint George, for us !

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now ? what news ?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me, The queen is coming with a puissant host ; And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors : Let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before York.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of Wales, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear their wreck ; —

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I intrin'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast, that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is it that the forest hear doth lick ?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows ;

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinheret him,

Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young :

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings,
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,)
Make war with him, that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy

Should lose his birthright by his father's fault ;
And long hereafter say unto his child, —

*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away ?*

Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy ;
And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Infering arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear, —
That things ill got had ever bad success ?

And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;
And 'would my father had left me no more !

For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York ! 'would thy best friends did know,

How it doth grieve me, that thy head is here !
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits ; our
fees are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers
You promis'd knighthood to our forward
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him prest
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight
And learn this lesson, — Draw thy sword in
Prince. My gracious father, by your king

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of

And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.

Darraign your battle, for they are at hand
Clif. I would your highness would depart

The queen hath best success, when you are
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave
fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too ;
I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight
Prince. My royal father, cheer these men
And hearten those, that fight in your del

Unsheathe your sword, good father ; cry, *Satis*

March. *Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,*
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE,
Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry ! wilt thou
grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortuna of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud issue
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow
I was adopted heir by his consent :

Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I
You — that are king, though he do wear the
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliam

To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too ;

Who should succeed the father, but the
Rich. Are you there, butcher ! — O, I can

Clif. Ay, crook-back ; here I stand, to rear
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you, that kill'd young Ru
it not ?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not so
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt
the crown ?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tong
wick ? dare you speak ?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's I
Your legs did better service than your h

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now
Clif. You said so much before, and ye

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford,
thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that d
you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee rev
Break off the parole ; for scarce I can refi

The execution of my big-sworn heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-kill

Clif. I slew thy father : Cull'st thou hit
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a t

coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother R

But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse th
K. Hen. Have done with words, my

hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold clo

K. Hen. I pry thee, give no limits to m
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred
ing here,

Cannot be cur'd by words ; therefore be
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy

By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his to

Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
 And men have broke their fasts to-day,
 Or shall die, unless thou yield the crown.
 If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
 For justice puts his armour on.

If that be right, which Warwick says is
 not wrong, but every thing is right.
 Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
 I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
 A foul mishapen stigmatick,
 Whose destinies to be avoided,
 As toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
 From Naples, hid with English gilt,
 Where bears the title of a king,
 Whose channel should be call'd the sea,
 Thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
 cept,

Whose tongue detect thy base-born heart?
 A wisp of straw were worth a thousand
 words,
 This shameless callet know herself.—
 Greece was fairer far than thou,
 Thy husband may be Menelaus;
 As Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
 his wife woman, as this king by thee.

Or revell'd in the heart of France,
 And the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
 He match'd according to his state,
 And have kept that glory to this day:
 And he took a beggar to his bed,
 And thy poor sire with his bridal day;
 And that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
 And his father's fortunes forth of France,
 And sedition on his crown at home.
 And hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
 And thou been meek, our title still had slept;
 In pity of the gentle king,
 And our claim until another age.
 And it, when we saw our sunshine made thy
 shining,

Whose summer bred us no increase,
 And we axe to thy usurping root:
 Whose edge hath something hit ourselves,
 And thou, since we have begun to strike,
 And we leave, till we have hewn thee down,
 And thy growing with our heated bloods.
 And now, in this resolution, I defy thee;
 And we any longer conference,
 And I deny't the gentle king to speak.—
 And we impets!—let our bloody colours wave!
 And we for victory, or else a grave.

Stay, Edward,
 And we, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay;
 And we whose will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
 [Exit.

SCENE III.

Of battle between Towton and Saxton in
 Yorkshire.

As: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.
 Whose serpent with toil, as runners with a race,
 Whose down a little while to breathe:
 Whose receive'd, and many blows repaid,
 Whose and my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 Whose of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.
 Whose smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle
 thine!
 Whose cold frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
 Whose low now, my lord! what hap! what
 is of good?

Enter GEORGE.
 Whose a hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
 Whose are broke, and ruin follows us:
 Whose asel give you, whither shall we fly?
 Whose useless is flight, they follow us with wings;
 Whose we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.
 Whose, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn
 thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
 And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
 Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
 So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our
 blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
 And look upon, as if the tragedy
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 Till either death hath clos'd those eyes of mine,
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine:
 And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
 And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
 Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
 That to my foes this body must be prey,—
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may open,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
 Now, lords, take leave, until we meet again,
 Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle
 Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,
 farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
 And give them leave to fly, that will not stay;
 And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As victors wear at the Olympian games:
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
 For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
 Fore-slow no longer, make we hence again.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
 Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
 And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
 And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland,
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and
 brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee.

[They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarms. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's
 war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light;
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
 Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
 Now, one the better; then, another best;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

To whom God will, there be the victory!
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
 Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
 They prosper best of all, when I am thence.
 'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
 For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
 O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times:
 So many hours must I tend my flock;
 So many hours must I take my rest;
 So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau;
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
 And, to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns:
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
 Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 O heavy times, begetting such events!
 From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou, that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
 But let me see:—is this our foe-man's face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
 O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than
 mon grief!—

O, that my death would stay these ruthless
 O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
 The red rose and the white are on his face
 The fatal colours of our striving houses;
 The one, his purple blood right well rease
 The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, pre
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish
 If you contend, a thousand lives must w

Son. How will my mother, for a father
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for the
 chances,

Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever son, so rud'd a father's

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd b

K. Hen. Was ever king, so griev'd fo

woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I ma-

fill. [*Exit, wit*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy

sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepul

For from my heart thine image ne'er ab

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral

And so obsequious will thy father be,

Sad for the loss of thee, having no mor

As Priam was for all his valiant sons:

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight

For I have murder'd, where I should r

[*Exit, wi*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much ov

care,

Here sits a king, more woful than you

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MA

Prince of Wales, and EXETER

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your

shed,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull

Away! for death doth hold us in pursu

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, toward

post again:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of g

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wr;

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful

Are at our backs; and therefore hence

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make sp

Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good s

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the queen intends. Forward

SCENE VI.

The same.

A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay,
 Which, while it lasted, gave king Hen
 O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
 More than my body's parting with my
 My love, and fear, glew'd many friend
 And, now I fall, thy tough commixtur
 Impairing Henry, strength'nning mis-p
 The common people swarm like summe
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the
 And who shines now but Henry's ene
 O Phœbus! hadst thou never given ce
 That Phaëton should check thy fiery
 Thy burning car never had scorch'd t
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kin
 Or as thy father, and his father, did,
 Given no ground unto the house of Y
 They never then had sprung like sum
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless r
 Had left no mourning widows for our
 And thou this day hadst kept thy cha
 For what doth cherish weeds but gen
 And what makes robbers bold, but too

as are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 ay to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 he is merciless, and will not pity;
 in their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
 in bath got into my deadly wounds,
 such effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
 York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
 o'd your father's bosoms, split my breast.
 [He faints.]

and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,
 HARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and
 iers.

Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids
 us pause,
 nooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
 troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
 ed calm Henry, though he were a king,
 h a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 and an argosy to stem the waves.
 ink you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
 No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 ough before his face I speak the words,
 mother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
 wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans and dies.]

Whose soul is that, which takes her heavy
 leave?

A deadly groan, like life and death de-
 parting.

See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
 d, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
 not contented that he lopp'd the branch
 ing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,
 t his murdering knife unto the root,
 whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
 our princely father, duke of York.

From off the gates of York fetch down the
 head,

ather's head, which Clifford placed there:
 l whereof, let this supply the room;
 e for measure must be answered.

Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our
 ouse,
 othing sung but death to us and ours:
 eath shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
 s ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

I think his understanding is bereft:—
 Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
 loudy death o'er shades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
 Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
 Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitiest Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou
 wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world
 goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
 I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
 If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
 That I in all despite might rail at him,
 This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing
 blood

Stifle the villain, whose unshaken thirst
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
 And now to London with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned England's royal king,
 From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
 And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
 And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
 First, I will see the coronation;
 And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
 For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
 And never will I undertake the thing,
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
 Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
 And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as yourself,
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of
 Gloster;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;

Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A chase in the North of England.

two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll
 brood ourselves;

ough this laund anon the deer will come;
 this covert will we make our stand,
 the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may
 hoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

2 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

1 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

2 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

1 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

2 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

1 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

2 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

1 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

2 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

1 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

2 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

1 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

2 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

1 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

2 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

1 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

2 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

1 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

2 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

1 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 ears the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

2 Keep. And we both, and aim we at the best:
 or the time shall not seem tedious,
 thee what befell me on a day
 self-place, where now we mean to stand.

1 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
 eat.

No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
 For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's
 fee;

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

2 Keep. Let me embrace these sour adversities;
 For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

1 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon
 him.

2 Keep. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

1 Keep. My queen, and son, are gone to France
 for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
 To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
 Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
 By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
 For she's a woman to be pitied much:
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
 The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his tide, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings
and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was
born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;

A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king, crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented

To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king
of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now
remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father and my grandfather, were kings;

And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another, when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king
Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in
the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name
be obey'd;

And what God will, that let your king perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. A room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE,
and Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror;

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so? [*Aside to Clarence.*]

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps
the wind?

Glo. Silence! [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook.

May it please your highness to resolve me n

And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warra

all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a b

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take want

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, w

tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather gi

two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be r

him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their

land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this

wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you w

leave.

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the

[*Gloster and Clarence retire to the*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you h

children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love my

K. Edw. And would you not do much to

good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sust

harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands

them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your ma

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these land

be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your h

service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me,

them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I can

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mea

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what you

commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rai

the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax m

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I

my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because

subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's land

give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many

thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of lov

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my lov

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much

L. Grey. My love till death, my humbl

my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue g

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I do not mean

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I

you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may per

mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie w

L. Edw. To tell you plain, I had rath

prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not h

husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty sha

dower;

that less I will not purchase them.
 He. Therein thou wrong'st thy children
 nightly.

My. Herein your highness wrongs both them
 and me.

My lord, this merry inclination
 is not with the sadness of my suit;
 you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

My. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
 thou dost say no, to my demand.

My. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
 The widow likes him not, she knits her
 rows.

He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
 [Aside.]

My. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete
 with modesty;

And do show her wit incomparable;
 Her perfections challenge sovereignty:

My. Or other, she is for a king;
 she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

My. At king Edward take thee for his queen?
 My. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious
 lord:

subject fit to jest withal,
 unfit to be a sovereign.

My. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
 no more than what my soul intends;
 it is, to enjoy thee for my love.

My. And that is more than I will yield unto:
 I am too mean to be your queen;

My. Too good to be your concubine.

My. You caviel, widow; I did mean, my queen.

My. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should
 all you—father.

My. No more, than when my daughters call
 me mother.

My. A widow, and thou hast some children;
 God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

my. Her some: why, tis a happy thing
 to be father unto many sons.

My. No more, for thou shalt be my queen.
 The ghostly father now hath done his
 office.

My. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for
 thyself.

My. Brothers, you muse what chat we two
 have had.

My. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

My. You'd think it strange, if I should marry
 her.

My. To whom, my lord?

My. Why, Clarence, to myself.
 That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

My. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
 By so much is the wonder in extremes.

My. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you
 nothing.

My. It is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
 brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

My. See, that he be convey'd unto the
 tower:—

My. We, brothers, to the man, that took him,
 give him his apprehension.—

My. Go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.
 [Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence, and Lord.]

My. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
 He was wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 on his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

My. From the golden time I look for!
 My. Between my soul's desire, and me.
 My. (Edward's title buried.)

My. Once, Henry, and his son young Edward,
 the onlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
 their rooms, ere I can place myself
 in meditation for my purpose!

My. Then I do but dream on sovereignty;
 My. That stands upon a promontory,
 as a far-off shore, where he would tread,
 his foot were equal with his eye;
 My. Des the sea, that sunders him from thence,
 he'll lade it dry to have his way:

So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
 And so I chide the means, that keep me from it;
 And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities.—

My. My eye's too quick, my heart o'erreens too much,
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them;

My. Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
 What other pleasure can the world afford?

My. I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

My. O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

My. Why, love foreswore me in my mother's womb:
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

My. To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;

My. To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd hear-whelp,
 That carries no impression like the dam.

My. And am I then a man to be belov'd?
 O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

My. Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,

My. I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.

My. And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:

My. And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,—

My. Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

My. Why, I can smile; and murder, while I smile;
 And cry, content, to that, which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.

My. I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:

My. I can add colours to the camelion;
 Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.

My. Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

France. A room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and
 Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his State.

Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD her son, and the Earl of OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 [Rising.]

Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
 And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis
 doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
 must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs
 this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes
 with tears,
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. What'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
 And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
 [Seats her by him.]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm
the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows
our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour
thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our
presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings
thee to France?

[*Descending from his state. Queen Margaret rises.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafest to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [To Bona.] in our
king's behalf

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sov'reign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me
speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and mar-
riage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
course,

You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that, which Henry the fifth had gotten!
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at
But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak
thy liege,

Whom thou obey'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward
Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death; and more than so, my
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death,
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward
Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwick's
bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the Prince and*

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even up
conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him, that were not lawful the

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine!

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortu-
K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling se-
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and sweet
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's grove
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
Yet I confess, [To War.] that often ere this
When I have heard your king's desert reco-
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sist-
be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure, that your king must
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a wit
That Bona shall be wife to the English kin-

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy

By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's fri-

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Mi-
But if your title to the crown be weak,—

As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yi-

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at h
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* quee
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameles
wick, peace:

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tes-

Both full of truth, I make king Lewis beh-
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false le-
For both of you are birds of self-same feat

[*A horn sounds*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;

from your brother, marquis Montague.

from our king unto your majesty.—

Madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[To Margaret. They all read their letters.]

I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

or Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled;

'tis all's for the best.

Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd oys.

Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

What! has your king married the lady Grey?

to sooth your forgery and his,

me a paper to persuade me patience?

the alliance, that he seeks with France?

or presume to scorn us in this manner?

I told your majesty as much before:

eveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,

the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

ne my king, for he dishonours me;

st himself, if he could see his shame.—

forget, that by the house of York

her came ontimely to his death?

let pass the abuse, done to my niece?

impale him with the regal crown?

put Henry from his native right;

or I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

on himself! for my desert is honour.

repair my honour lost for him,

renounce him, and return to Henry;

ble queen, let former grudges pass,

neverforth I am thy true servitor;

revenge his wrong to lady Bona,

plant Henry in his former state.

Warwick, these words have turn'd my state to love;

forgive and quite forget old faults,

y, that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

some few bands of chosen soldiers,

bertake to land them on our coast,

ree the tyrant from his seat by war.

his new-made bride shall succour him:

for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

my likely now to fall from him;

stching more for wanton lust than honour,

or strength and safety of our country.

Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,

thy help to this distressed queen?

War. Renowned Prince, how shall poor Henry live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

Unless thou rescue him from fool despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with her's, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,

You shall have aid.

O. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,

To reveal it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

O. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

These's thy reward; be gone. *[Exit Mess.]*

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,

And Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—

That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

O. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—

Soon Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to Warwick.]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all but Warwick.]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,

But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me?

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief, that rais'd him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. *[Exit.]*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

London. A room in the Palace.

GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,
MONTAGUE, and Others.

Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

new marriage with the lady Grey?

or our brother made a worthy choice?

Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;

ould he stay, till Warwick made return?

My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Enter King EDWARD, attended; Lady M., as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, TINGS, and Others.

And his well-chosen bride.

I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

live;

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you

our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick?

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd,

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity,

To sunder them, that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorn, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
And you, too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be
appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have joined with France in such
alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our common-
wealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting
France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well
deserves

To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and
grant;

And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not
done well,

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your
judgment;

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,

Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,

And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their
frowns:

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what
news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he think
Henry.

But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with
disdain;

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little.
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's
For I have heard, that she was there in place

Mess. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning
are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your ma-
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe
proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd
They shall have wars, and pay for their presu-
But say, is Warwick friends with Margare-

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are a
in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's
daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will I
younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you
For I will hence to Warwick's other daugh-
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in ma-
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow r

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset*]

Glo. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both
Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can hap;
And haste is needful in this desperate cas-
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

They are already, or quickly will be land-
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exit Pembroke and*

But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by a
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than
If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friend
But if you mind to hold your true obedience
Give me assurance with some friendly vo-
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he pro-
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you
by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall with-
K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of vi-
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no-
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign p

SCENE II.

A plain in Warwickshire.

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with
and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto g
The common people by numbers swarm t

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERS
But, see, where Somerset and Clarence c
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all frie

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome u
wick;

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cow-
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of lov-
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward,

not a feigned friend to our proceedings;
 I come, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
 I know what rests, but, in night's coverture,
 other being carelessly encamp'd,
 I lie lurking in the towns about,
 attended by a simple guard,
 I will surprize and take him at our pleasure?
 I have found the adventure very easy:
 I, Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
 delight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
 brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
 I will cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 my wares may beat down Edward's guard,
 I will use myself; I say not—slaughter him,
 I intend but only to surprize him.—
 I will follow me to this attempt,
 I will give the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry, Henry,
 then, let's on our way in silent sort:
 Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Edward's camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen to guard the king's tent.
 1. Come on, my masters, each man take
 his stand;
 2. By this, is set him down to sleep.
 1. What, will he not to-bed?
 2. Why, no: for he hath made a solemn
 vow
 to lie and take his natural rest,
 Warwick, or himself, he quite suppress'd.
 1. To-morrow then, belike, shall be
 the day.

2. Warwick be so near as men report.
 1. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
 with the king here resteth in his tent?
 2. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's
 chiefest friend.
 1. O, is it so? But why commands the
 king,
 his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
 he himself keepeth in the cold field?
 2. 'Tis the more honour, because more
 dangerous.
 1. Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
 'tis better than a dangerous honour.
 Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
 he was doubted, he would waken him.
 2. Unless our halberds did shut up his
 passage.
 1. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal
 tent,
 defend his person from night-foes?

WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD,
 SOMERSET, and Forces.

This is his tent; and see, where stand his
 guard.
 1. My masters: honour now, or never!
 I will lose me, and Edward shall be ours.
 2. Who goes there?
 1. Stay, or thou diest.

[Warwick, and the rest, cry all—Warwick!
 Warwick! and set upon the guard; who
 fly, crying—Arm! Arm! Warwick, and
 the rest, following them.

With beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter
 WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the king
 to a gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER
 and HASTINGS fly.

What are they, that fly there?
 Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's
 the duke.
 1. The duke! why, Warwick, when we
 parted last,
 all'dst me king?

Ay, but the case is alter'd:
 you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
 degraded you from being king,
 and now to create you duke of York.
 How should you govern any kingdom,
 how not how to use-ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
 Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?
 K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
 Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
 Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
 Edward will always bear himself as king:
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's
 king: [Takes off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
 And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
 My lord of Somerset, at my request,
 See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
 Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
 When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell what answer
 Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
 Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must
 needs abide;
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
 [Exit King Edward, led out; Somerset with
 him.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
 But march to London with our soldiers.
 War. Ay, that's the first thing, that we have to do;
 To free king Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

London. A room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden
 change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
 What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against
 Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
 Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
 Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
 Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:

And, as I further have to understand,
 Is new committed to the bishop of York,
 Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
 Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
 Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's
 decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,
 For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
 This is it, that makes me bridle passion,
 And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
 Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
 King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd, that he comes towards
 London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
 Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must
 down.

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
 (For trust not him, that hath once broken faith),
 I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 To save at least the heir of Edward's right;

There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
 Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
 If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM
 STANLEY, and Others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William
 Stanley,
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to dispart himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour, he make his way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

Hant. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stauley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hant. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray, that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;

By turn'd my captive state to liberty;

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;

At our enlagement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

At last, by notes of household harmony,

They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;

He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;

And that the people of this blessed land

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;

Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,

For few men rightly temper with the stars:

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,

For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,

Adjudget an olive branch, and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace, and war;

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;

Now join your hands, and, with your hands, hearts,

That no dissension hinder government;

I make you both protectors of this land;

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign?

Will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield con-

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be con-

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

To Henry's body, and supply his place;

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than need

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a trait

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be detest.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chiefs

Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)

That Margaret your queen, and my son Edw.

Be sent for, to return from France with speed

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Rich

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: I

powers, [*Lays his hand on his*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss

His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown

His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords; for this is he

Must help you more than you are hurt by!

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news: But how made he

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of

And the lord Hastings, who attended him

In secret ambush on the forest side,

And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him

For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

A salve for any sore, that may betide.

[*Exeunt K. Henry, War, Clar. Lieu. and*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Ed

For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him

And we shall have more wars, before't be

As Henry's late presaging prophecy

Did glad my heart, with hope of this young

mond;

So doth my heart misgive me, in these can

What may befall him, to his harm and

Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst

Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany

Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for, if Edward repossess the

'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britany.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTING, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord H

and the rest;

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,

And says—that once more I shall interchan

My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the

And brought desired help from Burgundy:

What then remains, we being thus arriv'd

From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of

we enter, as into our dukedom?
The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
By men, that stumble at the threshold,
I foretold—that danger lurks within.
Tush, man! abodements must not now
fright us:
or foul means we must enter in,
er will our friends repair to us.
My liege, I'll knock ouce more to summon
em.

the walls, the Mayor of York, and his brethren.

My lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,
it the gates for safety of ourselves;
we owe allegiance unto Henry.

But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
ward, at the least, is duke of York.

True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

Why, and I challenge nothing but my
ukedom;

well content with that alone.

But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
on find means to make the body follow.

[Aside.

Why, master mayor, why stand you in a
doubt?

The gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be
closed.

[Exeunt from above.

A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!
The good old man would fain, that all were
ill,

is not long of him: but, being enter'd,
not I, but we shall soon persuade

o, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

So, master mayor: these gates must not
be shut,

be night, or in the time of war.

Dear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[Takes his keys.

ward will defend the town, and thee,
those friends, that deign to follow me.

*Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces,
marching.*

Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
thy friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

Welcome, sir John! But why come you
with arms?

To help king Edward, in his time of storm,
loyal subject ought to do.

Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now
get

to the crown; and only claim
edem, till God please to send the rest.

Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
o serve a king, and not a duke,—

r, strike up, and let us march away.

[A march begun.

Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll
bate,

safe means the crown may be recover'd.

What talk you of debating? In few words,
not here proclaim yourself our king,

you to your fortune; and be gone,
them back, that come to succour you:

could we fight, if you pretend no title?

Thy, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

When we grow stronger, then we'll
ake our claim:

'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Away with scrupulous wit! now arms
are rule.

And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
we will proclaim you out of hand;

thereof will bring you many friends.

Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
try but usurps the diadem.

Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
will I be Edward's champion.

Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here
claim'd:—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[Gives him a paper. Flourish.

Sold. *[Reads.]* Edward the fourth, by the grace of
God, king of England and France, and lord of Ire-
land, &c.

Mont. And whose'er gainsays king Edward's
right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks
unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—

Ah, forward Clarence!—how evil it becoms thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—

Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

London. A room in the palace.

*Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.*

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march again to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand!

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus *[Kissing Henry's hand.]* I seal
my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt War. Clar. Oxf. and Mont.]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

Metinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got
me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears;

I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shouts within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

Hence with him to the Tower; let him no
[*Exeunt some with King*
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our
Where preematory Warwick now remains
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join
And take the great-grown traitor unawares
Brave warriors, march amain towards Cove

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post, that came from Montague?
2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Str JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum, your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the walls.
War. O, unbud spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee!—
Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—parron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—
the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was silly finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have w
tide thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black
Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new
Write in the dust this sentence with thy
Wind-changing Warwick now can change r.

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colo

War. O cheerful colours! see, where comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*Oxford and his Forces enter*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter to

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon o
Stand we in good array; for they, no do
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the san

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and cu

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancel

[*He and his Forces enter*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall

Even with the dearest blood your bodie
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater

My mind presageth happy gain, and conq

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and co

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster

[*He and his Forces enter*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of S

Have sold their lives unto the house of Y
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and co

War. And lo, where George of Clarence
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prev

More than the nature of a brother's love-
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warw

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you v
means? [*Taking the red rose out o*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruiuate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones to
And set up Lancaster. Why, throw'st thou,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unma
To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's when he sacrific'd his da

I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's han

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad),
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy
And to my brother turn my blushing cheek

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends
And, Richard, do not frown upon my fault

For I will henceforth be no more unconsci
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten ti

below'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our ha

Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!
What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the
own, and fight?
I we beat the stones about thine ears?
Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
way towards Barnet presently,
thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
O Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
e way:—
o the field; Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in Warwick wounded.

o. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die
r fear;

Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—
ontague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
 Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

th, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe.
me, who is victor, York or Warwick?

I that! my mangled body shows,
 I, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
 ust yield my body to the earth,
 my fall, the conquest to my foe.

lds the cedar to the axe's edge,
 arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 ose shade the ramping lion slept;
 p-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
 low shrubs from winter's powerful wind,
 s, that now are dimm'd with death's black
 d,

n as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 s the secret treasons of the world:
 kles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
 en'd off to kingly sepulchres;
 liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
 my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 y walks, my manors that I had,
 y forsake me; and, of all my lands,
 g left me, but my body's length!
 atis pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
 d recover all our loss again!
 n from France hath brought a puissant
 rer;

we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!
 Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
 e there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
 'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 I would wash this cold congealed blood,
 es my lips, and will not let me speak.
 cky, Montague, or I am dead.

Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his
 t;

e latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
 —Commend me to my valiant brother.
 he would have said; and more he spoke,
 anded like a cannon in a vault,
 ht not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
 ght hear deliver'd with a groan,—
 ll, Warwick!

Sweet rest his soul—
 t, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
 irewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*]
 way, away, to meet the queen's great
 rer! [*Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Enter King EDWARD in triumph: LARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
 rse,
 re grac'd with wreaths of victory.

But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
 I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
 Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
 Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
 And blow it to the source from whence it came:
 Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
 If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advèrtis'd by our loving friends,
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;
 We, having now the best at Barnet field,
 Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.—
 Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
 their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
 What though the mast be now blown over-board,
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
 Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
 Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that, which hath too much;
 Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
 Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
 Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
 And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
 Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
 And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
 We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
 From shelves and rocks, that threaten us with wreck.
 As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
 And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
 What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
 And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 I speak not this, as doubting any here:
 For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes;
 Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here, as God forbid!
 Let him depart, before we need his help.

Os. Women and children of so high a courage!
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
 O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,

If he arise, he mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet bath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy, To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March: Enter, at a distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength, Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,

My tears gainsay: for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Exeunt both Armies.]

SCENE V.

Another part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat.

Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that, who finds

Edward,

Shall have a high reward, and he his life!

Glo. It is: and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him

speak:

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back

rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your

tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I knew my duty, you are all undutiful:

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjurd G

And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are;—

And thou usurp'st my father's right and n

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of th

here. *[S]*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end th

Clar. And there's for twitching me with

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. *[Offers to*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we h

too much.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the w

words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use

her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my

I'll hence to London on a serious matter

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower!

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to

ther, boy!

Canst thou not speak!—O traitors! murd

They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood

Did not offend, nor were not worthy bla

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child

And men ne'er spend their fury on a chi

What's worse than murderer, that I may

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I spe

And I will speak, that so my heart may

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely c

You have no children, butchers! if you!

The thought of them would have stirr'd u

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet yo

K. Edw. Away with her; go bear her henc

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, d

here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence,

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Cl

thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swea

not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usiest forswer

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that dev

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, wher

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st b

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours,

prince! *[Exit, led o*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, a

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes!

Now march we hence: discharge the co

With pay and thanks, and let's away t

And see our gentle queen how well she

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me

SCENE VI.

London. A room in the Tower

King HENRY is discovered sitting u

in his hand, the Lieutenant attendi

GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at y

hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord

say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better

Good Gloster, and good devil, were all

And both preposterous; therefore, not g

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves

confer. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepher

wolf:

at the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
oert his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
et scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind;
hief doth fear each bush an officer.

Hes. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
ce my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and
kill'd.

Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
taught his son the office of a fool?
yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

Hes. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
ather, Minos, that denied our course;
an, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
rother-Edward; and thyself, the sea,
e envious gulf did swallow up his life.
ll me with thy weapon, not with words!
east can better brook thy dagger's point,
can my ears that tragic history.—
herefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Think'st thou I am an executioner?

Hes. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
ndering innocents be executing,
then thou art an executioner.

Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hes. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou
didst presume,
hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

Hes. I prophesied,—that many a thousand,
h now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
any an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
any an orphan's water-standing eye,—
or their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
aphans for their parents' timeless death,—
rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

Thy shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
light-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
world, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
ven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
hattering pies in dismal discords sung,
rother felt more than a mother's pain,
et brought forth less than a mother's hope;
t,—an indigest deformed lump,
ke the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
oisy,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
f the rest be true which I have heard,
can'st—

I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy
speech; [*Stabs him.*]

is, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
Hes. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this,
I forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*]

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
ground? I thought it would have mounted.
w my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
y such purple tears be always shed
those that wish the downfall of our house!—
spark of life be yet remaining,
down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*]

have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
'tis true, that Henry told me of;
have often heard my mother say,
into the world with my legs forward:
not reason, think ye, to make haste,
ek their ruin, that usurp'd our right?
idwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
: bless us, he is born with teeth!

I was; which plainly signified—
should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
ll make crook'd my mind to answer it.
no brother, I am like no brother:

And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. A room in the Palace.

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne;
Queen ELIZABETH with the infant Prince,
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and
Others, near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal
throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberland; two bravo men
Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repose the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

[*Aside.*]
K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely
queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy bro-
ther, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—
all harm. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Mar-
garet?

Reignier, her father, to the king of Franca
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]



THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King EDWARD the Fourth.
EDWARD, prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
afterwards K. Edward V.
RICHARD, Duke of York, }
GEORGE, duke of Clarence, } brothers to the King.
RICHARD, duke of Gloster, }
afterwards K. Richard III.
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, earl of Richmond, afterwards K. Henry VII.
Cardinal BOURCHIER, archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERAM, archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, bishop of Ely.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of NORFOLK: Earl of SURREY, his son.
Earl RIVERS, brother to king Edward's queen.
Marquis of DORSET, and Lord GREY, her sons.
Earl of OXFORD. Lord HASTINGS. Lord STANLEY. Lord LOVEL.

Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN. Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.
Sir WILLIAM CATESBY. Sir JAMES TYRREL.
Sir JAMES BLOUNT. Sir WALTER HERBERT.
Sir BOBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen of king Edward IV.
MARGARET, widow of king Henry VI.
Duchess of YORK, mother to king Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloster.
Lady ANNE, widow of Edward prince of Wales, son to king Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

Scene,—England.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

London. A street.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting harbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G.
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.
Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, helike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by
women:—
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd!
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.



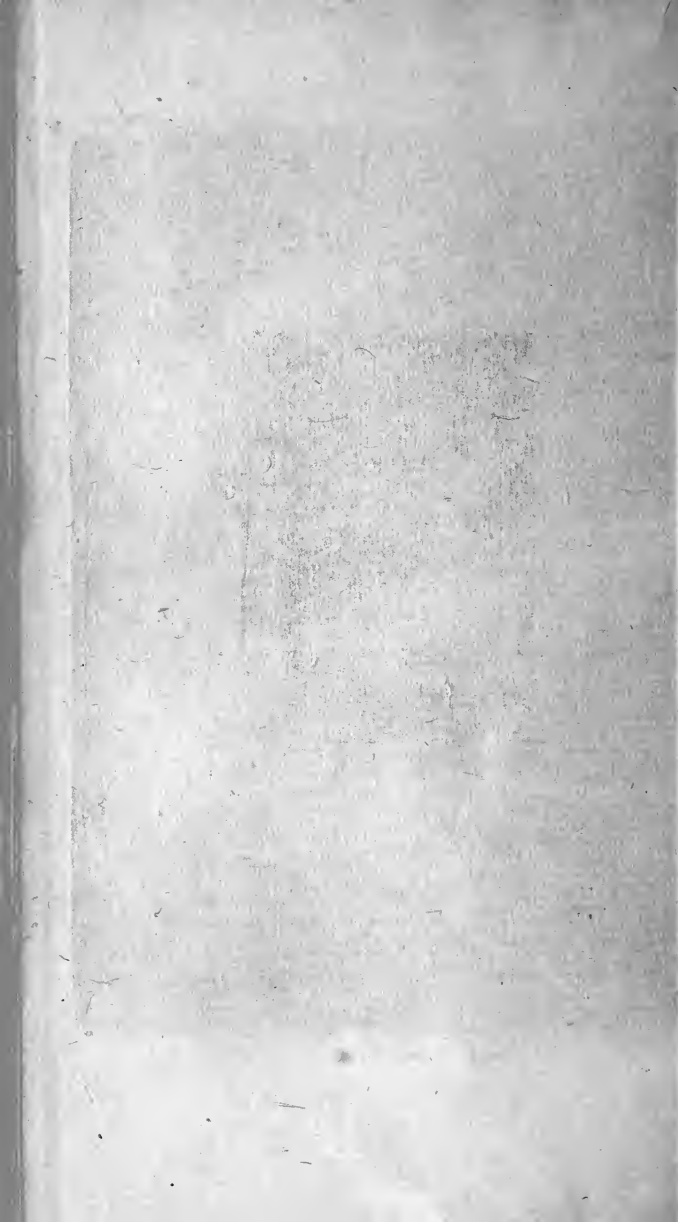
T. Stothard P.A.

Aug Fox sc

RICHARD III.

Act 4. Sc. 3.

Published by W. Pickering 57, Chancery Lane 1824.



Clor. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Hear'd you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brat. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so I please your worship, Braken-
bury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A honey eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brat. With this, my lord, myself have nought
to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell
thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brat. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou be-
tray me?

Brat. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and,
withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clor. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clor. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time have patience.

Clor. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And ever-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; and Edward still lives, and
reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my gain.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another street.

Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne
in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to
guard it; and Lady ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand, that made these
wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, while I lament king Henry's corse.
[*The Bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it
down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint
Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

I Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin
pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I com-
mand:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, begone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence, that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer
dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Foulter than heart can think thee, thou
caust make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.
Anne. Why then, they are not dead:

But dead they are, and devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou liest; queen
Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God
grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never
come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me
name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou
liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As baneful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most affect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect.
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, honest
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheek.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and
thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the
Glo. He lives, that loves you better than his
Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that's
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better
Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*]
dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eye

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected
Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to stri-
dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die a
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn
tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish
These eyes, which never shed remorseful
Not, when my father York and Edward we
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad
My many eyes did score an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind
weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing
But now thy beauty is propos'd my foe,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue
speak.

[*She looks scornfully.*]
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was in
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword
Which if thou please to hide in this true
And let the soul forth that adorns thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knees.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at
his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Hen
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd
Edward;— [*She again offers at his
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on*]

[*She lets fall the*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will
Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy

ll, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
both their deaths shalt thou be necessary.
an. I would, I knew thy heart.

Is. 'Tis figur'd in
tongue.
an. I fear me, both are false.
Is. Then man
a never true.

an. Well, well, put up your sword.
Is. Say then, my peace is made.

an. That shall you know
after.
Is. But shall I live in hope?

an. All men,
pe, live so.
Is. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
an. To take, is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*]
Is. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
so thy breast enclareth my poor heart;
and both of them, for both of them are thine.
if thy poor devoted servant may
beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
most confirm his happiness for ever.

an. What is it?
Is. That it may please you leave these sad de-
signs

an. That hath more cause to be a mourner,
presently repair to Crosby-place:
re—after I have solemnly interr'd,
Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I with all expedient duty see you:
I know unknown reasons, I beseech you,
I know this boon.

an. With all my heart; and much it joys me
too,
if you are become so penitent.—
Is. And Berkley, go along with me.
an. Bid me farewell.

Is. 'Tis more than you deserve:
since you teach me how to flatter you,
as I have said farewell already.

[*Exit Lady Anne, Tresselt, and Berkley.*]
Take up the corpse, sirs.

Is. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
No, to White-Friars; there attend my
crowning. [*Exit the rest, with the corpse.*]

an. Every woman in this humour woo'd?
Every woman in this humour won?
I see her,—but I will not keep her long.

Is. I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
see her in her heart's extremest hate:
curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
weeping witness of her hatred by;
God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

no friends to back my suit withal,
a plain devil, and dissembling looks,
it to win her,—all the world to nothing!

an. He forgot already that brave prince,
I, her lord, whom I some three months since,
I in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

an. A lover and a gentleman,—
in the prodigality of nature,
valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
such a world cannot again afford:

an. Will she yet abase her eyes on me,
opp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
to bid her widow to a woful bed?

an. Whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
that halt, and am mishapen thus?
an. Whom to a beggarly denier,

an. I stake my person all this while:
my life, she finds, although I cannot,
to be a marvellous proper man.

an. It charges for a looking-glass;
to obtain a score or two of tailors,
my fashions to adorn my body:

an. I am crept in favour with myself,
to maintain it with some little cost.
an. It, I'll turn you' fellow in his grave;
an. I return lamenting to my love.—

an. It, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and
Lord GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt,
his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him
worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words:
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of
me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,

To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man, that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and
Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have
been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord
of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, he you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of
Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks
cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer
with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will
never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure
it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissensions rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple-truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your
grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee!—or thee!—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brether of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,

And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch;
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need
of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful
height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows
not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may
she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worse match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I be-
seech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threaten you me with telling of the
king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his,
or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband
Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
in Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain!

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edw-
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and
this world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy da-
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king.

So should we you, if you should be our kin-
Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a
Far be it from my heart, the thought there-
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you su-
You should enjoy, were you this country's
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen the-
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [Ad-
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall
In sharing that which you have pill'd from
Which of you trembles not, that looks on
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like r-
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like r-
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st
my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain o-
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pai-
nishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abo-
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me-
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegi-
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on
When thou didst crown his warlike bro-
paper,

And which thy scorns drew'st rivers from
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rou-
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen up-
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy blood

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the in-
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay t-
And the most mercilest, that e'er was he-
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it
ported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge fo-
Buck. Northumberland, then present,
see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all,
came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me
Did York's dread curse prevail so much wit-
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishme-
Could all but answer for that peevish bra-
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter he-
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to r-
curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your k-
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Y-
For Edward, my son, that was prince of
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wait thy children
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in
Long die thy happy days before thy death
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grie-
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I
That none of you may live your natural s-
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

4. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

aven have any grievous plague in store, edging those that I can wish upon thee, if them keep it, till thy sins be ripe, then hurl down their indignation
 hee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
 friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 as it be while some tormenting dream
 puts thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
 that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 slave of nature, and the son of hell!
 slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 rag of honour! thou detested—

Mar. Margaret.
Mar. Richard!

Ha?

Mar. I call thee not.
 I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
 thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.
Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
 I me make the period to my curse.
 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.
Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse
 against yourself.

Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
 strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 so deadly web ensnareth thee about?
 fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
 ay will come, that thou shalt wish for me
 to these curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
 t. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;
 to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty.

me to be your queen, and you my subjects: serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:
 fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
 a your young nobility could judge,
 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;

if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
 Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
 Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
 ery buildeth in the cedar's top,
 allies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
 as my son, now in the shade of death;

bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
 a eternal darkness folded up.

siery buildeth in our airy's nest:—
 t, that see'st it, do not suffer it;

vas won with blood, lost be it so!

t. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;

fitably with me have you dealt,
 amefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

arity is outrage, life my shame,—
 my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

t. Have done, have done.

Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
 of league and amity with thee:

air befall thee, and thy noble house!
 ornaments are not spotted with our blood,
 on within the compass of my curse.

t. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
 e of those that breathe them in the air.

Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
 are awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
 Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
 Have not to do with him, beware of him;
 Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
 And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And sooth the devil, that I warn thee from?
 O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
 And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do some body good,
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
 He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;—

God pardon them, that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that have done death to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
 And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.
 [*Exeunt all but Gloster.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs, that I set abroad,
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
 I do beweepe with many simple gulls;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
 And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it; and withal whet me
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
 How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?

Are you now going to despatch this thing?
 I *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have
 the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

[*Gives the warrant.*]
 When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution.
 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

I *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
 prate,

Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'
 eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
 Go, go, despatch.

I *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray
you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward Eng-
land,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches
Methought, that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes), reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to heich it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!*—

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe, but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good
rest!— [*Clarence reposes himself on a chair.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours;
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?
Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and
cam'st thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence,
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious.
Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who reads.*]

Brak. I am, in this, companded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.—
I will not reason what is meant hereby.
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys; there sits the duke asleep.
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of view
Fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*]

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he
1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done even
when he wakes.

2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he'll
never wake until the great judgment day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd
sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment,
hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What? art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a war
it; but to be damn'd for killing him, for
which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought, thou hadst been reassured
2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloucester
tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I pry'thee, stay a little:
this holy humour of mine will change; it will
hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. 'Faith, some certain drops of cow-
ard are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when thou
dost.

2 Murd. Come, he dies; I had forgot the
1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. In the duke of Gloucester's purse.

1 Murd. So, when he opens his purse to
our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there
or none, will entertain it.

1 Murd. What, if it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it, it is a de-
thing, it makes a man a coward; it is a man
steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot
but it checks him; a man cannot lie
neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis
ing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in
bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it
once restore a purse of gold, that by-
found; it beggars any man that keeps it;
turned out of all towns and cities for a de-
thing; and every man, that means to live
endeavours to trust to himself, and live free.

1 Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my
persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and
him not: he would insinuate with thee,
make thee sigh.

1 Murd. I am strong-fram'd, he cannot
with me.

2 Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow, that
his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 Murd. Take him over the costard with
of thy sword, and then throw him into the
butt, in the next room.

2 Murd. O excellent device! and make
him.

1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.

2 Murd. Strike.

1 Murd. No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me
wine.

1 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my
anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

rd. A man, as you are.

But not, as I am, royal.

rd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are
lamblike.

rd. My voice is now the king's, my looks
mine own.

How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

How dost thou menace me: Why look you pale?

What dost thou hither? Wherefore do you come?

Murd. To, to, to,—

To murder me?

Murd. Ay, ay.

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

o, my friends, have I offended you?

d. Offended us you have not, but the king.

I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

d. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Are you call'd forth from out a world of
sin,

the innocent? What is my offence?

is the evidence that doth accuse me?

awful quest have given their verdict up

a frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

er sentence of poor Clarence' death?

be convict by course of law,

den me with death is most unlawful.

you, as you hope for any goodness,

st's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

depart, and lay no hands on me;

d you undertake is damnable.

d. What we will do, we do upon command.

d. And he, that hath commanded, is our
leg.

Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings

the table of his law commanded,

o shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then

his edict, and fulfill a man's?

d; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

upon their heads that break his law.

d. And that same vengeance doth he hurl
thee,

forswearing, and for murder too;

at receive the sacrament, to fight

d of the house of Lancaster.

d. And, like a traitor to the name of God,

ak that vow; and with thy treacherous
de

at the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

d. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and
end.

d. How canst thou urge God's dreadful
to us,

ou hast broke it in such dear degree?

alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

rd, for my brother, for his sake;

you not to murder me for this;

at sin he is as deep as I.

ill be avenged for the deed,

you, that he doth it publicly;

the quarrel from his powerful arm;

no indirect nor lawless course,

those that have offended him.

. Who made thee then a bloody minister,

llant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

ely novice, was struck dead by thee?

y brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

s hither now to slaughter thee.

you do love my brother, hate not me;

rother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster
hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you
deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering
me?—

Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—

If two such murderers as yourselves came to
you,—

Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

1 Murd. Take that, and that; if all this will not
do,

[Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately de-
spatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 Murd. How now? what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you
have been.

2 Murd. I would he knew, that I had sav'd his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 Murd. So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole;

Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

the same. A room in the Palace.

Enter EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELI-
H, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS,
NGHAM, GREY, and Others.

Why, so!—now have I done a good
work;—

continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging
hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
 Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
 Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
 Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
 Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
 You have been factious one against the other.
 Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more
 remember

Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love
 lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
 Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces Dorset.*]
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
 this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
 And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
 Upon your grace, [*To the Queen.*] but with all
 duteous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
 With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,
 And most assured that he is a friend,
 Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
 Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
 When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*]
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
 There waiteth now our brother Gloucester here,
 To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and
 queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
 day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
 Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
 Among this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
 Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
 That all without desert have frown'd on me;

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night;

I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holyday shall this be kept hereafter:—
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?
 Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]
 You do him injury, to scorn his corpse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who
 knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the pre-
 sence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was
Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order
 And that a winged Mercury did bear;
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried:—
 God grant, that some, less noble, and less
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence
 And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service
K. Edw. I pry'thee, peace; my soul is full
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my service
 Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
 Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my
 death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave
 My brother kill'd no man, his fault was
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my way
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of
 Who told me, how the poor soul did die for
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight with
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a kin*

Who told me, when we both lay in the
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap
 Even in his garments; and did give him
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold
 All this from my remembrance brutish
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind
 But, when your carter, or your waiting
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and def
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer
 You straight are on your knees for pardon
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you
 But for my brother, not a man would say
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you
 Have been beholden to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for hi
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours!
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
 Poor Clarence!

[*Exit King, Queen, Hastings
 Dorset, and Grey.*]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—M
 not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

SCENE II.

The same.

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a S
 Daughter of Clarence.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father
Duch. No, boy.

Dough. Why do you weep so oft? and
 breast;

And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son!
Son. Why do you look on us, and shake y
 And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aw
 If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake
 I do lament the sickness of the king,
 As loath to lose him, not your father's do
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that's los
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that
 The king my uncle is to blame for this:
 God will revenge it; whom I will impo
 With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Dough. And so will I.

Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
as well :

and shallow innocents,
not guess who caus'd your father's death.
random, we can : for my good uncle Gloster
the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
impeachments to imprison him :

on my uncle told me so, he wept,
and me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
rely on him, as on my father,
would love me dearly as his child.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
spes,

in a virtuous visor hide deep vice !
soon, ay, and therein my shame,
my dugs he drew not this deceit.
sink you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Ay, boy.

cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this ?

Enter ELIZABETH, *distractedly*; RIVERS,
and DORSET, *following her*.

Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and
weep?

my fortune, and torment myself?
with black despair against my soul,
myself become an enemy.

What means this scene of rude impatience ?

To make an act of tragick violence :—
my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
we the branches, when the root is gone?
her not the leaves, that want their sap ?

Ill live, lament; if die, be brief;
swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
obedient subjects, follow him
in kingdom of perpetual rest.

Oh, so-much interest have I in thy sorrow,
title in thy noble husband!

wept a worthy husband's death,
by looking on his images :

two mirrors of his princely semblance
'd in pieces by malignant death;
comfort have but one false glass,
yes me when I see my shame in him.

a widow; yet thou art a mother,
the comfort of thy children left thee:
hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
and Edward. O, what cause have I,
ag but a moiety of my grief,

thy plaints, and drown thy cries ?
sunt! you wept not for our father's death;
we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
w-dolour likewise be unwept!

Give me no help in lamentation,
sareen to bring forth laments :

reduce their currents to mine eyes,
ing govern'd by the watry moon,
orth plentiful tears to drown the world!

husband, for my dear lord Edward!
for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

las, for both, both mine, Edward and
ence!

What stay had I, but Edward? and
gone.

What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's
gone.

What stay had I, but they? and they are
gone.

Was never widow, had so dear a loss.
ere never orphans, had so dear a loss.

as never mother, had so dear a loss.
the mother of these griefs;

are parcel'd, mine are general.
Edward weeps, and so do I;

rence weep, so doth not she:
s for Clarence weep, and so do I;

dward weep, so do not they :—
three, on me, threefold distress'd,

ar tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
pamper it with lamentations.

ndort, dear mother; God is much dis-
d,

the with unthankfulness his doing :
worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy
breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-sworn hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of
Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet un govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.*
Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :

For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour : Whither away
so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Dost the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wee to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

That, in his nonage, council under him,

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,

No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,

God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd

With politick grave counsel; then the king

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and

mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;

Or, by his father, there were none at all;

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;

And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and

proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will

be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on

their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

You cannot reason almost with a man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see

The water swell before a boist'rous storm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night:

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;

I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York

Hath almost overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make

haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the son

not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing, when he w

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothe

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been ren

I could have given my uncle's grace a flo

To touch his growth, nearer than he touch

Duch. How, my young York? I pry'th

hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours

'Twas full two years ere I could get a to

Grandam, this would have been a biting

Duch. I pry'thee, pretty York, who told

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead

wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell wh

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are to

Arch. Good madam, he not angry with

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a n

What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord,

As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,

Fumfret,

With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prior

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mig

Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what off

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have d

Why, or for what, the nobles were com

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle mix

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and mass

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wranglin

How many of you have mine eyes behel

My husband lost his life to get the crow

And often up and down my sons were t

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, an

And being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the cong

Make war upon themselves; brother to l

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, pr

And frantic outrage, end thy damned s

Or let me die, to look on death no more

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to s

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious

[*To*

And thither bear your treasure and you

For my part, I'll resign unto your gran

The seal I keep; And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same. A street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, and Others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thou

reign:

The weary way hath made you melanc

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses o

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and I

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted vir

years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's dec

ere can you distinguish of a man,
if his outward show; which, God he knows,
is, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
grace attended to their sugar'd words,
sh'd not on the poison of their hearts:
rep you from them, and from such false friends!
God keep me from false friends! but
they were none.

My lord, the mayor of London comes to
meet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

God bless your grace with health and
appy days!

My lord, I thank you, good my lord;—and thank
you all.— [Exeunt Mayor, &c.
fit, my mother, and my brother York,
long ere this have met us on the way:—
at a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

And, in good time, here comes the sweating
ard.

My lord: What, will you
other come?

On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
an your mother, and your brother York,
ken sanctuary: The tender prince
fain have come with me to meet your grace,
his mother was perforce withheld.

Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
e the queen to send the duke of York
e princely brother presently?

My lord Hastings, go with him,
in her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
a his mother win the duke of York,
pect him here: But if she be obdurate
entreaties, God in heaven forbid
old infringe the holy privilege
ed sanctuary! not for all this land,
I be guilty of so deep a sin.

You are to senseless-obstinate, my lord,
monious, and traditional:

But with the grossness of this age,
at not sanctuary in seizing him.

But thereof is always granted
whose dealings have deserv'd the place,

see who have the wit to claim the place:
see hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;

before, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
king him from thence, that is not there,
at no privilege nor charter there.

I heard of sanctuary men;
tuary children, ne'er till now.

My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
ce.—

My lord Hastings, will you go with me?
I go, my lord.

Good lords, make all the speedy haste
a may. [Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.

My lord Gloster, if our brother come,
hall we sojourn till our coronation?

Where it seems best unto your royal self.
counsel you, some day, or two,

hness shall repose you at the Tower:
ere you please, and shall be thought
at fit

best health and recreation.

I do not like the Tower, of any place:
us Caesar build that place, my lord?

He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
ince, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Is it upon record? or else reported
ly from age to age, he built it?

Upon record, my gracious lord.

But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
the truth should live from age to age,
retail'd to all posterity,

he general all-ending day.
wise so young, they say, do ne'er live
e. [Aside.

What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. [Aside.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down, to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
[Aside.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke
of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving
brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you
call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in
talk;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass
along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal,
and Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—
Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart;
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will
not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
Hew he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us
both.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we
perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we
will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [Knocking.]

Hast. [Within.] Who knocks?

Mess. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. [Within.] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had ras'd off his helm:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that bis soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour, and myself, are at the one;

And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:

And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no el
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us li
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him wh
say.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lo

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are
stirring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lo

And, I believe, will never stand upright,

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou
the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut fr
shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess, that he doth aim at i

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to fi
forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good ne

That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pom

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that.

Because they have been still my adversaries.

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's si

To har my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelv
hence,—

That they, who brought me in my master's

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me ol

I'll send some packing, that yet think not o

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious

When men are unprepar'd, and look not fr

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so fal

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twi

With some men else, who think themselves

As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are

To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high accounto

For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well dese

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good r

Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,

I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as

And never, in my life, I do protest,

Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:

Think you, but that I know our state secur

I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when the

from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states w

And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-c

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless cowar

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day i

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—W

what, my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might bette

their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear the

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with thi

fellow. [*Exeunt Stan. and C*]

now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?
 2. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
 3. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
 when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
 was I going prisoner to the Tower,
 at suggestion of the queen's allies;
 now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
 lay those enemies are put to death,
 in better state than ere I was.
 4. God hold it, to your honour's good content!
 5. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.
 [Throwing him his purse.]
 7. I thank your honour. [Exit Pursuivant.]

Enter a Priest.

22. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see
 your honour.
 1. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
 a year debt for your last exercise;
 the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

2. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
 friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
 honour hath no shriving work in hand.
 3. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
 when you talk'd of came into my mind.
 4. go you toward the Tower?
 5. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
 return before your lordship thence.
 6. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
 7. And supper too, although thou know'st it
 not. [Aside.]
 will you go?
 I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RICHARDS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to execution.

Come, bring forth the prisoners.
 Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
 shalt thou behold a subject die,
 ah, for duty, and for loyalty.
 God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
 you are of damned blood-suckers.
 You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
 Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.
 O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
 and ominous to noble peers!
 the guilty closure of thy walls
 the second here was hack'd to death:
 or more slander to thy dismal seat,
 'ere thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
 Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our
 heads,
 she exclaim'd on Hastings, yon, and I,
 ending by, when Richard stabb'd her son.
 Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she
 Buckingham,
 curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
 her prayers for them, as now for us!
 my sister, and her princely sons,—
 O, dear God, with our true bloods,
 'as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
 Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.
 Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here
 embrace:
 till, until we meet again in heaven. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

London. A room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the
 DUKE of ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, and
 others, sitting at a table: Officers of the council
 standing.

Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
 to determine of the coronation:
 whose name, speak, when is the royal day?
 Are all things ready for that royal time?
 They are; and wants but nomination.
 To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
 Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
 most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
 his mind.
 Buck. We know each other's faces: for our
 hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
 Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:
 Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
 Hast. I thank his grace. I know he loves me well;
 But, for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
 His gracious pleasure any way therein:
 But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
 And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
 Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
 Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
 I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
 My absence doth neglect no great design,
 Which by my presence might have been concluded.
 Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
 William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
 I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
 Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be
 bolder;
 His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
 My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
 I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
 I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
 [Exit Ely.]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
 [Takes him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
 And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
 That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
 His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
 Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with
 you. [Exit Gloster and Buckingham.]
 Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
 To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
 For I myself am not so well provided,
 As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter the Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
 for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
 morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
 When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
 I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
 Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
 Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
 By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
 For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots
 Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
 Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
 Makes me most forward in this noble presence
 To doom the offenders: Whoso'er they be,
 I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
 Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
 Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
 And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
 Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
 That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
 Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
 Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor!—
 Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
 I will not dine until I see the same.—
 Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;
 The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me:
 [Exit Council, with Glo. and Buck.]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
 For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God?
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower walls.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Sneak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: 'ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with Hastings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainer of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever lived.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;

But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well prov'd:
T'warn false traitors from the like attempt,
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevent;
Because, my lord, we would have had you
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason:
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wall his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship

To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you came too late of us,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord*

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all
There, at your meetest vantage of the time
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed his brother,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughter
Even where his raging eye, or savage heat,
Without control, list'd to make his prey.

May. For a need, thus far come near my purpose
Tell them, when that my mother went with
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;

Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off.
Because, my lord, you know, my mother's

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the actor
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;

Where you shall find me well accompany'd
With reverend fathers, and well-learn'd teachers.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit Buck*

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Penker
Go thou [To Cate.] to friar Penker—bid them
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt Lovel and*

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good
Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engrass'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby it sent me
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.

's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
cannot see this palpable device?
who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
is the world; and all will come to nought,
a such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.

GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

How now, how now? what say the citizens?
Oh, now by the holy mother of our Lord,
citizens are mum, say not a word.

Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's
children?

Oh, I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
his contract by deputy in France:

insatiate greediness of his desires,
his enforcement of the city wives;

ranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
dag got, your father then in France;

his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Al, I did infer your lineaments,—

the right idea of your father,
in your form and nobleness of mind:

open all your victories in Scotland,
discipline in war, wisdom in peace,

bounty, virtue, fair humility;
and, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
wh'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.

When my oratory grew to an end,
and them, that did love their country's good,
God save Richard, England's royal king!

And did they so?

Oh, no, so God help me, they spake not a word;
like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
on each other, and look'd deadly pale.

When I saw, I reprehended them;
wh'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
answer was,—the people were not us'd
spoke to, but by the recorder.

He was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
with the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

He had done, some followers of mine own,
at the end of the hall, hur'd up their caps,
and ten voices cried, *God save king Richard!*

Thus I took the vantage of those few,—
ye, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
cheerful applause, and cheerful shout,
your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
then here brake off, and came away.

What tongueless blocks were they; Would
they not speak?

Not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;

you spake with, but by mighty suit:
ask you get a prayer-book in your hand,
and between two churchmen, good my lord;
that ground I'll make a holy descent;
not easily won to our requests;

the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
I go; And if you plead as well for them,
an say nay to thee for myself,
but we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor
cocks. [*Exit Gloucester.*]

the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

me, my lord: I dance attendance here;
the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
to him to-morrow, or next day:
within, with two right reverend fathers,
is bent to meditation;

no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
to him from his holy exercise.

Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
myself, the mayor and aldermen,
designs, in matter of great moment,
importing than our general good,
to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an

Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtizans,
But meditating with two deep divines;

Not sleeping, to exgress his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:

But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say
us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:

He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:

By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two

Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:

Aud, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;

And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungentl'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might
please your grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else, wherefore breathe I in a christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:

Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Which to recreate, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:

If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded,

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this prayer
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful
Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wher' you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house
And, in this resolution, here we leave you
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.*]
Glo. Call them again, sweet prince, accept them
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of
Well, call them again; I am not made of
But penetrable to your kind-entreaties,

[*Exit Citizens.*]
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the
Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave
Since you will huckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher' I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
For God he knows, and you may partly see
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it,
say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal
Long live king Richard, England's worthy

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be
Glo. Even when you please, since you've
it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend you
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave
Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.

[*To the*]
Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquis of DORSET; on the other, ANNE Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all to-
gether:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son
Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrar.
Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord p
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kin
Hath he set bounds between their love, and
I am their mother: who shall bar me from

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will s
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear th

And take thy office from thee, on my peril
Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon

[*Exit Brakenbury.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hou
And I'll salute your grace of York as mo
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.
Come, madam, you must straight to West

[*To the Duchess of*]
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope

e I swoon with this dead-killing news.
 Desp'ful tidings! O unpleasing news!
 Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your
 grace?

lis. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
 and destruction dog thee at the heels;
 other's name is ominous to children:
 I wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
 ve with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
 e thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
 ou increase the number of the dead;
 take me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
 other, wife, nor England's counted queen.
 Full of wise care is this your counsel,
 madam:—

ll the swift advantage of the hours;
 all have letters from me to my son
 r behalf, to meet you on the way:
 ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
 l. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
 accursed womb, the bed of death;
 strice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
 unavoided eye is murderous!
 Come, madam, come; in all haste was sent.
 e. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
 ld to God, that the inclusive verge
 len metal, that must round my brow,
 red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
 ad let me be with deadly venom;
 e, ere men can say—God save the queen!
 lis. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
 l my humour, wish thyself no harm.
 t. No! why?—When he that is my husband
 now,

o me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
 scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
 hands,
 issued from my other angel husband,
 at dead saint, which then I weeping follow'd;
 n, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 as my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
king me, so young, so old a widow!
hen thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
thy wife, (if any be so mad)
isecrable by the life of thee,
how hast made me by my dear lord's death!
 I can repeat this curse again,
 so short a space, my woman's heart
 grew captive to his honey words,
 ovd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
 ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
 er yet one hour in his bed
 enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 th his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
 e, he hates me for my father Warwick;
 ll, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
 e. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.
 No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
 Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!
 Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!
 Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune
 aide thee!— [To Dorset.]
 a to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [To Anne.]

a to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess
 hee! [To G. Elizabeth.]
 grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
 odd years of sorrow have I seen,
 th hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
 e. Stay yet; look back with me unto the
 ower.—
 ou ancient stones, those tender babes,
 envy hath immur'd within your walls!
 cradle for such little pretty ones!
 egged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
 der princes, use my babies well!
 sh sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A room of state in the Palace.

of Trumpets. RICHARD, as King upon
 throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a
 and Others.

ch. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Bucking-
 am,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by
 thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
 To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
 Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would
 speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich.

O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
 freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
 dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit Buck.]

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

[Aside.]

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[Descends from his throne.]

And unrespective boys; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes;—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy,—

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
 gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him
 hither, boy.— [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,

The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.

Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter:—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,

That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.— [Exit Catesby.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.—

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two ene-
 mies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers, Are they, that I would have thee deal upon: Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them. And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done, And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise, For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd; The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables, Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy. A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter, The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started; Because a bard of Ireland told me once, I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock? I am thus hold To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike? *K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein. [*Exeunt King Richard and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and he gone To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;

The most arch deed of piteous massacre, That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did unborn To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs, Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children, in their death's sad story. O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—

Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another Within their alabaster innocent arms:

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk, Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay; Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind;

But, O, the devil!—there the villain stopp'd; When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered

The most repentish sweet work of nature, That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd. Hence both are gone with conscience and regret. They could not speak; and so I left them to bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in Beget your happiness, be happy then, For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after! When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Mean time, but think how I may do these good And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up. His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage.

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. And Anne my wife hath bid the world good.

Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond a At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown. To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou canst so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is dead.

Richard; And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Wel

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strag

Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful comies Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary. Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king! Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield.

We must be brief, when traitors brave the crown. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to melt And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd, To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to, And will to France; hoping, the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical. Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who com

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right fit

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and dumb.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quill Plantagenet

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such

lambs, And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my own

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal

ghost,

scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
 usurp'd,
 abstract and record of tedious days,
 unrest on England's lawful earth,

[Sitting down.]

ully made drunk with innocent blood!
 Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a
 rare,
 canst yield a melancholy seat;
 could I hide my bones, not rest them here!
 O hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[Sitting down by her.]

w. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
 ne the benefit of segniory,
 my griefs frown on the upper hand.
 w can admit society,

[Sitting down with them.]

r your woes again by viewing mine:—
 Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
 dst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 dst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
 I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
 Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
 r. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
 l'd him.

rh the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 ound, that doth hunt us all to death:
 g, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 y lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
 I defacer of God's handy-work;
 sellent grand tyrant of the earth,
 gns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 ob let loose to chase us to our graves.—
 t, just, and true-disposing God,

I thank thee, that this carnal cur
 the issue of his mother's body,
 es her pew-fellow with others' mean!
 O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
 less with me, I have wept for thine.

. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
 I cloy me with beholding it.
 ard he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
 r Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
 ork he is but boot, because both they
 t the high perfection of my loss.

ence he is dead, that stab'd my Edward;
 beholders of this tragic play,
 erate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 smother'd in their dusky graves.

et lives, hell's black intelligency;
 rv'd their factor, to buy souls,
 them thither: But at hand, at hand,
 is piteous and unpitied end:

es, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 im suddenly convey'd from hence:—
 s bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 y live to say, The dog is dead!

O, thou didst prophesy, the time would
 e,
 ould wish for thee to help me curse
 ed spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my
 me;

ee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
 station of but what I was,
 ing index of a direful pageant,
 d a-high, to be har'd down below:

only mock'd with two fair babes;
 f what thou wast; a garish flag,
 aim of every dangerous shot;
 dignity, a breath, a bubble;

jest, only to fill the scene.
 hy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 and kneels, and says—God save the queen!

the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
 I this, and see what now thou art.
 wife, a most distressed widow;

mother, one that wails the name;
 ing sued to, one that humbly sues;
 a very caitiff crown'd with care:
 at scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

ing fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 ammanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which eveo here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mis-
 chance,—

These English woes shall make me smile in France.
Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast
 the day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think, that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them
 with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
 pierce like mine. [Exit *Q. Margaret.*]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy successors of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries!
 Let them have scope: though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.]

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
 crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
 The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
 And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
 Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
 Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
 Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum,
 drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
 Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[Flourish. Alarums.]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
 Or with the clamorous report of war
 Thus will I drown your exclamations:

Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
 That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.
K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in
 haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
 God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
 Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
 Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
 Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and
 furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturesome;
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred;
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,
 That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,
that call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

[*Going.*]

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with
you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my
cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd thy tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads!

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high-imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withhold endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry seal

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
Last longer telling than thy kindness' dab

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul
thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks
her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daugh-
thy soul.

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her!
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my
I mean, that with my soul I love thy da-

And do intend to make her queen of Eng-
Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou me

be her king?
K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen

else should he?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: W
you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn

As one being best acquainted with her hu-
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrav-
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she

Therefore present to her,—as sometime M
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's b

A handkerchief; which, say to her, did
The purple sap from her sweet brother's

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes with
If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;—
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Cl

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good a

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is n
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other
Unless thou couldst put on some other s

And not be Richard that hath done all t
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for lo

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot
have thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot
amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your son
To make amends, I'll give it to your dau

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daug
A grandam's name is little less in love,

Than is the dotting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of gro

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like so
Your children were vexation to your you

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being I

And, by that loss, your daughter is mad
I cannot make you what amends I would

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful so

Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daught

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother
Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see
The liquid drops of tears, that you have

Shall come again, transform'd to orient
Advantaging their loan, with interest

Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

on, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 hold her bashful years with your experience;
 ere her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 a har tender heart the aspiring flame
 (den sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
 the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
 when this arm of mine hath chāstis'd
 every rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 I with triumphant garlands will I come,
 and thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 when I will retail my conquest won,
 she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.
Ed. What were I best to say? her father's
 brother
 I be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
 that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
 what title shall I woo for thee,
 God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 make seem pleasing to her tender years?
Ed. Infer fair Eogliand's peace by this alliance.
Ed. Which she shall purchase with still
 lasting war.
Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command,
 consents.
Ed. That at her hands, which the king's
 King forbids.
Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Ed. To wait the title, as her mother doth.
Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Ed. But how long shall that title, ever, last?
Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Ed. But how long fairly shall her sweet life
 last?
Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.
Ed. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.
Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject-love.
Ed. But, she, your subject, loaths such
 sov'reignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Ed. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
 told.
Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving
 tale.
Ed. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too
 weak.
Ed. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
 up and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that
 is past.
Ed. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings
 break.
Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and
 my crown,—
Ed. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third
 surp'd.
Rich. I swear.
Ed. By nothing; for this is no oath.
 orge, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
 ter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
 wn, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory;
 hing thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
 ven by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
Ed. Now by the world;—
 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
Rich. My father's death,—
Ed. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
Rich. Then, by myself,—
 Thyself is self-misn'd.
Ed. Why then, by God,—
 God's wrong is most of all.
 hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 y, the king thy brother made,
 been broken, nor my brother slain.
 hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 erial metal, circling now thy head,
 'd the tender temples of my child;
 the princes had been breathing here,
 ow, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
 ten faith hath made a prey for worms.
 hadst thou swear by now?
Ed. By the time to come.
Rich. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-
 past;
 self have many tears to wash
 time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaugh-
 ter'd.
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old barren plants, to wail it in their age.
 Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
 Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
 Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
 Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
 In her consists my happiness, and thine;
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
 It cannot be avoided, but by this;
 It will not be avoided, but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so),
 Be the attorney of my love to her.
 Plead what I will, be not what I have been;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs.
Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong
 yourself.
Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-
 well. [Kissing her. Exit Q. Elizabeth.
 Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!
 How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.
Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke
 of Norfolk:—
 Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my good lord.
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.
Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
 When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
 [To Catesby.
 Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness's
 pleasure,
 What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy
 straight
 The greatest strength and power he can make,
 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [Exit.
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at
 Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, be-
 fore I go?
Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.
 Enter STANLEY.
K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what
 news with you?
Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with
 the hearing;
 Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
 What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword un-
sway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him
back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in
the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty
king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;

I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you,
leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[Exit Stanley.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised,

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,

With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are
in arms;

And every hour more competitors

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of
death? [He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,

Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of w.
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and seat
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich.

O, I cry you m

There is my purse, to cure that blow of

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him, that brings the traitor h

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been;

liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord

Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in

But this good comfort bring I to your hi

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by temp

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a bo

Unto the shore, to ask those on the bank

If they were his assistants, yea, or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Bu

Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made his course again for

K. Rich. March on, march on, since w

in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,

Yet to beat down these rebels here at h

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham

That is the best news; That the earl of

Is with a mighty power landed at Milfo

Is colder news, but yet they must be to

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury;

reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost:—

Some one take order, Buckingham be br

To Salisbury;—the rest march on with

SCENE V.

A room in Lord Stanley's house.

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTO

URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond

me:—

That in the sty of this most bloody boar

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in

If I revolt, off goes young George's hea

The fear of that withholds my present s

But tell me, where is princely Richmon

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Har'ford-wes

Stan. What men of name resort to hi

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned

Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley

Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant cre

And many other of great fame and wort

And towards London do they bend thei

If by the way they be not fought vithal

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; co

to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily conse

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter:

These letters will resolve him of my mi

Farewell. [Gives papers to Sir

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM,

led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with
him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,

Vaughan, and all that have miscarried

By underhand corrupted foul injustice;

If that your moody discontented souls

Do through the clouds behold this presen

Even for revenge mock my destruction!

This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is
doomsday.

This is the day, which, in king Edward

I wish'd might fall on me, when I was

False to his children, and his wife's allie

This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fa

By the false faith of him whom most I

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful

be determin'd respite of my wrongs.
 at high All-see which I dallied with,
 th turned my feigned prayer on my head,
 I given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 a cloth hearn the swords of wicked men
 turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
 as Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
 as he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 number Margaret was a prophesie.—
 ye, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
 I long hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
 [Exeunt Buckingham, &c.]

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OX-
 ORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER
 HERBERT, and Others, with Forces, marching.

Fellows in arms, and my most loving
 friends,
 a'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 e far into the bowels of the land
 e we march'd on without impediment;
 here receive we from our father Stanley
 of fair comfort and encouragement.
 wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
 his your warm blood like wash, and makes his
 trough
 our embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
 row even in the centre of this isle,
 to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
 a Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
 od's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 his one bloody trial of sharp war.
 y. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
 ght against that bloody homicide.
 b. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.
 eat. He hath no friends, but who are friends
 for fear;
 ab, in his dearest need, will fly from him.
 aw. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
 name, march:
 hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
 s it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

King RICHARD, and Forces; the Duke of
 DRFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and Others.

Rich. Here pitch our teats, even here in Bos-
 worth field.—
 ord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
 . My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
 Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
 Here, most gracious liege.
 . We must have knocks; Ha! must we not?
 . We must both give and take, my loving lord.
 Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-
 night; [Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.
 here, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
 hath descried the number of the traitors?
 . Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
 Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
 es, the king's name is a tower of strength,
 h they upon the adverse faction want.
 ith the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
 s survey the vantage of the ground;—
 or some men of sound direction:—
 want no discipline, make no delay;
 ards, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.]
 on the other side of the field, RICHMOND,
 WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and
 r Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's

im. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 by the bright track of his fiery car,
 token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
 illiam Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
 as some ink and paper in my tent;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
 Limit each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small power.
 My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
 And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
 The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
 Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
 And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:
 Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
 Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
 (Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king.
 Richm. If without peril it be possible,
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
 him,
 And give him from me this most needful note.
 Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
 Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
 gentlemen,
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
 In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.
 [They withdraw into the tent.]

Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK,
 RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
 Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
 It's nine o'clock.
 K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
 Give me some ink and paper,—
 What, is my heaver easier than it was?—
 And all my armour laid into my tent?
 Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
 K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
 Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
 Nor. I go, my lord.
 K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
 Norfolk.
 Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.]
 K. Rich. Ratcliff,—
 Rat. My lord?
 K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
 To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
 Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
 Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
 Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:—
 [To Catesby.]
 Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
 Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
 Ratcliff,—
 Rat. My lord?
 K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord North-
 umberland?
 Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
 Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
 Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
 K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
 I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
 So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
 Rat. It is, my lord.
 K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
 About the mid of night, come to my tent
 And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
 [King Richard retires into his tent. Exeunt
 Ratcliff and Catesby.]

Richmond's tent opens, and discovers him and his
 Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
 Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
 Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
 So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war :
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy tender brother George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell
upon ;

God give us leisure for these rites of love !
Once more, adieu :—Be valiant, and speed well !
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap :
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory :
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c. with Stanley.*]

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory !
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the widows of mine eyes ;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still ! [Sleeps.]

The Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[*To King Richard.*]
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury ; Despair therefore, and die !—
Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To King Richard.*]
By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
Think on the Tower, and me ; Despair, and die ;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !
[*To Richmond.*]

Harry, that prophes'd thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep ; Live, and flourish !

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[*To King Richard.*]
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To Richmond.*]

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;
Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To King Richard.*]
Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! Despair, and die !
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !
[*To King Richard.*]

Vaug. Think upon Vaughan ; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance ! Despair, and die !—
[*To King Richard.*]

All. Awake ! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom [*To Richmond.*]
Will conquer him ;—awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;
[*To King Richard.*]
And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on lord Hastings ; and despair, and die !—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !
[*To Richmond.*]

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins, smother'd
Tower ;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death ;
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die !
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake !
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annals !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish !

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched
thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep !
[*To Richmond.*]

Dream of success and happy victory :
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee
crown ; [*To King Richard.*]

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath ;
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid !
[*To Richmond.*]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride !
[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard
out of his dream.*]

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind
wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ; I did but dream
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midn
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling fi
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No ;—Yes ; I an
Then fly,—What, from myself ? Great
Why !

Lest I revenge. What ? Myself on myself
I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no : alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds, committed by myself.

I am a villain : Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well :—Fool, do not
My conscience hath a thousand several tong
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty ! gui
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves
And, if I die, no soul will pity me :—
Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I n
Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had mur
Came to my tent : and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Ric

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early villa
Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their s
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a
dream !—

What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove a
Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, I fear,
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of a
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows t
Have struck more terror to the soul of Rich
Than can the substance of ten thousand sol

od in proof, and led by shallow Richmond,
not yet near day. Come, go with me;
or our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
ear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.*]

diamond wakes. Enter OXFORD and Others.

rd. Good morrow, Richmond.

dm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentle-
men,

you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

rd. How have you slept, my lord?

dm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams,

ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

since your departure had, my lords.

ought, their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-
der'd,

to my tent, and cried—On! victory!

emise you, my heart is very jocund

remembrance of so fair a dream.

far into the morning is it, lords?

rd. Upon the stroke of four.

dm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give
direction.— [*He advances to the Troops.*]

than I have said, loving countrymen,

leisure and enforcement of the time

ids to dwell on.— Yet remember this,—

and our good cause, fight upon our side;

prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,

high-rear'd hulwarks, stand before our faces;

ard except, those, whom we fight against,

rather have us win, than him they follow.

what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,

ody tyrant, and a homicide:

rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

that made means to come by what he hath,

slaughter'd those that were the means to help

him;

se foul stone, made precious by the foil

ngland's chair, where he is falsely set;

that hath ever been God's enemy;

, if you fight against God's enemy,

will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;

a do sweat to put a tyrant down,

sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:

a do fight against your country's foes,

country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

a do fight in safeguard of your wives,

wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

a do free your children from the sword,

children's children quit it in your age.

, in the name of God, and all these rights,

see your standards, draw your willing swords:

oe, the ransom of my bold attempt

be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;

if I thrive, the gain of my attempt

east of you shall share his part thereof.

d, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;

and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, At-

tendants, and Forces.

Rich. What said Northumberland, as touch-
ing Richmond?

t. That he was never trained up in arms.

Rich. He said the truth: And what said
Surrey then?

t. He smil'd and said, The better for our pur-
pose.

Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

saw the sun to-day?

Not I, my lord.

Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the

book,

would have brav'd the east an hour ago:

ek day will it be to somebody.—

iff.—

t. My lord?

Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;

ky doth frown and lour upon our army.

uld, these dewy tears were from the ground.

shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my
horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we ourself will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st

thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, he not too bold, [*Reads.*]

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:

Let not our babbling dreams affront our souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have infer'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;—

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,

A scum of Bretagne, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;

You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous

wives,

They would restrain the one, disdain the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-

selves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobbd', and thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?

Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my

hosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and

Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Resene, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger;

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :

I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND ; and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—

But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their birth.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us ;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red :—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen!

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire ;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's

peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again—

That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

[*Exeunt.*







L. Stotard H.A.

E.G. Perkins sc.

KING HENRY THE VIII.

Act 1 Sc. 4.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane 1824.

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

King **HENRY** the Eighth.
Cardinal WOLSEY. **Cardinal CAMPEIUS**.
CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the emperor,
 Charles V.
CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.
 Duke of **NORFOLK**. Duke of **BUCKINGHAM**.
 Duke of **SUFFOLK**. Earl of **SURREY**.
 Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, bishop of Winchester.
 Bishop of **LINCOLN**. Lord **ABERGAVENTY**.
 Lord **SANDS**.
 Sir **HENRY GUILDFORD**. Sir **THOMAS**
LOVELL.
 Sir **ANTHONY DENNY**. Sir **NICHOLAS**
YAUX.
 Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, gentleman-usber to queen Katharine.
 Three other Gentlemen.
 Doctor **BUTTS**, physician to the king.
 Garter, king at arms.
 Surveyor to the duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.
 Door-keeper of the council-chamber. Porter, and
 his Man.
 Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
 Queen **KATHARINE**, wife to king Henry, after-
 wards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, after-
 wards queen.
 An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, woman to queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
 The subject will deserve it. Such as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Riskily in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,

Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend,)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

London. An ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter, the duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENTY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
 Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
 Readyful; and ever since a fresh admirer
 Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
 Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Gaynes and Arde:
 I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
 Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
 In their embracement, as they grew together;
 Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
 weigh'd
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
 I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
 Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
 To one above itself. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
 All cluquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
 Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting: new this mask
 Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye,
 Still him in praise: and, being present both,
 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discernor
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,
 (For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous
 story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck.

O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebel'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck.

Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck.

I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor.

Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber.

I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck.

Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber.

I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sickened their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck.

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor.

Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck.

Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, ahod'd
The sudden breach on't.

Nor.

Which is budded out;

For France hath flav'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber.

Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor.

Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck.

Why, all this business

Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor.

'Like it your grace,

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
'That he's revengul; and I know, his sword

Hath a sharp edge; it's long, and, it may be,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the Purse borne
him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries
with papers. The Cardinal in his passage
his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on
both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor
Where's his examination?

I Secr.

Here, so please y

Wol.

Is he in person ready?

I Secr.

Ay, please your gra

Wol.

Well, we shall then know more;

Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Wolsey and*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
Have not the power to muzzle him; and therefore
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor.

What, are you cl

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance,
Which your disease requires.

Buck.

I read in his

Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor.

Stay, my lo

And let your reason with your choler questio
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hill
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his wa
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in Engla
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck.

I'll to the kin

And from a mouth of honour quite ery down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be ad
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fe
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, b
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treat

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and mal
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal reavenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally.)
Only to show his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our mas
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like
Did break; the rising.

Nor.

'Faith, and so it di

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cu
cardinal

The articles o'the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-ca
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy W
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follow
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy

the old dam, treason.)—Charles the emperor, for pretence to see the queen his aunt, 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation: fears were, that the interview, betwixt land and France, might, through their amity, do him some prejudice; for from this league 'd harms that menac'd him: He privily is with our cardinal; and, as I trow,— which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor (ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted, it was ask'd;—but when the way was made, pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;— he would please to alter the king's course, break the foresaid peace. Let the king know, soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal buy and sell his honour as he pleases, for his own advantage.

w. I am sorry to hear this of him; and could wish, he were something mistaken in't.

sc. No, not a syllable; pronounce him in that very shape, shall appear in proof.

r. **BRANDON**; a *Serjeant at Arms* before him, and two or three of the *Guard*.

an. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Sir,

ord the duke of Buckingham, and earl (ereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I at thee of high treason, in the name of most sovereign king.

ct. Lo you, my lord, set has fall'n upon me; I shall perish by device and practice.

is. I am sorry to see you ta'en from liberty, to look on business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure, shall to the Tower.

st. It will help me nothing, and mine innocence; for that die is on me, makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven me in this and all things!—I obey.—

lord Abergavenny, fare you well.
a. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king [To *Abergavenny*.] as'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know he determines further.

r. As the duke said, 'ill of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure obey'd.

st. Here is a warrant from me, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies of duke's confessor, John de la Court, Hilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

st. So, so; are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

s. A monk o'the Chartreux.

t. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

s. He.

t. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal

show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:

he shadow of poor Buckingham;

figure even this instant cloud puts on,

darkning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The council-chamber.

t. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS BELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

an. My life itself, and the best heart of it, you for this great care: I stood i'the level all-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us gentleman of Buckingham's: in person or him his confessions justify; sent by point the treasons of his master shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: Half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;

Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank you for my majesty.

That you would love yourself; and, in that love,

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

The dignity of your office, is the point

Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects

Are in great grievance: there have been commissions

Sent down among them, which hath flav'd the heart

Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches

Most bitterly on you, as putter-on

Of these exactions, yet the king our master,

(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he

escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears

In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,

It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,

The clothiers all, not able to maintain

The many to them 'longing, have put off

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,

Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger

And lack of other means, in desperate manner

Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,

And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,

Know you of this taxation?

Hol. Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part, in aught

Pertains to the state; and front but in that file

Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,

You know no more than others: but you frame

Things, that are known alike; which are not

wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must

Performe be their acquaintance. These exactions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are

Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,

The back is sacrifice to the lead. They say,

They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer

To hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,

Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturesome

In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd

Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief

Comes through commissions, which compel from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied

Without delay; and the pretence for this

Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold

mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,

That tractable obedience is a slave

To each incens'd will. I would, your highness

Would give it quick consideration, for

There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Hol. And for me,

I have no further gone in this, than by

A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but

By learned approbation of the judges.

If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know

My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow,
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statutes only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not read our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[To the Secretary.]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. *[Exit Secretary.]*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces,
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear,
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note,
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him

At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux

His confessor; who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou

Surv. Not long before your highness

France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the par

Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand

What was the speech amongst the Londone

Concerning the French journey: I replied,

Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidi

To the king's danger. Presently the duke

Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he d

'Twould prove the verity of certain words

Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, says he,

Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit

John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hon

To hear from him a matter of some moment;

Whom after under the confession's seal

He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,

My chaplain to no creature living, but

To me, should utter, with demure confidence

This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king nor I

(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper; bid him st

To gain the love of the commonalty; the duk

Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,

You were the duke's surveyor, and lost yo

On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good

You charge not in your spleen a noble peer

And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take he

Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—

Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but t

I told my lord the duke, By the devil's ill

This monk might be deceiv'd; and the

dangerous for him,

To ruminate on this so far, until

It forg'd him some design, which, being b

It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Th*

It can do me no damage: adding further,

That, had the king in his last sickness fail

The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's be

Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank?

There's mischief in this man:—Canst t

further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Gr

After your highness had reprov'd the duke

About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember

Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant

The duke retain'd him his.—But on,

hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been co*

As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have

The part, my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury

Made suit to come in his presence; which, if

As he made semblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.—

K. Hen. A giant trait

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness

freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend a

K. Hen. There's something more would

thee; What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his

Another spread on his breast, mounting his

He did discharge a horrible oath; whose t

Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-s

His father, by as much as a performance

Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his peri

To sheath his knife in us. He is attack'd;

Call him to present trial: if he may

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,

not seek't of us: By day and night,
 alior to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A room in the Palace.

the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Is it possible, the spells of France should
 oggle
 o such strange mysteries?

New customs,
 they be never so ridiculous,
 t them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
 As far as I see, all the good our English
 t by the late voyage, is but merely
 two o'the face; but they are shrewd ones;
 in they hold them, you would swear directly,
 ry noses had been counsellors
 o, or Clotharius, they keep state so.
 They have all new legs, and lame ones;
 e would take it,
 er saw them pace before, the spavin,
 halt reign'd among them.

Death! my lord,
 shes are after such a pagau cut too,
 re, they have worn out Christendom. How
 w?
 ws, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

'Faith, my lord,
 none, but the new proclamation
 app'd upon the court-gate.

What is't for?
 he reformation of our travell'd gallants,
 the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
 I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray
 'monsieurs
 an English courtier may be wise,
 e see the Louvre

They must either
 in the conditions) leave these remnaits
 nd feather, that they got in France,
 their honourable points of ignorance,
 y thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
 etter men than they can be,
 oreign wisdom,) renouncing cleau
 they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
 ter'd breeches, and those types of travel,
 rstand again like honest men;
 o their old playfellows: there, I take it,
 cum privilegio, wear away
 id of their lewdness, and he laugh'd at.
 'Tis time to give them physick, their
 ases
 i so catching.

What a loss our ladies
 of these trim vanities!

Ay, marry,
 be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
 i speeding trick to lay down ladies;
 song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
 he devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're
 5;

there's no converting of them;) now
 country lord, as I am, beaten
 e out of play, may bring his plain-song,
 an hour of hearing; and, by't-lady,
 at musick too.

Well said, lord Sands;
 i tooth is not cast yet.

No, my lord;
 not, while I have a stump.

Sir Thomas,
 here you are going?

To the cardinal's;
 hip is a guest too.

O, 'tis true:
 he makes a supper, and a great one,
 rds and ladies; there will be
 of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
 t churchman bears a bounteous mind
 d,
 fruitful as the land that feeds us;
 all every where.

No doubt, he's noble;

He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
 Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
 in him
 Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
 Men of his way should be most liberal,
 They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are se;
 But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
 Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
 We shall be late else; which I would not be,
 For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
 This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The presence-chamber in York-palace.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Car-
 dinal, a longer table for the Guests. Enter at one
 door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies,
 and Gentlewomen, as Guests; at another door, enter
 Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
 Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
 To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
 In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
 One care abroad; he would have all as merry
 As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
 Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir
 THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
 Clapp'd wings on me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
 Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
 But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
 Should find a running haquet ere they rested,
 I think, would better please them: By my life,
 They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
 To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
 They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
 Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
 Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
 His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
 Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
 My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
 Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
 And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet
 ladies:

[Seats himself between Anne Bullen and
 another Lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
 I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?
 Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
 But he would bite none; just as I do now,
 He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.
 Cham. Well said, my lord.—
 So now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
 The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
 Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
 Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended;
 and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that
 noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
 Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
 And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
 Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
 And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
 I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbours.—
 Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
 Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drums and trumpets within: chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]
Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them,
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve Others, as
Muskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-
bearers; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully
salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I
pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take
sures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance.
chooses Anne Bullen.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd!
Till now I never knew thee. [Music]

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell them thus much
There should be one amongst them, by
More worthy this place than myself; to
If I but knew him, with my love and
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Cham. goes to the company, an*

Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they
There is, indeed; which they would have
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me s
[*Comes for*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Her
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him,
[*C*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well,
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am gl
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord ch
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thom
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highne

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty on
heart.

I were unmanly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentler

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banq
I'the privy chamber?

Lor Yes, my lord.
Wol.

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher ai

In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every o
partner,

I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a d
To drink to these fair ladies, and a me
To lead them once again; and then let
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick

[*Exeunt, wit*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O,—God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, con
Of divers witnesses; which the duke d
To him brought, *viva voce*, to his face:

At which appear'd against him, his sur
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and J
Confessor to him; with that devil-mon
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The

All these accus'd him strongly; which
Would have flung from him, but, indee
not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason.

He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he be

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again t
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he
With such an agony, he sweat extreme

And something spoke in choleric, ill, and
But he fell to himself again, and, sweet

In all the rest show'd a most noble pa

st. I do not think, he fears death.

u. Sure, he does not, er was so womanish; the cause y a little grieve at.

t. Certainly, dinal is the end of this.

t. 'Tis likely, conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder, spuity of Ireland; who remov'd, rrey was sent thither, and in haste too, should help his father.

t. That trick of state deep envious one.

t. At his return, st, he will requite it. This is noted, rreally; whoever the king favours, dinal instantly will find employment, enough from court too.

t. All the commons a perniciously, and, o'my conscience, an ten fathom deep; this duke as much es and dote on; call him, bounteous Buck- gham,

t. Stay there, sir, the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tip- before him; the axe with the edge towards uberds on each side: with him, Sir THO- LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir JAM SANDS, and common people.

t. Let's stand close, and behold him.

t. All good people, thus far have come to pity me, at I say, and then go home and lose me. us day receiv'd a traitor's judgment, that name must die; Yet, heaven bear ness,

t. I have a conscience, let it sink me, the axe falls, if I be not faithful! I bear no malice for my death, ne, upon the premises, but justice; t, that sought it, I could wish more Chris- as:

t. they will, I heartily forgive them: em look they glory not in mischief, I their evils on the graves of great men; my guiltless blood must cry against them. r life in this world I ne'er hope, I sue, although the king have mercies I dare make faults. You few, that d me,

t. be bold to weep for Buckingham, friends, and fellows, whom to leave ster to him, only dying, ne, like good angels, to my end; be long divorce of steel falls on me, our prayers one sweet sacrifice, y soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name. o beseech your grace, for charity, y malice in your heart against me, now to forgive me frankly. ir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you, d be forgiven: I forgive all; sot be those numberless offences t, I can't take peace with: no black envy e my grave.—Commend me to his grace; speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him, im half in heaven: my vows and prayers e king's; and, till my soul forsake me, for blessings on him: May he live in I have time to tell his years! 'd, and loving, may his rule be! old time shall lead him to his end, und he fill up one monument! the water side I must conduct your grace; my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux, r takes you to your end.

t. Prepare there, s coming: see, the barge be ready; with such furniture, as suits ess of his person. Nay, sir Nicholas, e; my state now will but mock me. me hither, I was lord high constable

And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun: Yet I am richer than my bass accusers, That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it; And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard, Flying for succour to his servant Baunster, Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, And without trial fell; God's peace be with him! Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying My father's loss, like a most royal prince, Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins, Made my name once more noble. Now his son, Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all, That made me happy, at one stroke has taken For ever from the world. I had my trial, And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me A little happier than my wretched father: Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most; A most unnatural and faithless service! Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me, This from a dying man receive as certain: Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels, Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, never found again But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad, Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me. [Exeunt Buckingham and Train. I Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls, I fear, too many curses on their heads, That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless, 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you iudging Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us! What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it; I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident; You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear A buzzing, of a separation Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not: For when the king once heard it, out of anger He sent command to the lord mayor, straight To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues, That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir, Is found a truth now: for it grows again Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain, The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal, Or some about him near, have, out of malice To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple, That will undo her: To confirm this too, Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately; As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'Tis the cardinal; And merely to revenge him on the emperor, For not bestowing on him, at his asking, The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardina Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woful. We are too open here to argue this; Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden,

and furnish'd. They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them; He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces. Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private, Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause? Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so; This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal: That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business! And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage: And, out of all these to restore the king, He counsels a divorce: a loss of her, That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years About his neck, yet never lost her lustre; Of her, that loves him with that excellence, That angels love good men with: even of her, That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare Look into these affairs, see this main end,— The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon This hold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, And heartily, for our deliverance; Or this imperious man will work us all From princes into pages: all men's honours Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed: As I am made without him, so I'll stand, If the king please; his curses and his blessings Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in. I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in; And, with some other business, put the king From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me; The king hath sent me elsewhere: besides, You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him: Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How's sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted. K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there? I say. How thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, tis Is business of estate; in which, we come To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen.

You are to Go to; I'll make ye know your times of Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIU

Who's there? my good lord cardinal, Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience, Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're w

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingd Use us, and it is:—My good lord, have gre I be not found a talker.

Wol.

Sir, you cannot I would, your grace would give us but a Of private conference.

K. Hen.

We are busy; go [To Norfolk and

Nor. This priest has no pride in him! Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place: But this cannot continue.

Nor.

If it do, I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf.

I another [Exit Norfolk and

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendon Who can be angry now! what envy rears

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour Must now confess, if they have any good

The trial just and noble. All the clerks I mean, the learned ones, in Christian k

Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good n This just and learned priest, cardinal C

Whom, once more, I present unto your K. Hen. And once more, in mine arms

welcome, And thank the holy conclave for their lo

They have sent me such a man I would h for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' ha I tender my commission; by whose virtu

(The court of Rome commanding,)—you Cardinal of York, are join'd with me the

In the impartial judging of this business K. Hen. Two equal men. The quee

acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Wol. I know, your majesty has always

So dear in heart, not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for he K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall

my favour To him that does best; God forbid else.

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new I find him a fit fellow. [Ex]

Re-enter WOLSEY with GARDIN

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy to you;

You are the king's now. Gard. But to be comm

For ever by your grace, whose hand hath K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They conv

Cam. My lord of York, was not one d In this man's place before him? Yes, h

Wol. Cam. Was he not held a learned man Y

Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then of yourself, lord cardinal.

How! of me?

They will not stick to say, you envied him; hearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, 'twas a foreign man still: which so griev'd him, he ran mad, and died.

Heaven's peace be with him!

Christian care enough: for living murmurers,

places of rebuke. He was a fool; would needs be virtuous: That good fellow, command him, follows my appointment; have none so near else. Learn this, brother, 'tis not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit Gardiner.]
The most convenient place that I can think of, for receipt of learning, is Black-Friars; we shall meet about this weighty business:—I'll only see it furnish'd.—O my lord, it not grieve an able man, to leave a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—a tender place, and I must leave her.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

ante-chamber in the Queen's apartments.

ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.

Not for that neither;—Here's the pang at pinches:

Richness having liv'd so long with her; and she a lady, that no tongue could ever see dishonour of her,—by my life, she knew harm-doing;—O now, after my courses of the sun enthron'd, living in a majesty and pomp,—the which is a thousand-fold more bitter, than yet at first to acquire,—after this process, her the avaunt! it is a pity to move a monster.

Hearts of most hard temper lament for her.

O, God's will! much better, had known pomp: though it be temporal, had quarrel, fortune, do divorce the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging and body's severing.

Alas, poor lady! stranger now again.

So much the more drop upon her. Verily,

'tis better to be lowly born, with humble livers in content, be perk'd up in a glistening grief, or a golden sorrow.

Our content is not having.

By my troth, and maidenhead, not be a queen.

Beshrew me, I would, were maidenhead for't; and so would you, his spice of your hypocrisy:

I have so fair parts of woman on you, a woman's heart; which ever yet eminence, wealth, sovereignty; or say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts our mincing) the capacity soft cheveril conscience would receive, might please to stretch it.

Nay, good troth,—Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be queen?

No, not for all the riches under heaven. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bowed would come me,

to am, to queen it: But, I pray you, think you of a duchess? have you limbs that load of title?

No, in truth.

Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a leg;

not be a young count in your way, than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen for all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England

You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming

The action of good women: there is hope,

All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly

blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's

Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

Commends his good opinion to you, and

Does purpose honour to you no less flowing

Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title

A thousand pound a year, annual support,

Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,

What kind of my obedience I should tender;

More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers

Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes

More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and

wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,

Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;

Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,

The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,

That they have caught the king: and who knows

yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,

To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,

And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,

(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could

Come pat betwixt too early and too late,

For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)

A very fresh-fish here, (see, see upon

This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)

That would not be a queen, that would she not,

For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could

O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pem-

broke!

A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;

No other obligation: By my life,

That promises more thousands: Honour's train

Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,

I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,

Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,

To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful

In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver

What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [Exeunt.]

S s

SCENE IV.

A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place, at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Vol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Vol. Be't so:—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice; And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness, I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, I ever contradicted your desire, Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine, That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind, That I have been your wife, in this obedience, Upward of twenty years, and have been blest With many children by you: If, in the course And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many A year before: It is not to be question'd, That they had gather'd a wise council to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel I will implore: if not; I the name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Vol. You have here (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers Of singular integrity and learning, Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled To plead your cause: It shall be therefore by us, That longer you desire the court; as well For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, 'tis fit this royal session do proceed; And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal

To you I speak.

Vol. Your pleasure, madam.

Q. Kath. I am about to weep; but, thinking that We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) The daughter of a king, my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Vol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, Or God will punish me. I do believe, Induc'd by potent circumstances, that You are mine enemy; and make my challenge You shall not be my judge: for it is you Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and Which God's dew quenches!—Therefore, I say, I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth.

Vol. I do profess, You speak not like yourself; who ever yet Have stood to charity, and display'd the end Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you are wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you, or any: how far I have proceeded Or how far further shall, is warranted By a commission from the consistory, Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge That I have blown this coal: I do deny it. The king is present: If it be known to him, That I gainsay my deed, how may he woe And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much As you have done my truth. But, if he know That I am free of your report, he knows, I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to Remove these thoughts from you: The which His highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthink your speech And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord I am a simple woman, much too weak To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and

ble-mouth'd; You sign your place and calling, in full seal With meekness and humility: but your heart Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune, and his highness' favour, Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are near Where powers are your retainers: and your domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell You tender more your person's honour, than Your high profession spiritual: That again I do refuse you for my judge; and here, Before you all, appeal unto the pope, To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to*

Cam. The queen is obstinate to justice, apt to accuse it, and disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well. She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, to the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help, vex me past my patience!—pray you pass on: I not tarry; no, nor ever more, this business, my appearance make y of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.*]

Hen. Go thy ways, Kate: man i'the world, who shall report he has ter wife, let him in nought be trusted, making false in that: Thou art, alone, rare qualities, sweet gentleness, meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—ng in commanding,—and thy parts sign and pious else, could speak thee out; een of earthly queens:—She is noble born; like her true nobility, she has d herself towards me.

Most gracious sir, blest manner I require your highness, I shall please you to declare, in hearing these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound, must I be unloos'd; although not there re and fully satisfied,) whether ever I roach this business to your highness; or ay scruple in your way, which might s you to the question on't! or ever so you,—but with thanks to God for such a lady,—spake one the least word, might the prejudice of her present state, ch of her good person?

My lord cardinal, excuse you; yea, upon mine honour, you from't. You are not to be taught on have many enemies, that know not hey are so, but, like to village curs, when their fellows do: by some of these een is put in anger. You are excus'd: ll you be more justified? you ever wish'd the sleeping of this business; never I it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft assages made toward it!—on my honour, my good lord cardinal to this point, as far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,— be bold with time, and your attention:— sark the inducement. Thus it came;—give eed to't:—

science first receiv'd a tenderness, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador; ad been hither sent on the debating age, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and ighter Mary: I'the progress of this business, erminate resolution, he t the hishop) did require a respite; n he might the king his lord advértese r our daughter were legitimate, ing this our marriage with the dowager, oes our brother's wife. This respite shook om of my conscience, enter'd me, ab a splitting power, and made to tremble ion of my breast; which forc'd such way,

That many mar'd considerings did throng, Aud press'd in with this caution. First, methought, I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had Commanded nature, that my lady's womb, If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should Do no more offices of life to't, than

The grave does to the dead: for her male issue Or died where they were made, or shortly after This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought, This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not Be gladd in't by me; Then follows, that I weigh'd the danger, which my realms stood in By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer Toward this remedy, whereupon we are Now present here together; that's to say, I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,— By all the reverend fathers of the laod, And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember How under my oppression I did reek, When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness, The question did at first so stagger me,— Bearing a state of mighty moment in't, And consequence of dread, that I committed The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt; And did entreat your highness to this course, Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you, My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave To make this present summons:—Unsolicited I left no reverend person in this court; But by particular consent proceeded; Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on: For no dislike i'the world against the person Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward: Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life, And kingly dignity, we are contented To wear our mortal state to come, with her, Katharine our queen, before the primest creature That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness, The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness That we adjourn this court till further day: Mean while must be an earnest motion Made to the queen, to call back her appeal She intends unto his blessing.

[*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*] These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome. My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer, Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know, My comfort comes along. Break up the court: I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Palace at Bridewell.

A room in the Queen's apartment.

Queen, and some of her Women, at work.

Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows d with troubles; and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Heas with his lute made trees,
I the mountain-tops, that freeze,
ow themselves, when he did sing:
his musick, plants, and flowers,
r sprung; as sun, and showers,
here had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,

I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
Suspicious:

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.

We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)

But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids: full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.

For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit; Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my coun

Q. Kath. Ho

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's
protection;

He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be
Both for your honour better, and your cause
For, if the trial of the law o'ertrike you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you ri

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for bo

ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mista

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy a

thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd,
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe u

And all such false professors! Would ye ha

me? (If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,
Put my sick cause into his hands, that hate
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lord;
And all the fellowship, I hold now with hi
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your a
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let m

myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a tr

A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven's
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lo

Bring me a constant woman to her husband
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pl

And to that woman, when she has done m

Yet will I add an honour,—a great patient

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself s

To give up willingly that noble title,
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hea

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this

earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows you
What will become of me now, wretched in
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fo

[*To her*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pit
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for:
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the fl

That once was mistress of the field, and flo

I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your gr

Could but be brought to know, our ends are

You'd feel more comfort: why should we, go

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our pl

The way of our profession is against it;

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow th

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this c

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spi

swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 For you have a gentle, noble temper,
 as even as a calm; Pray, think us
 we profess; peace-makers, friends, and
 servants.
 Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
 your virtues
 these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
 as was put into you, ever casts
 doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
 loves you;
 and you lose it not: For us, if you please
 at us in your business, we are ready
 for our utmost studies in your service.
 What do what ye will, my lords: And, pray,
 forgive me,
 for we us'd myself unmannerly;
 now, I am a woman, lacking wit
 to ke a seemly answer to such persons.
 do my service to his majesty:
 to my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
 I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
 your counsels on me: she now begs,
 the thought, when she set footing here,
 could have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

If you will now unite in your complaints
 to see them with a constancy, the cardinal
 stand under them: If you omit
 any of this time, I cannot promise,
 at you shall sustain more new disgraces,
 these you bear already.

I am joyful
 at the least occasion, that may give me
 pleasure of my father-in-law, the duke,
 reveng'd on him.

Which of the peers
 is contemn'd gone by him, or at least
 is neglected? when did he regard
 any of nobleness in any person,
 himself?

My lords, you speak your pleasures:
 he deserves of you and me, I know;
 we can do to him, (though now the time
 may to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
 access to the king, never attempt
 going on him; for he hath a witchcraft
 in the king in his tongue.

O, fear him not;
 all in that is out: the king hath found
 against him, that for ever mars
 any of his language. No, he's settled,
 come off, in his displeasure.

Sir,
 I be glad to hear such news as this
 very hour.

Believe it, this is true.
 divorce, his contrary proceedings
 unfolded; wherein he appears,
 and wish mine enemy.

How came
 these to light?

Most strangely.
 O, how, how?
 The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
 as to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
 at the cardinal did entreat his holiness
 the judgment o' the divorce; For if
 to take place, I do, quoth he, perceive,
 that is tang'd in affection to
 the wife of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.
 Has the king this?

Believe it.
 Will this work?
 The king in this perceives him, how he
 boasts,
 and goes, his own way. But in this point
 tricks founder, and he brings his physick
 to patient's death; the king already

Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
 For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
 Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!
Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
 To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
 She is a gallant creature, and complete
 In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
 In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
 The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
 Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you
 The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
 And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
 Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
 Together with all famous colleges
 Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
 Her coronation. Katharine no more
 Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
 And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
 In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
 For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal—
Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
 He did it with a serious mind; a heed
 Was in his countenance: You, he bade
 Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit Cromwell.*]
 It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
 The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
 There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
 No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
 To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
 Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
 daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
 This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
 Then, out it goes.—What though I know her vir-
 tuous,

And well-deserving? yet I know her for
 A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
 Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
 Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
 An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
 And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
And master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait! then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly!
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good, my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; and the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you, where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sar. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed

To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great grace
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd his
more

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart
Your brain, and every function of your power
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour,
More than mine own; that am, have, and
Though all the world should crack their duty
And throw it from their soul; though peril
Abound, as thick as thought could make the
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er
[*Giving him*

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal
the Nobles throng after him, smiling
whispering.*]

Wol. What should this
What sudden anger's this? how have I re
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd
Then makes him nothing. I must read this
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the acco
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the p
And see my friends in Rome. O negligenc
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packe
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure t
'No new device to beat this from his brain
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I kn
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—To t
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell
I have touch'd the highest point of all my gr
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFF
the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Cham*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardin
commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Where's your commission, lords? words can
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross th
Bearing the king's will from his mouth ex
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lord
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—e
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanto
Ye appear in every thing may bring my r
Follow your envious courses, men of malic

ve Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
e will find their fit rewards. That seal,
sk with such a violence, the king,
ad your master,) with his own hand gave me:
ne enjoy it, with the place and honours,
; my life: and, to confirm his goodness,
y letters patents: Now, who'll take it?
The king, that gave it.

It must be himself then.

Thou art a proud traitor, priest,

Proud lord, thou liest;

These forty hours Surrey durst better

burnt that tongue, than said so.

Thy ambition,

carlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

le Buckingham, my father-in-law:

ads of all thy brother cardinals,

these, and all thy best parts bound together,

'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

at me deputy for Ireland;

as his succour, from the king, from all,

ight have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;

; your great goodness, out of holy pity,

'd him with an axe.

This, and all else

king lord can lay upon my credit,

er, is most false. The duke by law

his deserts: how innocent I was

ny private malice in his end,

ble jury and foul cause can witness.

'd many words, lord, I should tell you,

as little honesty as honour;

in the way of loyalty and truth

i the king, my ever royal master,

ate a sounder man than Surrey can be,

i that love his follies.

By my soul,

ag coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst

cel

rd i'th' life-blood of thee else.—My lords,

endure to hear this arrogance?

am this fellow? If we live thus tamely,

hus jaded by a piece of scarlet,

ll nobility; let his grace go forward,

re us with his cap, like larks.

All, goodness

to thy stomach.

Yes, that goodness

ning all the land's wealth into one,

ur hands, cardinal, by extortion;

adness of your intercepted packets,

rit to the pope, against the king: your

oodness,

ou provoke me, shall be most notorious.—

l of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,

respect the common good, the state

despis'd nobility, our issues,

if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—

the grand sum of his sins, the articles

d from his life:—I'll startle you

than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

sing in your arms, lord cardinal.

How much, methinks, I could despise

is man,

t I am bound in charity against it!

These articles, my lord, are in the king's

and:

as much, they are foul ones.

So much fairer,

less, shall mine innocence arise,

be king knows my truth.

This cannot save you:

my memory, I yet remember

these articles; and out they shall.

you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,

how a little honesty.

Speak on, sir;

our worst objections: if I blush,

see a nobleman want manners.

'd rather want those than my head. Have

you.

at, without the king's assent, or knowledge,

ought to be a legate; by which power

im'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Then, that, in all you write to Rome, or else

pa princes, *Ego et Rex meus*

Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sar. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sar. Then, that you have sent innumerable

substance,

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways

You have for dignities; to the mere undoing

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;

Which, since they are of you, and odious,

I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:

His faults lie open to the laws; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him

So little of his great self.

Sar. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—

Because all those things, you have done of late

By your power legatine within this kingdom,

Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—

That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,

Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations

How to live better. For your stubborn answer,

About the giving back the great seal to us,

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;

And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

This many summers in a sea of glory;

But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me; and now has left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;

I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right

use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,

(Out of a fortune of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego

So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his life!
The king shall have my service; but my prayer
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no man
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of heaven
And sounded all the depths and shoals of hell,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis-
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't!
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fe-
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy co-
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fa-
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my rol-
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, C-
Had I but serv'd my God with half the ze-
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine a-
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have.
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven!

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and
behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last en-
counter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day,

By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those

customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amphyll, where the princess lay; to which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd
And the late marriage made of none effect
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good

The trumpets sound: stand close, the
coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESS

A lively flourish of trumpets; then, c

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace

him.

3. Choristers singing.

4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. The
in his coat of arms, and on his hel-
copper crown.

5. Marquis of Dorset, bearing a sceptre of
his head a demi-coronall of gold. Next,
the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod
with the dove, crowned with an earl's
Collars of SS.

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, h
on his head, bearing a long white
high-steward. With him, the Duke of
with the rod of marshalship, a coron-
his head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the King
under it, the Queen in her robe
richly adorned with pearl, crowned,
side of her, the bishops of London a
chester.

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coron-
wrought with flowers, bearing the Que-
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plat
of gold without flowers.

it. A royal train, believe me.—These I
now;—

that, that bears the sceptre?

it. Marquis Dorset:
at the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

it. A bold brave gentleman: And that
should be

ke of Suffolk.

it. 'Tis the same; high-steward.

it. And that my lord of Norfolk?

it. Yes.
Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*]

ast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

I have a soul, she is an angel;

g has all the Indies in his arms,
re, and richer, when he strains that lady:
t blame his conscience.

t. They, that bear
th of honour over her, are four barons
Cinque-ports.

t. Those men are happy; and so are all,
re near her.

t, she that carries up the train,
old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

t. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

t. Their coronets say so. These are stars,
deed;
metimes, falling ones.

t. No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of
trumpets.*]

Enter a third Gentleman.

e you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
t. Among the croud i'the abbey; where a
ger

it be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled
e mere rankness of their joy.

o money? You saw

That I did. How was it?

Well worth the seeing.
Good sir, speak it to us.

As well as I am able. The rich stream
and ladies, having brought the queen
par'd place in the choir, fell off
ce from her, while her grace sat down
while, some half an hour, or so,
chair of state, opposing freely
ty of her person to the people.

oe, sir, she is the goodliest woman
y lay by man: which when the people
full view of, such a noise arose
rouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
s, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
s, this day they had been lost. Such joy
aw before. Great-hellied women,
not half a week to go, like rams
d time of war, would shake the press,
e them reel before them. No man living
y, *this is my wife*, there; all were woven
ely in one piece.

But, 'pray, what follow'd?

At length her grace rose, and with mo-
it paces

he altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

again, and bow'd her to the people:

the archbishop of Canterbury
all the royal makings of a queen;

il, Edward Confessor's crown,
and bird of peace, and all such emblems

ly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
the choicest musick of the kingdom,

sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
the same full state pac'd back again

place, where the feast is held.

Sir, you
nore call it York-place, that is past:

the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

I know it;
lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of
Winchester,

(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary.)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend.—The king

Has made him master o'the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair:—

So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,

That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,

For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:

For after the stout earl Northumberland

Arrested him at York, and brought him forward

(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,

He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,

He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,

With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;

To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;

Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed: where eagerly the sickness

Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,

About the hour of eight, (which he himself

Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance

Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,

He gave his honours to the world again,

His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,

And yet with charity,—He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking

Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion

Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;

His own opinion was his law: I' the presence

He would say untruths; and be ever double,

Both in his words and meaning: He was never,

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;

But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Of his own body he was ill, and gave

The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

We write in water. May it please your highness

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, he near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,

For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden wizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverent court'sies: then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe; the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as if it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for: Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop?

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,

Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me. *[Musick ceases.*

Pat. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,

And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray,

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:

Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to me,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted grace,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness;

My haste made me unmanerly: There is

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: I bid

you

Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail

You should be lord ambassador from the king

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O

The times, and titles, now are alter'd straight

With me, since first you knew me. But, I

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble l

First, mine own service to your grace; the

The king's request that I would visit you:

Who grieves much for your weakness, and

Sends you his princely commendations,

And heartily entreats you take good comfort

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physick, given in time, had

But now I am past all comforts here, but

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish

When I shall dwell with worms, and my

Banish'd the kingdom—Patience, is that

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No,

[Giving it to Griffith.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to

This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing,

Kath. In which I have commended to his

The model of our chaste loves, his young da

The dew of heaven fall thick in blessings

Beseeching him, to give her virtuous brea

(She is young, and of a noble modest nat

I hope, she will deserve well; and a lit

To love her for her mother's sake, that lo

Heaven knows how dearly. My next po

Is, that his noble grace would have some

Upon my wretched women, that so long,

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithful,

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,

(And now I should not lie), but will des

For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty, and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a nobl

And, sure, those men are happy, that shall b

The last is, for my men;—they are the

But poverty could never draw them from

That they may have their wages duly pa

And something over to remember me by;

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me li

And able means, we had not parted thus

These are the whole contents:—And, good

By that you love the dearest in this worl

As you wish Christian peace to souls dep

Stand these poor people's friend, and urg

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I

Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remem

In all humility unto his highness:

Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world: tell him, in death I bl

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—F

My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Pat

You must not leave me yet. I must to l

Call in more women.—When I am dead, go

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me w

With maiden flowers, that all the world

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embal

Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd,

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter m

I can no more.— *[Exeunt, leading.]*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A gallery in the Palace.

ARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page
torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS
MILL.

't's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

It hath struck.

These should be hours for necessities,
delights; times to repair our nature
in moforting repose, and not for us
in these times.—Good bour of night, sir
Thomas!

so late?
Came you from the king, my lord?
did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
duke of Suffolk.

I must to him too,
I'll take my leave.
Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

You are in haste: an if there be
offence belongs to't, give your friend
ch of your late business: Affairs, that walk
say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
a wilder nature, than the business
a despatch by day.

My lord, I love you;
I commend a secret to your ear
lighter than this work. The queen's in
our,

, in great extremity; and fear'd,
th the labour end.

The fruit, she goes with,
heartily; that it may find
s, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
grubb'd up now.

Methinks, I could
omen; and yet my conscience says
good creature, and, sweet lady, does
ar better wishes.

But, sir, sir,—
sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
own way; I know you wise, religious;
me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
t, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
mer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
heir graves.

Now, sir, you speak of two
remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-

),—
at of the jewel-house, he's made master
s, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
the gap and trade of more preferments,
ich the time will load him: The arch-
top
's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
ole against him?

Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
(y tell it you,) I think, I have
he lords o' the council, that he is
know he is, they know he is,)
th heretick, a pestilence,
infect the land: with which they mov'd,
an with the king; who hath so far
to our complaint, (of his great grace
ely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
as laid before him,) he hath commanded,
v morning to the council-board
vented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
rust root him out. From your affairs
you too long: good night, sir Thomas.
my good nights, my lord; I rest your
ant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

ELL is going out, enter the King, and
the Duke of SUFFOLK.

Charles, I will play no more to-night;
' not on't, you are too hard for me.
, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your high-

ness;
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her suffer-

ance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness

A quiet night, and my good mistress will

Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;

I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[*Lovell seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to

know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your

hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial, in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;

Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted

In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;

Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame, What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd You would have given me your petition, that I should have ta'en some pains to bring together Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege, The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty; If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies, Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not, Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world? Your enemies Are many, and not small; their practices Must bear the same proportion: and not ever The justice and the truth o'the question carries The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt To swear against you? such things have been done. You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice Of as great size. When you of better luck, I mean, in perjurd witness, than your master, Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to; You take a precipice for no leap of danger, And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty, Protect mine innocence, or I fall into The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer; They shall no more prevail, than we give way to. Keep comfort to you; and this morning see You do appear before them: if they shall chance, In charging you with matters, to commit you, The best persuasions to the contrary Fail not to use, and with what vehemency The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties Will render you no remedy, this ring Deliver them, and your appeal to us. There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother! I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone, And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit Cranmer.*] He has strangled His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back; What mean you? *Lady.* I'll not come back; the tidings, that I bring, Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd? Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege; And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven Both now and ever bless her!—'Tis a girl, Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen Desires your visitation, and to be Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you, As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this, the girl is like to him? I will have more, or else unsay't; and now While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Lobby before the council-chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray To make great haste. All fast? what mean —Hca?

Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord.

But yet I cannot help you. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. This is a piece of malice. I am I came this way so happily: The king Shall understand it presently. [Exit]

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts, The king's physician; As he past along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For This is of purpose lay'd by some that hate (God turn their hearts!) I never sought them To quench mine honour: they would s

make me Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor, Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. F

pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience

Enter at a window above, the King and Butts. I'll show your grace the strangers

K. Hen. What's that day. I think, your highness saw this

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it? Butts. There,

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had They had parted so much honesty among (At least, good manners,) as not thus to A man of his place, and so near our favor To dance attendance on their lordships: And at the door too, like a post with pain. By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery: Let them alone, and draw the curtain off. We shall hear more anon.—

The council-chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, Duke of Suffolk, Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURR Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper table on the left hand; a seat being above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on CROMWELL at the lower end, as see

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary. Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honor, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who was it?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop,

And has done half an hour, to know your

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter.

[*Cranmer approaches the council.*]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am To sit here at this present, and behold That chair stand empty: But we all are In our own natures frail; and capable Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which And want of wisdom, you, that best should Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a lie Toward the king first, then his laws, in The whole realm, by your teaching chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious

r. Which reformation must be sudden too, noble lords: for those that tame wild horses, them not in their hands to make them gentle; stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them, they obey the manage. If we suffer of our easiness, and childish pity to man's honour) this contagious sickness, sell, all physick: And what follows then? riotous, uproars, with a general taint of whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours, upper Germany, can dearly witness, freshly pitied in our memories.

r. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress of my life and office, I have labour'd, with no little study, that my teaching, be strong course of my authority, go one way, and safely; and the end ever, to do well: nor is there living a man that with a single heart, my lords,) o, that more detests, more stirs against, in his private conscience, and his place, of a publick peace, than I do. heaven, the king may never find a heart less allegiance in it! Men, that make and crooked malice, nourishment, bite the best. I do beseech your lordships, in this case of justice, my accusers, that they will, may stand forth face to face, reely urge against me.

Nay, my lord,

cannot be; you are a counsellor, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. My lord, because we have business of more moment, will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

our consent, for better trial of you, hence you be committed to the Tower; as, being but a private man again, shall know many dare accuse you boldly, than, I fear, you are provided for.

r. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,

re always my good friend; if your will pass, I both find your lordship judge and juror, re so merciful: I see your end, y undoing: Love, and meekness, lord, e a churchman better than ambition; praying souls with modesty again, one away. That I shall clear myself, U the weight ye can upon my patience, s as little doubt, as you do conscience ng daily wrongs. I could say more, verence to your calling makes me modest.

My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers, a that understand you, words and weakness.

r. My lord of Winchester, you are a little, at good favour, too sharp; men so noble, er faulty, yet should find respect hat they have been: 'tis a cruelty, d a falling man.

Good master secretary,

our honour mercy; you may, worst this table, say so.

r. Why, my lord?

Do not I know you for a favourer of new sect? ye are not sound.

r. Not sound, I say.

'Would you were half so honest! prayers then would seek you, not their fears. I shall remember this bold language.

r. Do.

ber your bold life too.

r. This is too much; t, for shame, my lords.

r. I have done.

r. And I.

Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,

is, by all voices, that forthwith convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

to remain, till the king's further pleasure be unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome. Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him, And see him safe i'the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords, I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords; By virtue of that ring, I take my cause Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling, 'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords, The king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain: How much more is his life in value with him? 'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me, In seeking tales, and informations, Against this man, (whose honesty the devil And his disciples only envy at), Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; Not only good and wise, but most religious: One that, in all obedience, makes the church The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen That holy duty, out of dear respect, His royal self in judgment comes to hear The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not To hear such flattery now, and in my presence; They are too thin and base to hide offences. To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel, And think with wagging of your tongue to win me; But, whatsoever thou tak'st me for, I am sure, Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.— Good man, [*To Crommer*.] sit down. Now let me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee: By all that's holy, he had better starve, Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me. I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom, of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man, (few of you deserve that title), This honest man, wait like a lowly footboy

At chamber door? and one as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far, My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd Concerning his imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial, And fair purgation to the world, than malice; I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him; Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, If a prince May be beholden to a subject, I Am, for his love and service, so to him.

F t

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons; you shall have

Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of
Norfolk,

And lady marqu's Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*—

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye ope, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace yard.

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and
his Man.*

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:
Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude
slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the
larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue: 'Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a
dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are
but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads:
You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impos-
sible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot

(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Col-
brand, to mow them down before me: but, if I
spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or
old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me
never hope to see a chine again; and that I would
not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master
puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down
by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or
have we some strange Indian with the great tool
come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me,
what a fry of fornication is at door! on my Christian
conscience, this one christening will beget a thou-
sand; here will be father, godfather, and all toge-
ther.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a
brazier by his face, for, o'my conscience, twenty of
the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand
about him are under the line, they need no other
penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on
the head, and three times was his nose discharged
against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to
blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small

wit near him, that railed upon me till her
porringer fell off her head, for kindling an
combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor
and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!* I
might see from far some forty truncheoners
to her succour, which were the hope of the S.
where she was quartered. They fell on; I
good my place; at length they came to the
staff with me, I defied them still; when sud-
denly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, del-
ivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to
mine honour in, and let them win the work:
devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunders
play-house, and fight for bitten apples; the
audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill,
limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, ar-
re to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Pl.*
and there they are like to dance these three
besides the running banquet of two beads,
to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are
They grow still too, from all parts they are
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these p-
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine
fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We sh-
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your
We are but men; and what so many may
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy!
And here ye lie baiting of bombard, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets

They are come/already from the christening
Go, break among the press, and find a way
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play the
months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow, stand close up,
make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the re-
pick you o'er the pales else.

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Al-
Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of
FOLK, with his marshal's staff, Duke of
FOLK, two Noblemen bearing great st-
bowls for the christening gifts; then four
men bearing a canopy, under which the
of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the chil-
habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by
then follows the Marchioness of DORSET,
godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass on
the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gar. Heaven, from thy endless goodness
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to
and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Craa. [*Knelling.*] And to your royal gra-
the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord arch-
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up,
[*The King kisses the*

With this kiss take my blessing: God prote-
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

Gen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
ik ye heartily; so shall this lady,
she has so much English.

Let me speak, sir,
heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
one think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
ch in her cradle, yet now promises
this land a thousand thousand blessings,
h time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
ew now living can behold that goodness)
tern to all princes living with her,
ll that shall succeed: Sheba was never
corsetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
ould up such a mighty piece as this is,
all the virtues that attend the good,
still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
hall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall
bless her:
es shake like a field of beaten corn,
ang their heads with sorrow: Good grows
with her:
days, every man shall eat in safety
his own vine, what he plants; and sing
erry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
hall be truly known; and those about her
her shall read the perfect ways of honour.
y those claim their greatness, not by blood.
all this peace sleep with her: But as when
rd of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
bes new create another heir,
at in admiration as herself;
ll she leave her blessedness to one,
heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness.)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his brauches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eug-
land,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

len to one, this play can never please
t are here: Some come to take their ease,
sep an act or two; but those, we fear,
ve frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
we have not done neither: that, I fear,

All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them; If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

PRIAM, king of Troy:
 HECTOR,
 TROILUS,
 PARIS,
 DEIPHOBUS,
 HELENU8,
 ÆNEAS,
 ANTENOR, } his sons.
 }
 } Trojan commanders.
 CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the
 Greeks.
 PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.
 MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.
 AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general:
 MENELAUS, his brother.

ACHILLES,
 AJAX,
 ULYSSES,
 NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES,
 PATROCLUS,
 THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
 ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.
 Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to
 Diomedes.
 HELEN, wife to Menelaus.
 ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.
 CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam; a prophetess.
 CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.
Scene,—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of
 Greece
 The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there discharge
 Their warlike freightage: Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,

Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but said
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vauit and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battie here within?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
 strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant:
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skill-less as unpractic'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for
 my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He,
 that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry
 the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
 bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the
 leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the
 word—hereafter; the kneading, the making of the
 cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; may
 you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance
 to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts—
 So, traitor!—when she comes!—When in what
 thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
 ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart
 As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
 Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
 than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more
 comparison between the women,—But, for my part,
 she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they
 it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard
 her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispute
 your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—



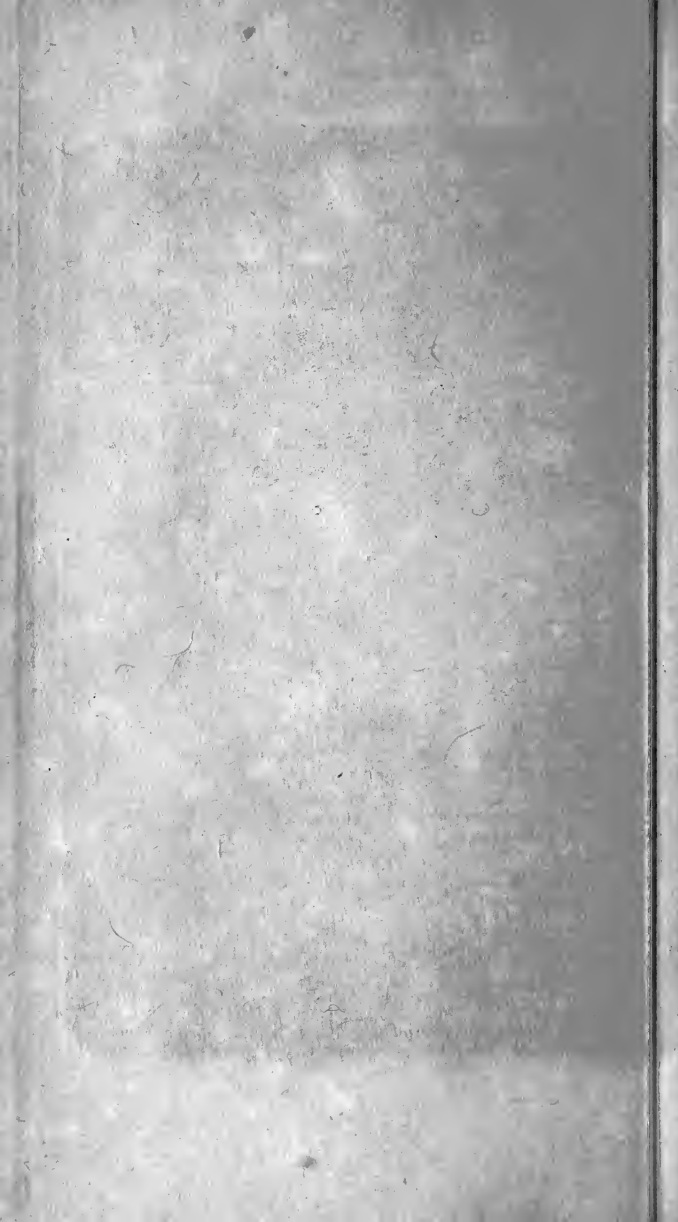
T. Kirk pinx

T. White sc.

TROILUS & CRESSIDA.

Act 5. Sc. 3.

Published by W. Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane 1824.



When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
Thy lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pur'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handless in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Kiss as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st
me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife, that made it.

Pa. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pa. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; and
as she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pa. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone
between and between, but small thanks for my
labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,
with me?

Pa. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's
not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,
she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on
Monday. But what care I? I care not, an she were
a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pa. I do not care whether you do or no. She's
as fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,
she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on
Monday. But what care I? I care not, an she were
a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pa. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pa. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will
move all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit Pandarus. An Alarum.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,
rude sounds!

Pa. On both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

Tro. Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,

There he is called the wild and wandering Hood;

The merchant; and this sailing Pandar,

With doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter AENEAS.

Aen. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not
asfield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer
sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Aeneas, from the field to-day?

Aen. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Aeneas?

Aen. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gerd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

Aen. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were may.—

Aen. To the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Tro. In all swift haste.

Come, go we then together.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Pa. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cris. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet weep, what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

Cris. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the

Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him, Ajax.

Cris. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,

And stands alone.

Cris. So do all men; unless they are drunk,

sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts

of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the

lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a

man into whom nature hath so crowded humours,

that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly

sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a

virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man

an attain, but he carries some stain of it: he is

melancholy without cause, and merry against the

hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every

thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,

many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all

eyes and no sight.

Cris. But how should this man, that makes me

smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in

the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and

shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting

and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cris. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cris. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pa. What's that? what's that?

Cris. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pa. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do

you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do

you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cris. This morning, uncle.

Pa. What were you talking of, when I came?

Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium?

Helen was not up, was she?

Cris. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up;

Pa. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cris. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pa. Was he angry?

Cris. So he says here.

Pa. True, he was so; I know the cause too;

he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:

and there is Troilus will not come far behind him;

let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them

that too.

Cris. What, is he angry too?

Pa. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man

of the two.

Cris. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pa. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cris. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew

him.

Pa. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cris. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he

is not Hector.

Pa. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some de-

grees.

Cris. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pa. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he

were,—

Cris. So he is.

Pa. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to

India.

Cris. He is not Hector.

T t 2

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you, that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his eloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, and *one white; white hair is my father, and all the rest are his Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it and give it him.* But, there was such laugh and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, a the rest so laughed, that it pass'd.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yeste think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an a nettle against May. [*A retreat son*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the *Shall we stand up here, and see them, at pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet Cressida.*

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place we may see most bravely: I'll tell you that by their names, as they pass by; but mark 'a above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; Is not that a brave he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd can tell you; and he's a man good enough one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whi and a proper man of person:—When comes —I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see I shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look yo There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector; a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—L he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart Look you what hacks are on his helmet? yonder, do you see? look you there! Th jesting: there's laying on; take't off who they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not devil come to him, it's all one: By god does one's heart good:—Yonder comes *Pe der comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this now.—Who said, he came hurt home to not hurt: why, this will do Helen's be now. Ha! would I could see Troilus ne shall see Troilus anon.*

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, wher is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight i well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Har not hear the people cry, Troilus!—Helen priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes you

TROIILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deipho

as! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave as! the prince of chivalry!

3. Peace, for shame, peace!

3. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus! well upon him, niece; look you, how his helm is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than mine's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—Miserable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister as grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should be my choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, I give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

3. Here come more.

1. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the asses are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

2. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a man than Troilus.

3. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

2. Well, well.

3. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion you any eyes? Do you know what a man is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, good learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberty, and such like, the spice and salt that makes a man?

2. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is.

1. You are such a woman! one knows not at ward you lie.

2. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my side, to defend my wiles; and upon my secrecy, to end mine honesty; my mask, to defend my face; and you, to defend all these: and at all wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

1. Say one of your watches.

2. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward I would not have hit; I can watch you for how I took the blow; unless it swell past 3, and then it is past watching.

1. You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy.

1. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

2. Where?

1. At your own house; there he unarms him.

1. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*] But he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

2. Adieu, uncle.

1. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

2. To bring, uncle,—

1. Ay, a token from Troilus.

2. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

2. O, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice, offers in another's enterprize:

in Troilus thousand fold I see

in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

old I off. Women are angels, wooing:

when won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

she, below'd, knows nought, that knows not this,—

prize the thing, ungain'd, more than it is:

she was never yet, that ever knew

got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

before this maxim out of love I teach,—

love is command; ungain'd, beseech:

though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and Others.

1. Princes,

grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs began on earth below,
Falls in the promis'd largeness: checks and dis-
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;

As knots, by the confix of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action, that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought,

That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;

And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought

else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,

To find persistent constancy in men?

The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unlearned,

The hard and soft, seem all affix'd and kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

And what hath mass, or matter, by itself

Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once engage

The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold

The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains

cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,

Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the stately boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now

Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,

Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so

Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,

In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze,

Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing

of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,

In whom the tempers and the minds of all

Should be shut up,—bear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation

The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

[*To Agamemnon.*]

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air (stroug as the axletree

On which heaven rides), knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less

expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips; that we are confident,

When rank Thersites opens his mastiff jaws,

We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,

But for these instances.

The speciality of rule hath been neglected:

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand

Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,

To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthing shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insistence, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order:
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
 Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the
 planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides),
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exemplary by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed the live-long day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and aukward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls),
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
 Would seem hyperbules. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—
*Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
 As he, being 'drest to some oration.*

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus!
Arming to answer in a night alarm,
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit
 And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
 Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus!*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Theristes
 (A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it coward
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall presence, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by me
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-walk
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his point
 They place before his hand that made the eye
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' he
 Makes many *Thetis'* sons. [*Trumpet* so
Agam. What trumpet? look, Men

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our

Æne. Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray!

Agam. Even this

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a pr
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. He

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phoebus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd
 As bending angels; that's their fame in peace
 But when they would seem soldiers, they
 galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
 accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame follows; that praise, sole
 transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æ

Ay, Greek, that is my name.

What's your affair, I pray you?
Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
He hears enough privately, that comes
on Troy.

Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
a trumpet to awake his ear;
in sense on the attentive heat,
to speak.

Speak frankly as the wind;
Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
you shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
thence so himself.

Trumpet, blow loud,
through all these lazy tents;—
Greek of mettle, let him know,
roy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.]
O great Agamemnon, here in Troy
call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
this dull and long-continued truce
grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
his purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!
be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
his honour higher than his ease;
his praise more than he fears his peril;
his valour, and knows not his fear;
his mistress more than in confession,
swears her own lips he loves,
he avow her beauty and her worth,
arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
make it good, or do his best to do it,
a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Greek did compass in his arms;
to-morrow with his trumpet call,
between your tents and walls of Troy,
a Grecian that is true in love:
me, Hector shall honour him;
he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
ster of a lance. Even so much.

This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
if them have soul in such a kind,
them all at home: But we are soldiers;
that soldier a mere recreant prove,
and not, hath not, or is not in love!
he is, or hath, or means to be,
meets Hector: if none else, I am he.
Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
here be not in our Grecian host
the man, that hath one spark of fire
er for his love, Tell him from me,—
my silver beard in a gold heaver,
my vantage put this wither'd brawn;
telling him, will tell him, that my lady
er than his grandame, and as chaste
be in the world: His youth in flood,
this truth with my three drops of blood.
Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Amen.

Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
avilion shall I lead you, sir,
shall have word of this intent;
each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
shall feast with us before you go,
the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.]

Nestor,—
What says Ulysses?
I have a young conception in my brain,
at time to bring it to some shape.
What is't?
This 'tis:
edges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
h to this maturity blown up
Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
ding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge, that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,

Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-
stance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are
they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foul'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris heads.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fall,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith.
To Agamemnon; go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Another part of the Grecian camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a hotchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I'll heat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would puu thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows! an assinego may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[Beating him.

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pits

matter is not worth the ninth part of a This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles in

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's ne whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness fool will not: he here; and that he; look you!

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me th of the proclamation, and he rails upon me

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well; go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance; voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; here the voluntary, and you as under an

Ther. Even so!—a great deal of you lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. shall have a great catch, if he knock out your brains; 'a were as good crack a with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to,

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace

Ther. I will hold my peace, when Achil bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clot I come any more to your tents; I will ke there is wit stirring, and leave the factio

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed th our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents as To-morrow morning call some knight to: That hath a stomach; and such a one, th Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash:

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer hi

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; c He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn n

SCENE II.

Troy. A room in Priam's Palace

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speech Thus once again says Nestor from the Gr Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travail, expence, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you

Hect. Though no man lesser fears th than I

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam,

so lady of more softer bowels,
 ngy to suck in the sense of fear,
 ly to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
 or is: The wound of peace is surety,
 cure; but modest doubt is call'd
 n of the wise; the tent, that searches
 stom of the worst. Let Helen go:
 first sword was drawn about this question,
 e soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,
 s as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 e lost so many tenths of ours,
 a thing not ours; not worth to us,
 r name, the value of one teu;
 rit's in that reason, which denies
 ing of her up?

Fie, fie, my brother!
 u the worth and honour of a king,
 s our dread father, in a scale
 a ounces? will you with counters sum
 proportion of his infinite?
 le-in a waist most fathomless,
 s and inches so diminutive
 d reasons? fie, for godly shame!
 i marvel, though you hit so sharp at
 ons,
 e empty of them. Should not our father
 eat sway of his affairs with reasons,
 our speech hath none, that tells him so?
 n are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 st,
 our gloves with reason. Here are your
 ons:
 , an enemy intends you harm;
 , a sword employ'd is perilous,
 e flies the object of all harm:
 els then, when Helenus beholds
 and his sword, if he do set
 vings of reason to his heels;
 ce children Mercury from Jove,
 ar dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
 re here hearts, would they but fat their
 ghts
 cramm'd reason: reason and respect
 s pale, and lusthood deject.
 other, she is not worth what she doth cost

g.
 What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
 it value dwells not in particular will;
 s estimate and dignity
 herein 'tis precious of itself
 rizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 e service greater than the god;
 ill dotes, that is attributive
 fectionally itself affects,
 me image of the affected merit.
 ke to-day a wife, and my election
 u the conduct of my will;
 skindled by mine eyes and ears,
 l pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 l judgment: How may I avoid,
 ay will distaste what I elected,
 chose? there can be no evasion
 from this, and to stand firm by honour:
 nt back the silks upon the merchant,
 are soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
 throw in unrespective sieve,
 s now are full. It was thought meet,
 ld do some vengeance on the Greeks:
 h with full consent bellied his sails;
 od winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 m service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-

Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
 th keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 e hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 crown'd kings to merchants.
 ouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 st needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*
 afess, he brought home noble prize,
 st needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 -*Inevitable!* why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
 elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;
 Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
 strains

Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
 So readily hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it;
 Nor once defect the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
 And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of these?
 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up
 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
 That so degenerate a stain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 We'll may we fight for her, whom we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause, that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory, that we more affected
Than the performance of our hearing spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, THERSITES? what, lost in the
labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O
worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise;
that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me:
'Soot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but
I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then
there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not
taken till these two undermine it, the walls will
stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great
thunder-darter of Olymps, forget that thou art
Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the
serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that
little little less-than-little wit from them that they
have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is
so abundant scarce, it will not in circumpetion
deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their
massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the
vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-
ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant
on these that war for a packet. I have said my
prayers; and the devil, envy, say Amen. What,
ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites,
come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt coun-
terfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my
contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon
thyself! The common curse of mauling, folly and
ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless
thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near
thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy

death! then if she, that lays thee out, says
art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn
she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. V
Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast e
prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come?
my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not
thyself in to my table so many meals?
what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then
Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me
thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then
Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. A
non commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord
Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool: I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed
sites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is
Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Pat
a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to
Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be comm
Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serv
fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover-
fices me, thou art, Look you, who comes

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, N
DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody
in with me, Thersites.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such jugg
such knavery! all the argument is, a cut
a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulou
and bleed to death upon. Now the dry
the subject! and war, and lechery, conf

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd
Agam. Let it be known to him, that w
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he t
We dare not move the question of our pl
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so t

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud h
may call it melancholy, if you will
man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But v
let him show us a cause.—A word, my l

[*Takes Agamem*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to hay?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax laek matter, if h
his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argumen
his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is
wish, than their faction: But it was a s
posure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits
may easily untie. Here comes Patroclu

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, bu

ly: his legs are legs for necessity, not for

1. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, thing more than your sport and pleasure love your greatness, and this noble state, I upon him; he hopes, it is no other, or your health and your digestion sake, er-dinner's breath.

2. Hear you, Patroclus;— too well acquainted with these answers: evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, outflay our apprehensions. attribute he hath; and much the reason we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,— rtaously on his own part beheld,— our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, re to rot untasted. Go and tell him, me to speak with him: And you shall not sin, do say—we think him over-proud, ader-honest; in self-assumption greater, a the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

and the savage strangeness he puts on; as the holy strength of their command, nderwrite in an observing kind umorous predominance; yea, watch tish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if assage and whole carriage of this action a his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, if he overhold his price so much, none of him; but let him, like an engine rtable, lie under this report— action hither, this cannot go to war: ing dwarf we do allowance give a sleeping giant:—Tell him so. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

3. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, me to speak with him:—Ulysses, enter.

[Exit Ulysses.]

4. What is he more than another?

5. No more than what he thinks he is. Is he so much? Do you not think, he himself a better man than I am?

6. No question.

7. Will you subscribe his thought, and say it?

8. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, ogether more tractable.

9. Why should a man be proud? How doth row? I know not what pride is.

10. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your the fairer. He, that is proud, eats up him- side is his own glass, his own trumpet, his ronicle; and whate'er praises itself but in d, devours the deed in the praise.

11. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en- ing of toads. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

[Aside.]

Re-enter ULYSSES.

12. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

13. What's his excuse?

14. He doth rely on none; cries on the stream of his dispose, at observance or respect of any, peculiar and in self-admission.

15. Why will he not, upon our fair request, his person, and share the air with us?

16. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, res important: Possess'd he is with greatness; eaks not to himself, but with a pride barrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth in his blood such swoln and hot discourse, twist his mental and his active parts, om'd Achilles in commotion rages, utters down himself: What should I say? so plagu'y proud, that the death tokens of it

17. recovery.

18. Let Ajax go to him.— ord, go you and greet him in his tent: id, he holds you well; and will be led,

At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps, that Ajax makes, When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord, That bastes his arrogance with his own seam; And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve And ruminat himself,—shall he be worship'd? Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is, By going to Achilles: That wert to enlard his fat-already pride; And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion. This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid; And say in thunder—Achilles, go to him.

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[Aside.]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[Aside.]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll

push him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our

quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow.—

Nest. How he describes

Himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven

Chides blackness.

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the

patient.

Ajax. An all men

Were o'my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

[Aside.]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.

[Aside.]

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him sup-

ple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him

with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

[Aside.]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[To Agamemnon.]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him

harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus

with us!

I would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet

composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

Let he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

But Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourne, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

U u

Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand firm
And here's a lord,—come knights from east
west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
deep. [Exit]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Troy. A room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not
you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I
must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord he prais'd!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord
Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [Musick within.]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship
are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in
parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another;
I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At
whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the
request of Paris my lord, who is there in person;
with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of
beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out
that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not
seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris
from the prince Troilus: I will make a compli-
mental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase,
indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this
fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure,
fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen!
fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.
—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life,
you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it
out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is
full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll
hear you sing, sweet queen.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with

me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear
and most esteemed friend, your brother Troil-

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord
Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—come
himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our me-
If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a
queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is
offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn
shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for
words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you
if the king call for him at supper, you will
his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—my ver-
sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups
night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My
will fall out with you. You must not know
he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer
sida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are
come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should y'
—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Com-
me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with
you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it
my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they t'
twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may
them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of thi'
sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pry'thee now. By my troth
lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will
us all, O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but
Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots huck and doe:
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ba! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the

1. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that
hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts,
not thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds

2. Is this the generation of love? hot blood,
thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are
: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet
who's a-field to-day?

3. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and
gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd
, but my Nell would not have it so. How
: my brother Troilus went not?

4. He hangs the lip at something;—you
all, lord Pandarus.

5. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear
hey sped to-day.—You'll remember your
r's excuse?

To a hair.

Farewell, sweet queen.

6. Commend me to your niece.

I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.

A retreat sounded.

They are come from field: let us to Priam's
hall.

at the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
p unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
more obey, than to the edge of steel,
se of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

7. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris:

hat he shall receive of us in duty,
as more palm in beauty than we have;
vershines ourself.

Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. Pandarus's orchard.

PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

How now? where's thy master? at my
Cressida's?

No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him

Enter TROIILUS.

O, here he comes.—How now, how now?
Sirrah, walk off.

[Exit Servant.

Have you seen my cousin?

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
; for swift. O, be thou my Charon,
ve me swift transportation to those fields,
I may wallow in the lily beds

'd for the deserter! O gentle Pandarus,
lapid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
with me to Cressid!

Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her

[Exit Pandarus.

I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

aginary relish is so sweet,

enchants my sense; What will it be,

that the wary palate tastes indeed

thrice-repeated nectar? death, I fear me;

ng destruction; or some joy too fine,

de-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,

capacity of my ruder powers:

t much; and I do fear besides,

shall lose distinction in my joys;

a battle, when they charge on heaps

my flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

She's making her ready, she'll come straight:

st be witty now. She does so blush, and

her wind so short, as if she were frayed

sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest

—she fetches her breath as short as a new-

arrow.

[Exit Pandarus.

Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

rt beats thicker than a feverous pulse;

my powers do their bestowing lose,

ssalage at nnawares encount'ring

: of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush! shame's
a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now
to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are
you gone again? you must be watched ere you be
made tame, must you? Come your ways, come
your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you
i'the fills.—Why do you not speak to her!—Come,
draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas
the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an
'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so: rub on,
and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-
farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part
you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks
i'the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question. What, billing again? Here's
—In witness whereof the parties interchangeably—
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[Exit Pandarus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O

my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this
pretty abrupton? What too curious dreg spies
my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have
eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubims; they never
see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without
fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we
vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame
tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise
imposition enough, than for us to undergo any
difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in
love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the exe-
cution confined; that the desire is boundless, and
the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more perform-
ance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability
that they never perform; vowing more than the
perfection of ten, and discharging less than the
tenth part of one. They that have the voice of
lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise
us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our
head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfec-
tion in reversion shall have a praise in present: we
will not name desert, before his birth; and, being
born, his addition shall be humble. Few words
to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as
what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his
truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer
than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done
talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedi-
cate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy
of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord:
if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's
word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our
kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd,
they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can
tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day

For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win!

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing, I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, I'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done!—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning.

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft
than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not: For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you.)

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall he most
right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want smiles, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—
as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it,
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand;
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to
other, since I have taken such pains to bring
together, let all pitiful goers-between be call
the world's end after my name, call them
Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses,
false women Cressids, and all brokers-be-
tween Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show
chamber and a bed, which bed, because it sh
speak of your pretty encounters, press it to
away.

And Cupid grand all tongue-tied maidens b
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear;

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES,
NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and
CHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have do
The advantage of the time prompts me alou
To call for recompense. Appear it to you
That, through the sight I bear in things,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; squest'ring from me
That time, acquaintance, custom, and com
Made tame and most familiar to my nature
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquaint
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behal
Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan
demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear
Oft have you, (often have you thanks there
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchang
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almos
Give us a prince of the blood, a son of Pri
In change of him: let him be sent, great
And be shall buy my daughter; and her
Shall quite strike off all service I have don
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes b
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas she
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-m
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is rea
Di. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, &
tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of hi
Pleaseth it our general to pass strangely by
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, wh
on him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his
Which his own will shall have desire to
It may do good: pride hath no other glas
To show itself, but pride; for supple knee
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him no
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake hi
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the w

7. What, comes the general to speak with me?
 I own my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
 8. What says Achilles? would he aught
 with us?

Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

No.

Nothing, my lord.

The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

Good day, good day.

How do you? how do you?

[*Exit Menelaus.*

What, does the cuckold scorn me?

How now, Patroclus?

Good morrow, Ajax.

Ha?

Good morrow.

Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit Ajax.*

What mean these fellows? Know they

not Achilles?

They pass by strangely: they were us'd

to bend,

their smiles before them to Achilles;

as humbly, as they us'd to creep

at altars.

What, am I poor of late?

Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,

is as soon read in the eyes of others,

in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

at their mealy wings, but to the summer;

and a man, for being simply man,

by honour; but honour for those honours

is without him, as place, riches, favour,

if accident as oft as merit:

when they fall, as being slippery standers,

and that lean'd on them as slippery too,

pluck down another, and together

they fall. But 'tis not so with me:

and I are friends; I do enjoy

the point all that I did possess,

and men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

me not worth in me such rich beholding

have often given. Here is Ulysses;

interrupt his reading.—

Ulysses.

Now, great Thetis' son?

What are you reading?

A strange fellow here

comes, That man—how dearly ever parted,

such in having, or without, or in,—

make boast to have that which he hath,

is not what he owes, but by reflection;

his virtues shining upon others

on him, and they retort that heat again

on his giver.

This is not strange, Ulysses.

Why, that is borne here in the face,

and he knows not, but commends itself

to his eyes: nor doth the eye itself,

but pure spirit of sense, behold itself,

and from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd

each other with each other's form.

Reflection turns not to itself,

and he that travels, and is married there,

may see itself: this is not strange at all.

I do not strain at the position,

and he; but at the author's drift:

his circumstance, expressly proves—

man is the lord of any thing,

and in and of him there he much consisting,

communicate his parts to others:

and he of himself know them for aught,

and behold them form'd in the applause,

they are extended; which, like an arch

rebounds again; or like a gate of steel,

and the sun, receives and renders back

and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

and heeded here immediately

known Ajax.

What a man is there! a very horse;

and he knows not what. Nature, what things

there are,

and respect in regard, and dear in use!

What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
 Ajax renowned. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the idiots in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:

Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: *Perséverance*, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in

present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand:

And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;

For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye prizes the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went o'er on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And ease thy reputation in thy tomb;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroic:
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
 The providence, that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of *Plutus'* gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unweil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expression to:

All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
 But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet;

U 2

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an her-
oical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peac-
cock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an
hostess, that bath no arithmetic but her brain to
set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a pol-
itic regard, as who should say—there were wit in
this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it
lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will
not show without knocking. The man's undone for
ever; for if Hector break not his neck in the combat,
he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not

me: I said, Good-morrow, Ajax; and he
Thinks, Agamemnon. What think you of that
that takes me for the general? He is grown
land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plain
opinion! a man may wear it on both sides
leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador
Thersites.

Ther. Who, I! why, he'll answer nobody
professes not answering: speaking is for
he wears his tongue in his arms. I will pre-
sence; let Patroclus make demands to you;
I shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I
desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most
Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to
safe conduct for his person, of the magna-
and most illustrious, six- or seven-times-
captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamem-
non.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you,
Hector to his tent;—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from

Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, I
o'clock it will go one way or other; how-
ever, shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this time.

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. V

sick will be in him when Hector has wrung
his brains, I know not: But, I am sure
unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews
cuttings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter
straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his
that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fount
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exeunt Achilles and

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your
clear again, that I might water an ass
rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a
norance.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Troy. A street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a
torch: at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with
torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, the
With his face backward.—In humane eyes
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' li-
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I say
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æne-
If to my sword his fate be not the glory
A thousand complete courses of the sun
But, in mine envious honour, let him die
With every joint a wound; and that to-
morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other
Par. This is the most spiteful gent
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I hear
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; to
know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas
this Greek

lehas' house; and there to render him,
an unfreud Antenor, the fair Cressid:
have your company; or, if you please,
there before us: I constantly do think,
rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,
either Troilus lodges there to-night;
him, and give him note of our approach,
the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
all be much unwelcome.

That I assure you;
a had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Cressid borne from Troy.

There is no help;
litter disposition of the time
save it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Good morrow, all. [Exit.]
And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me
true,

in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
'or Menelaus?

Both alike:
merits well to have her, that doth seek her
making any scruple of her soileure,
such a fell of pain, and world of charge;
on as well to keep her, that defend her
relating the taste of her dishonour,
such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
as a puling cuckold, would drink up
eyes and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
like a lecher, out of whorish loins
cas'd to breed out your inheritors:
merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;
as he, the heavier for a whore.

You are too bitter to your country woman.
She's hither to her country: Hear me, Paris,
cry false drop in her bawdy veins
Cressid's life hath sunk; for every scruple
contaminated carrion weight,
as hath been slain: since she could speak,
she not given so many good words breath,
her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
use the thing that you desire to buy:
I in silence hold this virtue well,
not commended what we intend to sell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

same. Court before the house of Pandarus.

Enter TROIILUS and CRESSIDA.

Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle
down;
I'll unbolt the gates.

Trouble him not;
, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
we as soft attachment to thy senses,
uns' empty of all thought!

Good morrow then.
Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Are you aweary of me?
O Cressida! but that the busy day,
by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
reaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I did not from thee.

Night hath been too brief.
Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,
iously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
wings more momentary-swift than thought,
I'll catch cold, and curse me.

Pr'ythee, tarry;—
I will never tarry.—
O Cressid!—I might have still held off,
if you would have tarried. Hark! there's
her up.

[Within.] What, are all the doors open here?
It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
have such a life,—
How now, how now? how go maidenheads?
you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say
what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor ca-
pocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a
naughty man, let it sleep? a hugbear take him!

[Knocking.]
Cres. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd
o'the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing.— [Knocking.]

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.]

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's
the matter? will you beat down the door? How
now? what's the matter!

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my
troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:
What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither;
Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter TROIILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?
Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.]
Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost! The devil
take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A
plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth
as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?
Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst
ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his
death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be
gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to
thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his
death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot hear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity ;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can ;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep ;—
Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks ;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' house.

Enter PARIS, TROIUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon :—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house ;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently ;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar ; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help !—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A room in Pandarus' house.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it : How can I moderate it ?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or hrew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief :
My love admits no qualifying dross ;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROIUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks !
Cres. O Troilus ! Troilus ! [*Embracing him.*]
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me
embrace too : O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?
where he answers again,
Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
verse ; we see it, we see it.—How now, lams ?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay ; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy ?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too ?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible ?

Tro. And suddenly ; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath :
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
And accents us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.
Æne. [*Within.*] My lord ! is the lady ready
Tro. Hark ! you are call'd : Some say, the
Grecians, Come ! to him, that instantly must die
Bid them have patience ; she shall come and
Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this
or my heart will be blown up by the root !

[*Exit Pan.*]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians ?

Tro. No rem

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry G

When shall we see again ?

Tro. Hear me, my love : Be thou but
heart,—

Cres. I true ! how now ? what wicked deem

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation in

For it is parting from us :—

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee ;

For I will throw my glove to death himself.

That there's no maculation in thy heart :

But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation ; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to

As infinite as imminent ! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger.

this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens !—be true, ag

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love ;

The Grecian youths are full of quality ;

They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts o

flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;

How novelty may move, and parts with p

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens ! you love

Tro. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high laval, nor sweeter talk

Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and p

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discursive d

That tempts most cunningly : but be not d

Cres. Do you think, I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our po

Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss ; and let

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus !

Tro. Good brother, come you

And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with

Cres. My lord, will you be true ?

Tro. Who I ? alas, it is my vice, my fa

While others fish with craft for great opir

I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;

Whilst some with cunning gild their coppa

With truth and plainness I do wear mine

Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit

Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DI

US, and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed ! here is the lady,

Which for Antenor we deliver you :

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand

And, by the way, possess these what she is

Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair G

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as sa

As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince

re in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
our fair usage; and to Diomed
ll be mistress, and command him wholly.
recian, thou dost not use me courteously,
e the zeal of my petition to thee,
ng her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
worthy to be call'd her servant.
thee, use her well, even for my charge;
the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
by throat.

O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
e privileg'd by my place, and message,
speaker free; when I am hence,
er to my lust: And know you, lord,
ng do on charge: To her own worth
I be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
it in my spirit and honour,—no.
ome, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
re shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
re me your hand; and, as we walk,
wn selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*]

[*Trumpet heard.*]
ark! Hector's trumpet.

How have we spent this morning!
ce must think me tardy and remiss,
to ride before him to the field.
His Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
th him.
et us make ready straight.
Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
ldress to tend on Hector's heels:
of our Troy doth this day lie
ir worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

AX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHIL-
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYS-
ESTOR, and Others.

Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
ng time with starting courage.
thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
sful Ajax; that the appalled air
e the head of the great combatant,
him hither.

Then, trumpet, there's my purse.
k thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
lain, till thy sphered bias cheek
l the cholick of puff'd Aquilon:
etch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]
No trumpet answers.

'Tis but early days.
Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
in the toe: that spirit of his
ion lifts him from the earth.

DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.
Is this the lady Cressid?

Even she.
Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
y.
ur general doth salute you with a kiss.
Yet is the kindness but particular;
ster, she were kiss'd in general.
nd very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
for Nestor.
'Tl take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
ids you welcome.
had good argument for kissing once.
bat that's no argument for kissing now:
popp'd Paris in his bardiment;
d thus you and your argument.
d deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
e we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
he first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
kisses you.

O, this is trim!
Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
ll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.
a kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his
horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your fa-
ther. [*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS,
and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall
be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*]
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath :
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love ;
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st !

Awake thee !

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou couldst say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds-in my father's ; by Jove omnipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :

Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectation here from both the sides

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it ;

The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

(As sold I have the chance,) I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish : and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part ;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here ;

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms' as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy ;

But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with

husks

And formless ruin of oblivion ;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing :

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to

you. [*To Troilus.*]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's

greeting ;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mepk not, that I affect the untraded oath ;

Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus
She's well, but bade me not commend her
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly
Hect. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I h

thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword
Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;

That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd
Like an Olympian wrestling : This have I
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in st

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsir
And once fought with him : he was a soldier
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee : Let an old man embrace

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tent
Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old ch
That has so long walk'd hand in hand with
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp

Nest. I would, my arms could match
contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen th

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city
When we have here her base and pillar t

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what won
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;

For yonder walls, that perdy front your t
You towers, whose wanton tops do buss th
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not hel
There they stand yet ; and modestly I thi
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cos
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crown
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leav
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, we
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on th
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hec
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me loo
Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have don
Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the see
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'ld read
But there's more in me than thou unders
Why dost thou so oppress me with thi

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part c
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there,
That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach, wh
Hector's great spirit flew : Bless me, h

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, p
To answer such a question : Stand again
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasur
As to pronominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell the
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me s
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard t
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, no
But, by the forge that stibbed Mars his
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and c
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bra

nce draws folly from my lips ;
deavour deeds to match these words,
never—

Do not chafe thee, cousin ;—
Achilles, let these threats alone,
nt, or purpose, bring you to't :
ave every day enough of Hector,
e stomach ; the general state, I fear,
retreat you to be odd with him.
pray you, let us see you in the field ;
ad pelting wars, since you refus'd
ans' cause.

Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
do I meet thee, fell as death ;
all friends.

Thy hand upon that match.
irst, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;
e full convive we : afterwards,
s leisure and your hounties shall
ether, severally entreat him.—
the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressida.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy ! Had she no lover there,
That waits her absence ?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Asian Camp. Before Achilles' tent.

ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

He beat his blood with Greekish wine
light,
b my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
let us feast him to the height.
re comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

How now, thou core of envy ?
batch of nature, what's the news ?
by, thou picture of what thou seemest,
diot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
om whence, fragment ?
by, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
ho keeps the tent now ?
e surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
ll said, Adversity ! and what need these

thee be silent, boy ; I profit not by thy
art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.
le varlet, you rogue ! what's that ?
hy, his masculine whore. Now the
ses of the south, the guts-gripping, rup-
shs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies,
raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing
lers full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-
alm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd
if the tetter, take and take again such
discoveries !
by thou damnable box of envy, thou,
at thou to curse thus ?
I curse thee !

ty, no, you ruinous butt ; you whoreson
hable car, no.

? why art thou then exasperate, thou
erial skein of sleive silk, thou green
for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodi-
thoo ? Ah, how the poor world is pes-
such water-flies ; diminutives of nature !
t, gall !
ch egg !

sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
eat purpose in to-morrow's battle.

eter from queen Hecuba ;

n her daughter, my fair love ;

me, and gaging me to keep

t I have sworn. I will not break it :

s ; fail, fame ; honour, or go, or stay ;

ow lies here, this I'll obey.—

, Thersites, help to trim my tent ;

n banqueting must all be spent.—

clus. [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

th too much blood, and too little brain,

ay run mad ; but if with too much brain,

ed blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-

Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough,

t loves quails ; but he has not so much

brain as ear-wax : And the goodly transformation of
Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive
statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds ; a thrifty
shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's
leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded
with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him
to ? To an ass, were nothing ; he is both ass and ox :
to an ox, were nothing ; he is both ox and ass. To
be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard,
an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I
would not care : but to be Menelaus—I would con-
spire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be,
if I were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the house
of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day !
spirits and fires !

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEM-
NON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS,
and DIOMEDES, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis ;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I hid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : Sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt Agam. and Men.*]

Achil. Old Nestor taries ; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes

To Calchas' tent ; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to Troilus.*]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit Diomedes ; Ulyss. and Tro. following.*]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,

a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him

when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses :

he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler

the hound ; but when he performs, astronomers

foretell it ; it is prodigious, there will come some

change ; the sun borrows of the moon, when Dio-

med keeps his word. I will rather leave to see

Hector, than not to dog him : they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent : I'll after.—Nothing but lechery ! all incontinent varlets !

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho ? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls ?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter ?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance ; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him !

Dio. How now, my charge ?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian !—Hark ! a word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar !

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff ; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

Cres. Remember ? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then ; And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember ?

Ulyss. List !

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what :—

Dio. Pho ! pho ! come, tell a pin : You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot : What would you have me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath ; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience !

Ulyss. How now, Trojan ?

Cres. Diomed.—

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark ! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness !

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ; The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off : You flow to great destruction ; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat ramp,

and potatoe finger, tickles these together lechery, fry !

Dio. But will you then ?

Cres. In faith, I will, la ; never trust in

Dio. Give me some token for the surety

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, you

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty ! where's thy faith ?

Ulyss. My

Tro. I will be patient ; outwardly I will

Cres. You look upon that sleeve ; Behold

He lov'd me—O false wench !—Give't me

Dio. Whose was't ?

Cres. No matter, now I have

I will not meet with you to-morrow night

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens ;—Well said, you

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this ?

Ay,

Cres. O, all you gods !—O pretty prett

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes

And gives memorial dainty kisses to fit

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it fr

He, that takes that, must take my heart

Dio. I had your heart before, this fall

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ;

shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this ; Whose was it

Cres. 'Tis

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better th

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women

And by herself, I will not tell you wh

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my

And grieve his spirit, that dares not ch

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past

it is not ;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then,

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go :—One cannot s

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that th

you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come ? the hour !

Cres. Ay, come :

Do come :—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farew

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee come.

[Ex]

Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on

But with my heart the other eye doth :

Ah ! poor our sex ! this fault in us I fi

The error of our eye directs our mind :

What error leads, must err ; O then c

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of tur

[E]

Ther. A proof of strength she could

more,

Unless she said, My mind is now tur

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why st

Tro. To make a recordation to my s

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?

Sith yet there is a credence in my hea

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and

those organs had deceptions functions,
I only to calumniate.
I said here?

I cannot conjure, Trojan.
She was not, sure.

Most sure she was.
Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but
now.

Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
we had mothers; do not give advantage
to born critics—apt, without a theme,
oravation,—to square the general sex
said's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
What hath she done, prince, that can soil
or mothers?

Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Will he swagger himself out on's own
eyes?

[This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
y have a soul, this is not she;
guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
mony be the gods' delight,
be rule in unity itself,
is not she. O madness of discourse,
use sets up with and against itself!
authority! where reason can revolt
t perdition, and loss assume all reason
t revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
my soul there doth commence a fight
strange nature, that a thing inseparate
more wider than the sky and earth;
the spacious breadth of this division
no orifice for a point, as subtle
rache's broken woof, to enter.

O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
O instance! strong as heaven itself;
ods of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
os'd;

h another knot, five-finger-tied,
tions of her faith, orts of her love,
ments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
at, which here his passion doth express?
ly, Greek; and that shall be divalged well
cters as red as Mars his heart

with Venus: never did young man fancy
eternal and so fix'd a soul.
reek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
y weight hate I her Diomed:

ere is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
d should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
shippers do the horrican call,
g'd in mass by the almighty sun,
ay with more clamour Neptune's ear
scent, than shall my prompted sword
in Diomed.

He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
utruths stand by thy stained name,
I'll seem glorious.

O, contain yourself;
sion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
y this, is arming him in Troy;
ar guard, stays to conduct you home.
ave with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
ien:—

, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
st, and wear a castle on thy head!
I'll bring you to the gates.
cept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*
Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed!
croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
atroclus will give me any thing for the
see of this whore: the parrot will not do
an almond, than he for a commodious
lechery, lechery: still, wars and lechery;
else holds fashion: A burning devil take
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tem-
per'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;

But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious—dear than life.—

Enter TROIUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-
ness, youth,

I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me
for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth,

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:

Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;

X x

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrap,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!
Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my
leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaims:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from you' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally
ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of
this girl; and what one thing, what another, that
I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a
rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my
bones, that, unless a man were curs'd, I cannot tell
what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from
the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*]

The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another;
I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable var-
let, Diomed, has got that same scurvey dotting foolish
young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm:
I would fain see them meet; that that same young
Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send
that Greekish whomemasterly villain, with the sleeve,
back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeve-
less errand. O the other side, the policy of those
crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-
eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox,
Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They
set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against
that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the
cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will
not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to
proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill
opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now he
whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve
[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou fo-
tor's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvey
knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live.

Ther. God—a-mercy, that thou wilt believe
But a plague break thy neck, for frighting
What's become of the wenching rogues! I
they have swallowed one another: I would
at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats
I'll seek them.

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DIOMEDES, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus'
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty
Tell her, I have chasit'd the amorous Troj
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polyde
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margaret
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beard
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediüs: Polixenes is slain
Amphimachus, and Thos, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagitt
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achil
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shan
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there aft
And there they fly, or die, like scaled seal
Before the belching whale; when is he yon
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his
Fall down before him, like the mower's sw
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, an
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so.
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing venge
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp
to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless c
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

Dio. Ay, there

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy fi

what it is to meet Achilles angry.
 Where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field.

Enter AJAX.

Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
 What wouldst thou?

I would correct him.
 Were I the general, thou shouldst have
 thy office,
 correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
 thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
 What art thou there?

I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
 He is my prize, I will not look upon.
 Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at
 you both. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter HECTOR.

Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
 brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee,
 Hector.

Pause, if thou wilt.
 I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
 Why, that my arms are out of use:
 and negligence befrieth thee now,
 anon shalt hear of me again;
 go, seek thy fortune. *[Exit.]*

Fare thee well:—
 have been much more a fresher man,
 expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas; Shall it be?
 the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
 I not carry him; I'll be taken too,
 & him off: Fate, hear me what I say!
 not though I end my life to-day. *[Exit.]*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
 woful mark:—
 Is it thou not?—I like thy armour well;
 lock it, and unlock the rivets all,
 be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
 then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
 what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
 at a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
 when I have the bloody Hector found,
 him with your weapons round about;
 in manner execute your arms.
 Come, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
 heed—Hector the great must die. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

The same.

MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then
 THERSITES.

The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at
 it, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now
 ole-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The
 game is:—ware horns, ho!
[Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Tom, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I
 am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
 mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegi-
 timate. One bear will not bite another, and where-
 fore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's
 most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for
 a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.

Another part of the field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.—
 Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
 Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
 Even with the veil and dark'ning of the sun,
 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
 seek. *[Hector falls.]*

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
 On, Myrmidons; and cry you all again,
 Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A retreat sounded.]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'er spreads the earth,
 And, stickler like, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[Sheaths his sword.]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE X.

The same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS,
 NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, marching,
 Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Diom. The brutis—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt marching.]

SCENE XI.

Another part of the field.

Enter AENEAS and Trojans.

Aene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field;
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector!—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on!

Aene. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Heecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl ay be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :
 Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet ;—You vile ahominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you !—And thou, great-
 siz'd coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy !—with comfort go :
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*]

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side,
 PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker lackey ! ignomy and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !
 [*Exit Troilus.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones !—
 O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent
 despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly
 you set a' work, and how ill requited ! Why should
 our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so
 loathed ? what verse for it ! what instance for it !—
 Let me see :—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting :
 And being once subdu'd in armed tall,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fall.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
 cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :
 Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for asses ;
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit*]







H. Howard Esq. F.R.A.

T. White sc.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act 1 Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane, 1824.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCCELLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } lords, and flatterers of Timon.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } Timon's servants.

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, }
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIVS, } servants to Timon's creditors.

Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore;
two of Timon's creditors.

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

Scene,—Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Athens. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and
Others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Poet. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: How goes the
world?

Poet. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches? See,

Musick of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Must conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Poet. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Mer. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were

To an unmirable and continue goodness:

He passes.

Mer. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Mer. He will touch the estimate: But, for that—

Poet. When we for recompense have prais'd the ville,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[Looking on the jewel.]

Mer. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Poet. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some

dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poetry is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'th flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Poet. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book

forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Poet. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Poet. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of

visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment: My free drift

Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice

Infests one comma in the course I hold;

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,

(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as

Of grave and austere quality,) tender down

Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself: even he drops down

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o'the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,

That labour on the bosom of this sphere

To propagate their states: amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,

One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,

Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafes to her;

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,

Bowing his head against the steepy mount

To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late,

(Some better than his value,) on the moment.

Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the
Servant of Ventidius talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*]

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:

The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride;

And I have bred her at my dearest cost,

In qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her love: I pry'thee, noble lord,

Join with me to forbid him her resort;

Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself,

It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us

What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucilius.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,

And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,

If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;

To build his fortune, I will strain a little,

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,

And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship; Ne-
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Ath.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long li-
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me
Go not away.—What have you there, my

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do bu-
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welc-
The painting is almost the natural man;

For since dishonour trafficks with man's m-
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures;
Even such as they give out. I like your w
And you shall find, I like it: wait attend-
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods presen-

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give:
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclean me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis

As those, which sell, would give: But you w
Things of like value, differing in the own-
Are prized by their masters: believe't, des-
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship

Mer. He'll sp

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Ape

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knav
Tim. Why dost thou call them knav
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd th
name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I a-
Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death b

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Ape

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painte

Apem. He wrought better, that made th
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation
she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come
bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehensio-

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take
labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Ap

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, w
not cost a mau a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How u
Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

SCENE II.

The same. A room of state in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them; Faults, that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony

Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss

On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,

Than my fortunes to me. *[They sit.]*

I Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have

you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome :

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a

humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :—

They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;

I come to observe; I give thee warning out.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athe-

nian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no

power: pry'thee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for

I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood; and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men;

Metinks, they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.

If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;

Least they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! This way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,

Honest water, which ne'er left a man i' the mire:

This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond;

em. Yes.

v. Then I lie not.

em. Art not a poet?

v. Yes.

em. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,

thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

v. That's not feign'd, he is so.

em. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee

labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is

o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a

What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

em. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord

my heart.

v. What, thyself?

em. Ay.

v. Wherefore?

em. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—

thou a merchant?

v. Ay, Apemantus.

em. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will

not!

v. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

em. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

v. What trumpet's that?

'Tis Alcibiades, and

twenty horse, all of companionship.

Pray, entertain them; give them guide to

us.—*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

Must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,

have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,

me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

welcome, sir!

[They salute.]

v. So, so; there!—

contract and starve your supple joints!—

there should be small love 'mongst these

sweet knives,

ll this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out

aboon and monkey.

v. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I

feed

hungerly on your sight.

Right welcome, sir:

depart, we'll share a bounteous time

erent pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.]

Enter two Lords.

rd. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

v. Time to be honest.

rd. That time serves still.

v. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

rd. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

v. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine

heat fools.

rd. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

v. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

rd. Why, Apemantus?

v. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I

o give thee none.

rd. Hang thyself.

v. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:

by requests to thy friend.

rd. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn

nee.

v. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[Exit.]

v. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall

we in,

ste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

ry heart of kindness.

v. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

his steward: no need, but he repays

old above itself; no gift to him,

eds the giver a return exceeding

of quittance.

v. The noblest mind he carries,

er govern'd man.

v. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall

he in?

v. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

*Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

I Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon. 2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket sounded.]

Tim. What means that trumpet?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance!—

Musick, make their welcome. [Exit Cupid.]
I Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. Re-enter Cupid, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives
not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friend
I should fear, those, that dance before me:
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much ado
TIMON; and, to show their loves, each strain
an Amazon, and all dance, men with
lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cec.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much
fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively life
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

I Lady. My lord, you take us even at the
Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and
not holding taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: Please you to dispose yoursel.

All *Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt Cupid, and*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me
Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour;
Else I should tell him,—Well,—'faith, I;
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an h
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his

[*Exit, and returns with the*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in re

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have on
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord,
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel;
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

I Lord. I am so far already in your gifts

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of th
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your

Tim. Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you
Tim. Near? why then another time I'll be
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. L shall accept them fairly: let the

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that hor
gentleman, lord Lucullus, entertains your c
to-morrow to hunt with him; and has se
honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this c
He commands us to provide, and give great
And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me d
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good
His promises fly so beyond his state.
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he us
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,

such as do even enemies exceed.
inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*]

You do yourselves wrong, you hate too much of your own merits:—

my lord; a trifle of our love.

With more than common thanks I will receive it.

O, he is the very soul of bounty!

And now I remember me, my lord, you gave

words the other day of a bay courser

so: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

You may take my word, my lord; I know,

o man

ally praise, but what he does affect:

my friend's affection with mine own;

my true. I'll call on you.

[*Exit.*]

None so welcome.

I take all and your several visitations

to heart, 'tis not enough to give;

as, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,

'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

a soldier, therefore seldom rich,

is in charity to thee: for all thy living

got the dead; and all the lands thou hast

pitch'd field.

Ay, defiled land, my lord.

We are so virtuously bound,—

And so

you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*]

Apen. What a coil's here!

Serving of hecks, and jutting out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound

legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I'd be good to thee.

Apen. No, I'll nothing: for,

If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left

To rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the

faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:

What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,

I am sworn, not to give regard to you.

Farewell; and come with better musick. [*Exit.*]

Apen. So;—

Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,

I'll lock

Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Scene. A room in a Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

And late, five thousand to Varro; and to

Isidore

nine thousand; besides my former sum,

makes it five and twenty.—Still in mo-

re waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

is Timon, why, the dog coins gold:

old sell my horse, and buy twenty more

me he, why, give my horse to Timon,

ing, give it him, it foals me, straight,

horses: No porter at his gate;

er one that smiles, and still invites

pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

d his state in safety. Caphis, ho!

say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

et on your cloak, and haste you to lord

non;

e him for my monies; be not ceas'd

hential; nor then silenc'd, when—

me to your master—and the cap

the right hand, thus:—but tell him,

ah,

try to me, I must serve my turn

ne own; his days and times are past,

eliances on his fracted dates

t my credit: I love, and honour him;

not break my back, to heal his finger;

e are my needs; and my relief

be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

supply immediate. Get you gone:

most importunate aspect,

if demand; for, I do fear,

try feather sticks in his own wing,

on will be left a naked gull,

ishes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

go, sir.

go, sir!—take the bonds along with you,

the dates in compt.

I will, sir.

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,

That he will neither know how to maintain it,

Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account

How things go from him: nor resumes no care

Of what is to continue; Never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:

I must be round with him, now he comes from

hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,

You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are they?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'y'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's

wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord; And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on; [Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.]
I'll wait on you instantly.—Come hither, pray you. [To Flavius.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, And the detention of long-since-due debts, Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreeable to this business; Your importunacy cease, till after dinner; That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well entertain'd. [Exit Timon.]
Flav. I pray, draw near. [Exit Flavius.]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [To the Fool.]

Isid. Serv. [To *Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! hawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramerey.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the supercription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit Page.]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'n'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they

enter my mistress' house merrily, and sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?
Fool. A fool in good clothes, and somewhat thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like sometime, like a lawyer: sometime, like a piper, with two stones more than his artifice. He is very often like a knight; and, gent all shapes, that man goes up and down fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.
Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become mantus.
All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder and woman; sometime, the philosopher. [Exeunt Apemantus

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak anon. [Exit

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore time,

Had you not fully laid my state before? That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord At many times I brought in my account: Laid them before you; you would throw

And say, you found them in mine honest When, for some trifling present, you hav Return so much, I have shook my head; Yea, 'gains the authority of manners, pr

To hold your hand more close; I did em Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,

And your great flow of debts. My dear-l! Though you hear now, (toolate!) yet now The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited s And what remains will hardly stop the n Of present dues: the future comes apoc What shall defend the interim? and at l How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land exte

Flav. O my good lord, the world is bu Were it all yours, to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or Call me before the exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods hl

When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders; when our vaults h With drunken spilt of wine; when evn Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd withm I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of How many prodigal bits have slaves, and This night englutted! Who is not Timoo What heart, head, sword, force, mean lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon Ah! when the means are gone, that buy d The breath is gone whereof this praise is Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter These flies are cough'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me n

sinous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
ly, not ignobly, have I given.
ost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
le I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
uld broach the vessels of my love,
y the argument of hearts by borrowing,
nd men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
a bid thee speak.

Assurance bless your thoughts!
And, in some sort, these wants of mine
re crown'd,
account them blessings; for by these
try friends: You shall perceive, how you
my fortunes; I am wealthy to my friends.
there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other
Servants.

My lord, my lord,—
I will despatch you severally.—You, to
rd Lucius,—
Lucullus you; I hunted with his
to-day;—You, to Sempronius;
ad me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
y occasions have found time to use them
a supply of money: let the request
talents.

As you have said, my lord.
Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph!

[Aside.
Go you, sir, [To another Serv.] to the
nators,
m, even to the state's best health, I have
l this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant
and talents to me.

I have been bold,
I knew it the most general way,
to use your signet, and your name;
do shake their heads, and I am here

No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?
Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are ho-
nourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractious,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, 'tis seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[To a Serv.] Pr'ythee, [To
Flavius.] be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[To Serv.] Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[To Flav.]
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it: That
thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same. A room in Lucullus's house.

INIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.
I have told my lord of you, he is coming
you.
I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Here's my lord.

[Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a
arrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of
ason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, ho-
minius; you are very respectfully welcome,
me some wine.—[Exit Serv.] And how
honourable, complete, free-hearted gentle-
mens, thy very bountiful good lord and

His health is well, sir.

I am right glad that his health is well,
what hast thou there under thy cloak,
aminus?

'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;
my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your
supply; who, having great and instant
o use fifty talents, hath sent to your lord-
rinish him; nothing doubting your present
therein.

La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says
good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he
keep so good a house. Many a time and
ve dined with him, and told him on't;
again to supper to him, of purpose to
spend less: and yet he would embrace
l, take no warning by my coming. Every
his fault, and honesty is his; I have told
but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

lease your lordship, here is the wine.
Flaminius, I have noted these always wise
they,

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a to-
wardly, prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and
one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst
use the time well, if the time use thee well: good
parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[To the
Servant, who goes out.]—Draw nearer, honest Fla-
minius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but
thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, al-
though thou comest to me, that this is no time to
lend money; especially upon bare friendship, with-
out security. Here's three solidares for thee; good
boy, wink at me, and say, thou savest me not.
Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[Throwing the money away.
Lucul. Ha! now I see, thou art a fool, and fit
for thy master. [Exit Lucullus.

Flam. May these add to the number that may
scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of
nature,

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A publick place.

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.

I Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? Now, before the gods, I am ashamed out. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To Lucius.*]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—
[*Exit Servilius.*]
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

I Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

I Stran. Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

I Stran. For mine
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation
And the best half should have return'd to
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense
For policy sits above conscience.

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Sempronius's house.
Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Sem.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't?
'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Luc
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All th
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found b
for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they de
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him
And does he send to me? Three? hump
It shows but little love or judgment in h
Must I be his last refuge? His friends,
sicians,

Thrive, give him over; Must I take the
me?

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am ag
That might have known my place: I se
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me
For, in my conscience, I was the first
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may
An argument of laughter to the rest,

And I amongst the lords be thought a f
I had rather than the worth of thrice th
He had sent to me first, but for my mi
I had such a courage to do him good.

return,
And with their faint reply this answer j
Who bates mine honour, shall not know

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a
lain. The devil knew not what he did
made man politick; he crossed himself
I cannot think, but, in the end, the villa
will set him clear. How fairly this lov
appear foul? takes virtuous copies to!
like those that, under hot ardent zeal,
whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all
Save the gods only: Now his friends a
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with
Many a bounteous year, must be employ
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep

SCENE IV.

The same. A hall in Timon's house.
Enter two Servants of Varro, and the
Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENS,
other Servants to Timon's creditors,
coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow,
Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and,
One business does command us all; for
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

And sir

Serv. I am

too!

Good day at once.

Serv. Welcome, good brother.

do you think the hour?

Labouring for nine.

Serv. So much?

Is not my lord seen yet?

Serv. Not yet.

I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at

seven.

Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter

with him:

and consider, that a prodigal course

of the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

Deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;

and, one may reach deep enough, and yet

little.

I am of your fear for that.

I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

and sends now for money.

Most true, he does.

And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

which I wait for money.

It is against my heart.

Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,

in this should pay more than he owes:

even as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

and for money for 'em.

I am weary of this charge, the gods can

witness:

my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

and ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:

What's yours?

Serv. Five thousand mine.

Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem

by the sum,

your master's confidence was above mine;

and rely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

One of lord Timon's men.

Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my

lord to come forth?

No, indeed, he is not.

We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so

to me.

I need not tell him that; he knows, you

are diligent. [Exit Flaminius.]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Do you hear, sir?

Serv. By your leave, sir,—

What do you ask of me, my friend?

We wait for certain money here, sir.

Ay,

and were as certain as your waiting,

sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not

debts and bills, when your false masters eat

your meat? Then they could smile, and fawn

on debts, and take down th' interest

of their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves

it wrong,

and neep; let me pass quietly:

and, my lord and I have made an end;

no more to reckon, he to spend.

Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

If 'twill not,

so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

Serv. How! what does his cashier'd wor-

ship?

Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and

venge enough. Who can speak broader

that has no house to put his head in? such

against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Here's Servilius; now we shall know

the answer.

If I might beseech you, gentlemen,

To repair some other hour, I should much

Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,

My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.

His comfortable temper has forsok him;

He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,

Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my

lord!

Enter TIMON in a rage, FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my

passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Fur. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to

the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Fur. Serv. My lord,—

2 Fur. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you!

[Exit.]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw

their caps at their money; these debts may well

be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me,

the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;

There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,

I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide

Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to 't; the fault's

bloody;

'Tis necessary, he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the

senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain!

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Y y

Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault;)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his

wrogs
His outsidings; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings? I sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th'ass more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plentiful wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the law receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances. What?

3 Sen.

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:

My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens
thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to
our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Ereunt Sen.*
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back the
While they have told their money, and let
Their coin upon large interest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for th'
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banish
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as g

SCENE VI.

A magnificent room in Timon's house.

Musick. Tables set out: Servants attending
divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think,
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tir'd
we encountered: I hope, it is not so low w
as he made it seem in the trial of his several

2 Lord. It should not be, by the pers
his new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sen
earnest inviting, which many my near
did urge me to put off; but he hath cony
brought them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to
portunate business, but he would not f
excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to b
me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I un
how all things go.

3 Lord. Every man here's so. What w
have horrow'd of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he co

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both
how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well
lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summ
willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves
such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen,
ner will not recompense this long stay: fe
ears with the musick awhile; if they will
harshly on the trumpet's sound: we sh
presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly y
lordship, that I returned you an empty me

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet bro*
of shame, that, when your lordship this of
sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours l
Tim. Let it not cumber your better remem

—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

rd. Royal cheer, I warrant you.
 rd. Doubt not that, if money, and the season
 ld it.
 d. How do you? What's the news?
 rd. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?
 l Lord. Alcibiades banished!
 d. 'Tis so, be sure of it.
 d. How? how?
 d. I pray you, upon what?
 My worthy friends, will you draw near?
 d. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
 ward.
 d. This is the old man still.
 d. Will't hold? will't hold?
 d. It does: but time will—and so—
 d. I do conceive.

Each man to his stool, with that spur as
 ld to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall
 sit places alike. Make not a city feast of it,
 is meat cool ere we can agree upon the first
 Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
 tness. For your own gifts, make yourselves
 but reserve still to give, lest your deities be
 Lend to each man enough, that one need
 to another: for, were your godheads to borrow
 men would forsake the gods. Make the meat
 d, more than the maa that gives it. Let no
 of twenty be without a score of villains:
 sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of
 —as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,
 nators of Athens, together with the common
 ople,—what is amiss in them, you gods make
 for destruction. For these my present friends,
 y are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them,
 nothing they are welcome.

, dogs, and lap.
 The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.
 speak. What does his lordship mean?
 wher. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
 water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
 Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.
 Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
 Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
 Of man and beast the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy physick first—thou too,—and thou :—
 [Throws the dishes at them, and drives them
 out.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's
 fury?

3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but
 humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other
 day, and now he has beat it out of my hat!—Did
 you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord.

I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day
 stones. [Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
 dlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
 as not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 ce fall in children! slaves, and fools,
 as grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 aster in their steads! to general filth
 o'the instant, green virginity!
 your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
 had reader back, out with your knives,
 your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
 unded robbers your grave masters are,
 by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
 tress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
 e lin'd crotch from thy old limping sire,
 beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 k ave, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 on, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 observances, customs, and laws,
 to your confounding contraries,
 confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 tent and infectious fevers heap
 us, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 ur senators, that their limbs may halt,
 ly as their manners! lust and liberty
 the minds and marrows of our youth;
 inst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 wn themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 al leprosy! breath infect breath;
 ir society, as their friendship, may
 ty poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 dness, thou detestable town!
 a that too, with multiplying banns!
 ill to the woods; where he shall find
 oddest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
 Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Athens. A room in Timon's house.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 Serr. Hear you, master steward, where's our
 master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 Serr. Such a house broke!
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him!

2 Serr. As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave;
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serr. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's liverly,
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
 Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
 Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
[Giving them money.]
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exit Servants.]
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual good!
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accur'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The war: that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhor'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sance his palate
With thy most operant poison? What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; eoward,
valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accur'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow weep again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.]—Ha! a
drum?—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife,
like manner; PHRYNIA and TIMON.

Alcib. What art thou
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The oanker g
heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so ha
thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know the
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and stran
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than
know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum:
With man's blood paint the ground, gales,
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore
Hath in her more destruction than thy sw
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light
But then renew I could not, like the moon
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble I
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, be

Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague th
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confou
For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had pr
Alcib. I see them now; then was a bles:
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace o
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, w
world?

Voice'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandr
Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee thei
Make use of thy salt hours: season the sk
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheel
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee;
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; fo
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and
How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy wort
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbo
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get t
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dea
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom t
trouble?

I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee w
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cann
Alcib. When I have laid proud Ath
heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and ha
Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy c
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me,

Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou wast born to conq
My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his p
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip o

ot honour'd age for his white beard,
 a usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
 ar habit only that is honest,
 f's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
 oft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
 rough the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
 within the leaf of pity writ,
 m down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
 dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
 mercy;

it a bastard, whom the oracle
 outfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 ince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;
 poor on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
 proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 fit of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 erce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
 urge confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 ded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Hast thou gold yet? Ill take the gold thou
 iv'st me,
 thy counsel.

Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
 pon thee!

Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon:
 ast thou more?

Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 rons mountant: You are not oathable,—
 h, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 ng shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 aortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
 e to your conditions: Be whores still;
 whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 g in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 close fire predominate his smoke,
 o turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,
 contrary: And hatch your poor thin roofs
 edens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
 er:—wear them, betray with them: whore
 ll; a horse may mire upon your face:
 wrinkles!

Timon. Well, more gold;—What then?—
 that we'll do any thing for gold.

Consumptions sow
 v bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
 men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 ay never more false title plead,
 id his quillets shrilly: bear the flamen,
 ds against the quality of flesh,
 believes himself: down with the nose,
 ith it flat; take the bridge quite away
 that his particular to foreseee,
 om the general weal: make curl'd-pate
 leans bald;

he unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 me pain from you: Plague all;
 r activity may defeat and quell
 ce of all erection.—There's more gold:—
 amn others, and let this damn you,
 hes grave you all!

Timon. More counsel, with more money,
 inteous Timon.

More whore, more mischief first; I have
 en you earnest.

Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
 ll, Timon;

e well, I'll visit thee again.

f I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

I never did thee harm.

es, thou spok'st well of me.

Call'st thou that harm?
 len daily find it such. Get thee away,
 thy beagles with thee.

We but offend him.

n beats. *Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and
 Timandra.*

at nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
 it be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[Digging.]
 omb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
 id feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
 thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
 the black toad, and adder blue,

The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Mea report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
 Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung

From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care!

Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot

That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,

And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-

come,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,

Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
 thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
 That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,

And skip, when thou point'st out? Will the cold
 brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoussed trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee!

O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a catiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't? Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
 Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
 The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldest have plung'd thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them here I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew
my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When
thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked
thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou
knowest none, but art despised for the contrary.
There's a medal for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medal?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou
shouldst have loved thyself better now. What
man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was be-
loved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest, but men, men are the
things themselves. What wouldst thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the con-
fusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee
to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would
eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would
suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert ac-
cused by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness
would torment thee; and still thou lived'st but as

a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf
greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou art
hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the
corn, pride and wrath would confound the
make thine own self the conquest of thy fury
thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the
wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized
leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert ger
the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were
on thy life: all thy safety were remotior; a
defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be
were not subject to a beast? and what a be
thou already, that seest not thy loss in
formation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with
to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here
commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, the
art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painted
plague of company light upon thee! I will
catch it, and give away: When I know no
else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but the
shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar
than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools!

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to sit

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad!

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, o

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou a

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my han

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot the

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst!

Tim.

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall I
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will lov
But even the mere necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave
Lie where the light foam of the sea may l
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph
That death in me at others' lives may lau
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorc

[*Looking on*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Ma
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delic
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrate
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god
That soldier'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st wi
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy
Set them into confounding odds, that bea
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'tw

But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou h
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd t

Apem.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love th

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am

[*Exit Ap*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and ab

Enter Thieves.

I *Thief.* Where should he have this gol
some poor fragment, some slender ort o
mainder: The mere want of gold, and th
from of his friends, drove him into this me

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon hi
care not for't, he will supply us easily; If
ously reserve it, how shall's get it?

of. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.
 of. Is not this he?
 of. Where?
 of. 'Tis his description.
 of. He; I know him.
 of. Save thee, Timon.
 Now, thieves?
 of. Soldiers, not thieves.
 Both too; and women's sons.
 of. We are not thieves, but men that much
 o want.

Our greatest want is, you want much of meat.
 could you want? Behold the earth hath roots;
 this mile break forth a hundred springs:
 as bear mast, the briars scarlet hips:
 untuous housewife, nature, on each bush
 o full mess before you. Want? why want?
 of. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
 as, and birds, and fishes.
 Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
 nd fishes;
 st eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 a are thieves profess'd; that you work not
 r shapes: for there is boundless theft
 ad professions. Rascal thieves,
 old: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
 high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 dotes are poison, and he slays
 on you rob: take wealth and lives together;
 iny, do, since you profess to do't,
 rimen. I'll example you with thievery:
 's a thief, and with his great attraction
 s vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 s a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 n into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 ds and breeds by a composture stolen
 neral excrement: each thing's a thief;
 t, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 check'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 en shops; nothing can you steal,
 res do lose it: Steal not less, for this
 n; and gold confound you howsoever!

[*Timon retires to his cave.*]

of. He has almost charm'd me from my
 o, by persuading me to it.
 of. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he
 ses us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.
 of. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give
 trade.

of. Let us first see peace in Athens: There
 e so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

o you gods!
 spid and ruinous man my lord?
 eacy and falling? O monument
 der of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 alteration of honour has
 want made!
 er thing upon the earth, than friends,
 bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 ely does it meet with this time's guise,
 an was wish'd to love his enemies:
 may ever love, and rather woo
 t would mischief me, than those that do:
 aught me in his eye: I will present
 t grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 e him with my life.—My dearest master!

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The same. Before Timon's cave.

of and Painter; Timon behind, unseen.

of. I took note of the place, it cannot be
 he abides.

of. What's to be thought of him? Does the
 old for true, that he is so full of gold?

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
 Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
 About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
 To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief,
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—
 then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
 But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
 weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
 To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
 To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
 So comfortable? It almost turns

My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
 Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 Perpetual-sober ghost! I do proclaim

One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;

No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—

How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
 I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,

(For I must ever doubt, though we'er so sure,)
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:

You should have fear'd false times, when you did
 feast:

Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
 My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
 Here, take:—the gods out of my misery

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
 But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;

Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
 And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st

Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia
 and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise en-
 riched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity:
 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.*

*Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a
 try for his friends.*

*Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in
 Athens again, and flourish with the highest. There-*

fore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them. [*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweedly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit!

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your

To make it known to us. You'll take it ill

Tim. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you,

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him di-

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,

That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. No

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give:

Rid me these villains from your companies:

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a

Confound them by some course, and come

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know

Tim. You that way, and you this, but

company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not

But where one villain is, then him abandon

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for

slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:

Out, rascal dogs!

[*Exit, driving and beating*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with

For he is set so only to himself,

That nothing but himself, which looks like

Is friendly with him.

I Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians

To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, a

That fram'd him thus: time, with his fal

Offering the fortunes of his former days,

The former man may make him: Bring u

And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon

Look out, and speak to friends: The Ath

By two of their most reverend senate, gre

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!

and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each f

Be as a caut'ring to the root o'the tongu

Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Th

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you c

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee

Tim. I thank them; and would send t

the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have th

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confe

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gr

Which now the publick body,—which do

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrow

r with a recompense more fruitful
 their offence can weigh down by the dram;
 a such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
 I to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 its in thee the figures of their love,
 read them thine.

You witch me in it;
 me to the very brink of tears:
 e a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
 beweepe these comforts, worthy senators.
 Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
 our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
 tainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 with absolute power, and thy good name
 th authority:—so soon we shall drive back
 ades the approaches wild;
 ke a boar too savage, doth root up
 try's peace.

And shakes his threat'ning sword
 the walls of Athens.

Therefore, Timon,—
 Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
 105,—

ades kill my countrymen
 hides know this of Timon,
 imon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 s our goodly aged men by the beards,
 ur holy virgins to the stain
 melious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 ur holy know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
 f our aged, and our youth,
 choose but tell him, that—I care not,
 im take't at worst; for their knives care not,
 on have throats to answer: for myself,
 at a whistle in the unruly camp,
 prize it at my love, before
 rend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 refection of the prosperous gods,
 s to keepers.

Stay not, all's in vain.
 Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 e seen to morrow; My long sickness
 s, and living, now begins to mend,
 ing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 ades your plague, yon his,
 so long enough!

We speak in vain.
 lot yet I love my country; and am not
 rejoices in the common wreck,
 en bruit doth put it.

That's well spoke.
 commend me to my loving countrymen,—
 These words become your lips as they
 s through them.
 tod enter in our ears, like great triumphers
 uplandng gates.

Commend me to them;
 them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
 s of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 gs of love, with other incident throes
 ure's fragile vessel doth sustain
 mcertain voyage, I will some kindness do
 m:

them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
 I like this well, he will return again.
 ave a tree, which grows here in my close,
 e own use invites me to cut down,
 ly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
 as, in the sequence of degree,
 s to low throughout, that whose please
 fiction, let him take his haste,
 er, ere my true hath felt the axe,
 himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.
 rouble him no farther, thus you still shall
 him.

me not to me again: but say to Athens,
 th made his everlasting mansion
 beached verge of the salt flood;
 ce a day with his embossed froth
 lent surge shall cover; thither come,
 y grave-stone be your oracle.—
 soar words go by, and language end:
 miss, plague and infection mend!
 ly be men's works; and death, their gain!
 thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
 [Exit Timon.]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably
 Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us
 In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
 As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
 Besides, his expedition promises
 Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
 Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
 Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
 Yet our old love made a particular force,
 And made us speak like friends:—this man was
 riding
 From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
 With letters of entreaty, which imported
 His friendship i'the cause against your city,
 In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.
 3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
 The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
 Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
 Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The woods. Timon's cave, and a tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
 Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer!—what is this?
 Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
 Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
 Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
 What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
 I'll take with wax:
 Our captain hath in every figure skill;
 An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power,
 Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries, of itself, No more: now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
 And pury insolence shall break his wind
 With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee; to give thy rages halm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,
 By humble message, and by promis'd means;
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
 That these great towers, trophies, and schools
 should fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,

Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impress
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched cur,*
wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you with
catiffs left!

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did ho
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stey
here thy gait.

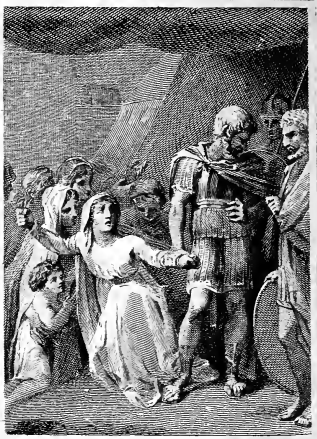
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our drops
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceals
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for ay
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint w

make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [Exit







T. Stothard RA.

T. White sc.

CORIOLANUS.

Act 5 Sc. 3.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane 1824.

CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
 TITUS LARTIUS, } generals against the
 COMINIUS, } Volscians.
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.
 VINICIUS VELUTUS, } tribunes of the people.
 MENIUS BRUTUS, }
 Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.
 A Roman Herald.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators with Aufidius.
 A Citizen of Antium.
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.
 VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.
 VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.
 Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

Scene,—partly in Rome, and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antians.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.
Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at once.]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to

submit?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away,

away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would

instruct us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess,

they relieve us humanely; but they think, we are

dearer: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let

us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become

pleas'd: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger

for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give this good report for't, but that he pays himself with usury.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be proudly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you cannot a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in composition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these?

2 *Cit.* The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's our honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds.

They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care have the patricians of you. For your wants,

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman state; whose course will on the way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever appear in your impediment: For the dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it; and your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,

You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide

more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you

A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To scale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instru-

ments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

I Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?
Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

I Cit. Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

I Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'the body,—

Men. Well, what then?
I Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

I Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—*
I Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the fower of all,
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

I Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No publick benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

I Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff hats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves seals?

I Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affright
The other makes you proud. He that trust
Where he should find you lions, finds you
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subd
And curse that justice did it. Who deserv

ness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections at
A sick man's appetite, who desires most of
Which would increase his evil. He that
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lea
And hews down oaks with rushes. Ha
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind
And call him noble, that was now your
Him vile, that was your garland. What's that
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which
Would feed on one another?—What's their

Men. For corn at their own rates; wher
say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! The
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to kn
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to
Who thrives, and who declines: side fact
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties st
And feeling such as stand not in their li
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, the
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a qu
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves,
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly pr
For though abundantly they lack discretio
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I bes
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: B
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd
verbs;

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, e
eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that,
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these
They vented their complainings; which
swerd,

And a petition granted them, a strange on
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they th
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is grant
Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vu
doms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Bruts
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not.—Sdea
The rabble should have first unroof'd the
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win uppo power, and throw forth greate
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strang

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragment

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's th

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are
Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall ha
to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best el

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS,
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and S.
VELUTUS.

I Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you h
told us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a le

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

in envying his nobility :
were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

1. You have fought together.
Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he
my party, I'd revolt, to make
my wars with him; he is a lion
I am proud to hunt.

2. Then, worthy Marcius,
I upon Cominius to these wars.
It is your former promise.

Sir, it is;
I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
see me once more strike at Tullus' face :
art thou stiff? stand'st out?

No, Caius Marcius;
an upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
say behind this business.

O, true bred!
a. Your company to the Capitol; where, I
know,
rearest friends attend us.

Lead you on :—
v, Cominius; we must follow you;
worthy you priority.

Noble Lartius!
a. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.
Nay, let them follow :
places have much corn: take these rats thither,
aw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,
ralour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. and
Menen. Citizens steal away.*
Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
He has no equal.

When we were chosen tribunes for the peo-
ple,—

Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Nay, but his taunts.

Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the
gods.

Be-mock the modest moon.

The present wars devour him: he is grown
eud to be so valiant.

Such a nature,
d with good success, dislains the shadow
he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
solence can brook to be commanded
Cominius.

Fame, at the which he aims,—
m already he is well grac'd,—cannot
be held, nor more attain'd, than by
c below the first: for what miscarries
be the general's fault, though he perform
atmost of a man; and giddy censure
hen cry out of Marcius, O, if he
ene the business!

Besides, if things go well,
a, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
demerits rob Cominius.

Come;
ll Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
h Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
rcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
ht he merit not.

Let's hence, and hear
he despatch is made; and in what fashion,
han in singularity, he goes,
this present action.

Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-House.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
hey of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
sow how we proceed.

Is it not yours?
ever hath been thought on in this state,
ould be brought to bodily act ere Rome
umvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
heard thence; these are the words: I think,
the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*]

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The death is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation,
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us:

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave you honours.

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn betwixen us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Rome. An apartment in Marcius' house.

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit
down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that
absence wherein he won honour, than in the em-
bracements of his bed, where he would show most
love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the
only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness
pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings'
entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour
from her beholding; I,—considering how honour
would become such a person; that it was no bet-
ter than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown
made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek dan-
ger where he was likely to find fame. To a cruel
war I sent him; from whence he returned, his
brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—
I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a
man-child, than now in first seeing he had prov'd
himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam?
how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my
son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me
profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in
my love alike, and none less dear than thine and
my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die
nobly for their country, than one voluptuously sur-
feit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Genl. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire,*

Vir. His bloody brow; O, Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
 Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Vol. My ladies both, good day to you.
Vol. Sweet madam,—
Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.
Vol. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?
Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Vol. O my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he maim'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Vol. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Vol. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Vol. Not out of doors!

Vir. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Vol. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill (thæca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Vol. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Vol. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Vol. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Vol. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Vol. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, T LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To the Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar.

'Tis done.

Lart.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke.

Lart. So the good horse is mine.

Mar.

I'll buy him o'

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lead him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess.

Within this mile and

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'arum, an ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in war: That we with smoking swords may march hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, Senators and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
I Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than that's lesser than a little. Hark, our drum

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break you
 Rather than they shall pound us up: our g' Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'

rushes;
 They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
 Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladd

Other al.

The Volces enter, and pass over the stag.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth the

Now put your shields before your hearts, ar

With hearts more proof than shields.—A

brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our though

Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Co

my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,

And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, for

The Romans are beaten back to their

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Bo

plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd

Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of gee

That bear the shapes of men, how have you

From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto an

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe

And make my wars on you; look to't: Cos

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their

As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re

and the fight is renewed. The Volces ret

Corioli, and Marcus follows them to the ga

So, now the gates are open:—Now prove

seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,

Not for the flyers: mark me, and do the li

[*He enters the gates, and is s*

1 Sol. Fool hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol.

Have shut him in.

[*Alarum con*

All. To the pot, I warrant b

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

f. What is become of Marcius?
Slain, sir, doubtless.
J. Following the sliers at the very heels,
them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
swear all the city.

f. O noble fellow!
sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
when it bows, stands up: Thou art left, Marcius:
uncle entire, as big as thou art,
not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
under-like percussion of thy sounds,
mad'st shine enemies shake, as if the world
feverous, and did tremble.

Enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

f. Look, sir, 'Tis Marcius.
Fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.

Within the town. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

a. This will I carry to Rome.
u. And I this.
m. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS,
with a trumpet.

See here these movers, that do prize their
sours
pack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
if a doit, doublets that hangmen would
with those that wore them, these base slaves,
t the fight be done, pack up:—Down with
them.—

ark, what noise the general makes!—To
him:—

s the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
g our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
dent numbers to make good the city;
I, with those that have the spirit, will
waste
Cominius.

Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
exercise hath been too violent for
ad course of fight.

Sir, praise me not:
ark hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
ood I drop is rather physical
dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
speak, and fight.

Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
sep in love with thee; and her great charms
le thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
city be thy page!

Thy friend no less
hose she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Thou worthiest Marcius!—
[Exit Marcius.]
und thy trumpet in the market-place;
ither all the officers of the town,
they shall know our mind: Away.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we
re come off
omans, neither foolish in our stands,
wardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
I'll be charg'd again. While we have struck,
rims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
arges of our friends:—The Roman gods
beir successes as we wish our own;
oath our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Spies of the Voices
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else, had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er smurr'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think—

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so!

Com. Marcias,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcias,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates,
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [Waving his hand.] to express his dis-
position,

And follow Marcins.

[They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Voices? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and the Volcian camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[They fight, and certain Volcians come to the aid of Aufidius.]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.]

SCENE IX.

The Roman camp.

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th' end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*[We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—*
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:

Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my n
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
As you have done; that's what I can; indu
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must lo
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vocal
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should the
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[A long flourish. They all cry, Marcins' cius! cast up their caps and lances: Com and Lurtius stand bare.]

Mar. May these same instruments, whic
profane,

Never sound more! When drums and trumpe
I'th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cit
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that lid
Or soil'd some debile wretch,—which, witho
Here's many else have done,—you shout me
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises, sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest ar
More cruel to your good report, than gratefu
To us that give you truly: by your patience
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in ma
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore,
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marci
Wears this war's garland: in token of the v
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give
With all his trim belonging; and, from this
For what he did before Corioli, call him.
With all the applause and clamour of the h
Caius Marcius Coriolanus! Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Al. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!]

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank y
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all time
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartiu
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lo
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,

with o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
my poor host freedom.

O, well begg'd!

the butcher of my son, he should
as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus
Marcius, his name?

By Jupiter, forgot:—
ary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
no wine here?

Go we to our tent:
d upon your visage dries: 'tis time
I be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

The camp of the Volces.

*i. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

The town is ta'en!
'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Condition?—

I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
od condition can a treaty find
t that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
ight with thee; so often hast thou heat me;
I'dst do so, I think, should we encounter
as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

I Sol. He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

I Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
I Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Rome. A publick place.

ENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

The augurer tells me, we shall have news

good, or bad?
Not according to the prayer of the people,
love not Marcius.
ature teaches beasts to know their friends.
Pray you, who does the wolf love?
Ae lamb.

ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians
e noble Marcius.

He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.
He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
are old men; tell me one thing that I shall

En. Well, sir,
n what enormity is Marcius poor, that you
not in abundance?

He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with
specially, in pride.

and topping all others in boasting.
his is strange now: Do you two know how
ensured here in the city, I mean of us o'the
d file? Do you?

En. Why, how are we censured?
Because you talk of pride now,—Will you
gry?

En. Well, well, sir, well.
Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little
cession will rob you of a great deal of pa-
ive your disposition the reins, and be angry
leasures; at the least, if you take it as a
to you, in being so. You blame Marcius
proud?

We do it not alone, sir.
I know, you can do very little alone; for
as are many; or else your actions would
adrons single: your abilities are too infant-
loing much alone. You talk of pride: O,
could turn your eyes towards the napes
ecks, and make but an interior survey of
I selves! O, that you could!

What then, sir?
Why, then you should discover a brace of
ig, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias,
any in Rome.

enenius, you are known well enough too.
I am known to be a humorous patrician,

and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a
drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something
imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty,
and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that
converses more with the buttock of the night, than
with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I
utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting
two such wealsmen as you are, (I cannot call you
Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me, touch my
palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I
cannot say, your worship have deliver'd the matter
well, when I find the ass in compound with the
major part of your syllables: and though I must
be content to bear with those that say you are re-
verend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell
you have good faces. If you see this in the map of
my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well
enough too? What harm can your bisson conspec-
tivities glean out of this character, if I be known
well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any
thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and
leas; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in
hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a
fosset-seller; and then rejoinn the controversy of
three-pence to a second day of audience.—When
you are hearing a matter between party and party,
if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you
make faces like mummies; set up the bloody flag
against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-
pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more en-
tangled by your hearing: all the peace you make
in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves:
You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be
a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary
bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if
they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you
are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is
not worth the wagging of your beards; and your
beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to
stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an
ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius
is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all
your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, perad-
venture, some of the best of them were hereditary
hangmen. Good e'en to your worship; more of
your conversation would infect my brain, being the
herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be hold
to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius retire.
Z z 2

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Larcus writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good workshops! [To the Tribunes.] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [A shout, and flourish.] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus!—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish.]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com.

Look, sir, your mother,

Cor.

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But O, thy wife—

Cor.

My gracious silence, Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my d Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, And mothers that lack sons.

Men.

Now the gods crown *Cor.* And live you yet!—O my sweet lady,

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome And welcome, general;—And you are welcome

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: come:

A curse begin at very root of his heart, That is not glad to see thee!—You are three That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of We have some old crab-trees here at home will not

Be-grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, we We call a nettle, but a nettle; and

The faults of fools, but folly, Ever right.

Com.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor.

Your hand, and Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited; From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings

But with them change of honours.

Vol.

To see inherited my very wishes, And the buildings of my fancy: only there Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor.

Know, good I had rather be their servant in my way, Than sway with them in theirs.

Com.

On, to the *[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt ladies before. The Tribunes come forward.]*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the sights

Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling Into a rapture lets her baby cry,

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,

Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges high With variable complexions; all agreeing

In earnestness to see him: sold-shown flames Do press among the popular throngs, and

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask, in

Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the war-ton Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pothor,

As if that whatsoever god, who leads him, Were silly crept into his human powers,

And gave him gentle posture.

Stc.

On the sud I warrant him consul.

Bru.

Then our office may, During his power, go sleep.

Stc. He cannot temperately transport his h From where he should begin, and end; but

Lose those that he hath won.

Bru.

In that there's co *Stc.* Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we But they, upon their ancient malice, will

Forget, with the least cause, these his new ho Which that he'll give them, make as little of

As he is proud to do't.

Bru.

I heard him swes Were he to stand for consul, never would he

'the market-place, nor on him put
less vesture of humility;
owing (as the manner is) his wounds
people, beg their stinking breaths.

'Tis right.
It was his word: O, he would miss it
ther
rry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to
m,
desire of the nobles.

If I wish no better,
re him hold that purpose, and to put it
tion.

'Tis most like, he will.
shall be to him then, as our good wills;
struction.

So it must fall out
or our authorities. For an end,
t suggest the people, in what hatred
hath held them; that, to his power, he
uld
de them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
rtied their freedoms: holding them,
a action and capacity,
re soul, nor fitness for the world,
sals in their war; who have their provand
bearing burdeus, and sore blows
ng under them.

This, as you say, suggested
time when his soaring insolence
ch the people, (which time shall not want,
put upon't; and that's as easy,
dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
: their dry stubble; and their blaze
ken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

What's the matter?

You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
ught,
reius shall be consul: I have seen
b men throng to see him, and the blind
im speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
od maid's their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
a as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
re's statue; and the commons maile
, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
aw the like.

Let's to the Capitol;
y with us ears and eyes for the time,
s for the event.

Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

Come, come, they are almost here; How
nd for consulships?

Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every
olanus will carry it.

That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance
d loves not the common people.

Faith, there have been many great men
flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them;
be many that they have loved they know
eave: so that, if they love they know not
y hate upon no better ground: Therefore,
anus neither to care whether they love or
manifests the true knowledge he has in
osition; and, out of his noble carelessness,
plainly see't.

If he did not care whether he had their
no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing
her good, nor harm; but he seeks their
greater devotion than they can render it
l leaves nothing undone, that may fully
im their opposite. Now to seem to affect
and displeasure of the people, is as bad as
h he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.
He hath deserved worthily of his country:
scent is not by such easy degrees as these,
ing been supple and courteous to the peo-
etted, without any further deed to heave
ll into their estimation and report: but
o planted his honours in their eyes, and

his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues
be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind
of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a mal-
lice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof
and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

I *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man:
Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please

you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire

The present consul, and last general

In our well-found successes, to report

A little of that worthy work perform'd

By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom

We meet here, both to thank, and to remember

With honours like himself.

I *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convened
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*]

I *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head

i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[*Exit Coriolanus.*]
Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'erpress'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,

And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this
last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: Now all's his;
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigue,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!
I *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

I *Sen.* Call for Coriolanus,

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please
you,

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus:—
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.* Then *exunt* Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do
it is a power that we have no power to do:
he show us his wounds, and tell us his de-
are to put our tongues into those wounds, and
for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we
also tell him our noble acceptance of them.
titude is monstrous: and for the multitude
ingrateful, were to make a monster of the mul-
of the which, we being members, should bris-
selves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better though
little help will serve: for once, when we st-
about the corn, he himself stuck not to call
many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; r-
our heads are some brown, some black, so-
burn, some bald, but that our wits are so di-
colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits
issue out of one skull, they would fly east
north, south; and their consent of one dir-
should be at once to all the points o' the co-
2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you
my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon ou-
other man's will, 'tis strongly wedged w-
block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twoul-
southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where bei-
parts melted away with rotten dews, the
would return for conscience sake, to help to
a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks
may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your
But that's no matter, the greater part carri-
say, if he would incline to the people, th-
never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS

Here he comes, and in the gown of humilit-
his behaviour. We are not to stay all i-
but to come by him where he stands, by
twos, and by threes. He's to make his req-
particulars: wherein every one of us has
honour, in giving him our own voices with
tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll di-
how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.
[*Men.* O sir, you are no right: have you no
The worthiest men have done 't?]

Cor. What must I
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir
wounds:—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, th-
You must not speak of that; you must des-
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hs
I would they would forget me, like the vir-
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I p-
In wholesome manner.

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash the
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes
You know the cause, sir, of my standi-
h

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath
you to't.

2 *Cit.* Mine own desert.

3 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desir-

o, sir:
 ever my desire yet, to trouble
 with begging.
 For must think, if we give you any thing,
 to gain by you.
 all then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?
 The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Kindly!
 let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,
 all be yours in private.—Your good voice,
 you?

You shall have it, worthy sir.
 match, sir:—
 all two worthy voices begg'd:—
 or alms; adieu.

But this is something odd.
 'twere to give again.—But 'tis no matter.
 [Exeunt two Citizens.]

Enter two other Citizens.

ay you now, if it may stand with the
 our voices, that I may be consul, I have
 customary gown.
 ou have deserved nobly of your country,
 ave not deserved nobly.
 ur enigma?

ou have been a scourge to her enemies,
 een a rod to her friends; you have not,
 red the common people.

u should account me the more virtuous,
 u not been common in my love. I will,
 my sworn brother the people, to earn a
 mation of them; 'tis a condition they ac-
 e: and since the wisdom of their choice is
 ave my hat than my heart, I will prac-
 tising nod, and be off to them most
 ly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the
 at of some popular man, and give it
 to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you,
 consul.

We hope to find you our friend; and
 ive you our voices heartily.
 ou have received many wounds for your

ill not seal your knowledge with showing
 will make much of your voices, and so
 no further.

The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!
 [Exeunt.]

at sweet voices!—
 to die, better to starve,
 the hire which first we do deserve.
 is woolvish gown should I stand here,
 Hob and Dick, that do appear,
 less vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
 om wills, in all things should we do't,
 an antique time would lie unswept,
 tainous error be too highly heap'd
 to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
 gh office and the honour go
 t would do thus.—I am half through;
 ut suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

more voices,—
 s: for your voices I have fought;
 or your voices; for your voices, bear
 two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 y, and heard of; for your voices, have
 things, some less, some more: your voices:
 would be consul.

e has done nobly, and cannot go without
 man's voice.

Therefore let him be consul: The gods give
 id make him good friend to the people!
 en, amen.

See, noble consul! [Exeunt Citizens.]
 Worthy voices!

→ MENENIUS with BRUTUS and
 SICINIUS.

to have stood your limitation; and the
 nes
 with the people's voice: Remains,
 e official marks invested, you

Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?
 Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
 Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?
 Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
 again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?
 Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
 'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
 His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose
 this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods; he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

2 Cit. Certainly,

He flouted us down-right.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not

mock us.

3 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

[General speak.]

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds which he could

show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were less'n'd,—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o'the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en advantage of his choler,

And pass'd him uneleected.

Bru. Did you perceive,

He did solicit you in free contempt,

When he did need your loves; and do you think,

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,

On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
 2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
 I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
 1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
 friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
 Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
 And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
 A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
 (No impediment between) but that you must
 Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
 More after our commandment, than as guided
 By your own true affections: and that, your minds
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
 Than what you should, made you against the grain
 To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to
 you,

How youngly he began to serve his country
 How long continued: and what stock he got
 The noble house o'the Marcians; from when
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's ac
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus w
 That our best water brought by conduits h
 And Censorinus, darling of the people,
 And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
 Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descend
 That hath beside well in his person wrought
 To be set high in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances: but you have foun
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had
 (Harp on that still,) but by our putting on
 And presently, when you have drawn your
 Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*Severo*
 Repent in their election. [*Exeunt*

Bru. Let them go on;
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and aw
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
 Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their o
 Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same. A street.

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS,
 COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and
 Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which
 caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
 Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
 That we shall hardly in our ages see
 Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
 Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
 Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
 That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
 Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
 To hopeless restitution, so he might
 Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
 To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
 [*To Lartius.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
 The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise
 them;

For they do prank them in authority,
 Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! What is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
 Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the
 commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's
 I Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to
 let-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against hi
Sic.

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your h
 Must these have voices, that can yield the
 And straight disclaim their tongues?—V
 your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not th
 Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be ca
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows t
 To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rul
 Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
 The people cry, you mock'd them; and, o
 When corn was given them gratis, you re
 Scandal'd the supplicants for the people; cal
 Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to t

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. No

Each way, to better ymurs.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By you

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make m
 Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much
 For which the people stir: If you will pas
 To where you are bound, you must inquire y
 Which you are out of, with a gentler spiri
 Or never be so noble as a consul,
 Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be c
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set ou
 palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid fals
 I'the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of c

This was my speech, and I will speak't ag
Men. Not now, not now.

ow, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
 their pardons:—
 mutable, rank-scented many, let them
 be as I do not flatter, and
 behold themselves: I say again,
 of them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
 the rebellion, insurrection, sedition,
 'ere ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
 ster'd,
 ing them with us, the honour'd number;
 e not virtue, no, nor power, but that
 they have given to beggars.

Well, no more.
 No more words, we beseech you.

How! no more?
 y country I have shed my blood,
 ng outward force, so shall my lungs
 be till their decay, against those meazels,
 e disdain should tetter us, yet sought
 way to catch them.

You speak o'the people,
 were a god to punish, not
 their infirmity.

'Twere well,
 e people know't.

What, what? his choleric?
 a patient as the midnight sleep,
 'twould be my mind.

It is a mind,
 i remain a poison where it is,
 a any further.

Shall remain!—
 this Triton of the minnows? mark you
 ate shall?

'Twas from the canon.
 Shall!

at most unwise patricians, why,
 , but reckless senators, have you thus
 bra here to choose an officer,
 his peremptory shall, being but
 und noise o'the monsters, wents not spirit
 'll turn your current in a ditch,
 your channel his? If he awake,
 your ignorance: if aone, awake
 erous lenity. If you are learned,
 common fools; if you are not,
 ave cushions by you. You are plebeians,
 senators: and they are no less,
 h your voices blended, the greatest taste
 es theirs. They choose their magistrate
 a one as he, who puts his shall,
 u shall, against a graver bench
 frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 e consuls base: and my soul akes,
 when two authorities are up,
 preme, how soon confusion
 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 't'other.

Well,—on to the market-place.
 oever gave that counsel, to give forth
 'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
 a Greece,—

Well, well, no more of that.
 ough there the people had more absolute
 π.)
 'ourish'd disobedience, fed
 f the state.

Why, shall the people give
 speaks thus, their voice?

I'll give my reasons,
 ier than their voices. They know, the corn
 r recompense; resting well assur'd
 lid service for't: Being press'd to the war,
 the navel of the state was touch'd,
 I not thread the gates: this kind of service
 serve corn gratis: being i'the war,
 nies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 r, spoke not for them: The accusation,
 y have often made against the senate,
 aborn, could never be the native,
 rank donation. Well, what then?
 this bosom multiplied digest
 's courtesy? Let deeds express
 : to be their words:—*We did request it;*

*We are the greater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands:—* Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears: which will in time break open
 The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
 What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal!—*This double worship,—*
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
 You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physick
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Theo were they chose; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their power i'the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose
 name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!
Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble
 of Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
 Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
 [*Several speak.*]

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
 [*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
 Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
 Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
 To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
 Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people:—Peace.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,
 speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
 This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,

The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

‘Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[Drawing his sword.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-
draw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the People, are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!
I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they
are not,

Though call'd i'the porch o'the Capitol.)—

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth read
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and Others.

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat.

I would they were

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—W
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICIINIUS, with

Sic. Where is t
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men.

You worthy tribu
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarp
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted la
And therefore law shall scorn him furthe
Than the severity of the publick power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1 Cit.

He shall w
The noble tribunes are the people's moul
And we their hands.

Cit.

He shall, sure on't
[Several speak

Men.

Do not cry, havock, where you shoul
With modest warrant.

Sic.

Sir, how comes't

Have help to make this rescue?

Men.

Hear me
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic.

Consul!—wh
The consul Coriolanus.

Bru.

He a co

Cit.

No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and y
people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or tw
The which shall turn you to no further
Than so much loss of time.

Sic.

Speak brief
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him henc
Were but one danger; and, to keep him
Our certain death; therefore it is decre
He dies to-night.

Men.

Now the good gods f
That our renowned Rome, whose gratit
Towards her deserved children is enroll
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural c
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that has but a cut
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome, that's wor
Killing our enemies? The blood he hat
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than this
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for h
And, what is left, to lose it by his com
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.

Sic.

This is
Bru. Merely awry: When he did love
It honour'd him.

Men.

The service of the foo'
Being once gangren'd, is not then respo
For what before it was?

Bru.

We'll hear n
Pursue him to his house, and pluck his
Lest his infection, being of catching nat
Spread further.

Men.

One word more, one w
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall fin
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed
Lest parties (as he is below'd) break o
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru.

If it

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedi
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?

Men. Consider this;—He has been bre
Since he could draw a sword, and is il
In bouted language; meal and bran to
He throws without distinction. Give r
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring
Where he shall answer, by a lawful fo
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

Noble tribunes,
the humane way: the other course
prove too bloody; and the end of it
own to the beginning.

Noble Menenius,
a then as the people's officer:—
ers, lay down your weapons.

Go not home.
Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend
you there:
e, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
first way.

I'll bring him to you:—
e desire your company. [*To the Senators.*]
He must come,
at is worst will follow.

Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
e ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
the precipitation might down stretch
the beam of sight, yet will I still
is to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

You do the nobler.
I muse, my mother
not approve me further, who was wont
l them woollen vassals, things created
y and sell with groats; to show bare heads
gregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
one but of my ordinance stood up
ak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[*To Volumnia.*]
Did you wish me milder? Would you have me
to my nature? Rather say, I play
as I am.

O, sir, sir, sir,
d have had you put your power well on,
you had worn it out.

Let go.
You might have been enough the man you are,
striving less to be so: Lesser had been
warrings of your dispositions, if
ed not show'd them how you were dispos'd
ey lack'd power to cross you.

Let them hang.
Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough;
ust return, and mend it.

There's no remedy;
y, by not so doing, our good city
in the midst, and perish.

Pray be counselld:
a heart as little apt as yours,
t a brain, that leads my use of anger,
ter vantage.

Well said, noble woman:
he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
olent fit o'the time craves it as physick
e whole state, I would put mine armour on,
I can scarcely bear.

What must I do?
Return to the tribunes.

Well,
then? what then?

Repeat what you have spoke.
For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
then do't to them?

You are too absolute;
a therein you can never be too noble,
en extremities speak. I have heard you say,
r and policy, like nnsaver'd friends,
r and grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
e, what each of them by th' other lose,
ay combine not there.

Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours.
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst
rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, sir,
'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd scence?
Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an aim!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]
Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. The Forum.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMI-
NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poor
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among
Through our large temples with the shows,
And not our streets with war!

I Sen. Amen, and
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace
Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content
The warlike service he has done, consider
Think on the wounds his body bears, whi
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches whi
Sears to move laughter only.

Men. Consider fu
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no m
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voi
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contri
From Rome all season'd office, and to w
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in th
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tr
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand d
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions,
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as fre
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, p
Ch. To the rock with him; to the rock y
Sic.

We need not put new matter to his charg
What you have seen him do, and heard h
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here def
Those whose great power must try him; e
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since
Serr'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You
Men.

The promise that you made your mother!

Com. I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian d
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word
Nor check my courage for what they can
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For th
(As much as in him lies) from time to tim
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at la

hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
of justice, but on the ministers
to distribute it; In the name o'the people,
the power of us the tribunes, we,
even this instant, banish him our city;
of precipitation
if the rock Tarpeian, never more
our Rome gates: I'the people's name,
it shall be so.

It shall be so,
be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
it shall be.

Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—
He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Let me speak:
been consul, and can show from Rome,
smies' marks upon me. I do love
country's good, with a respect more tender,
thy, and profound, than mine own life,
my wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
my assurance of my loins: then if I would
that—

We know your drift: Speak what?
There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
I say to the people, and his country:
it shall be so.

It shall be so, it shall be so.
Your common cry of curs: whose breath I hate

As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes), deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,
Senators, and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*
Sc. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same. Before a gate of the city.

CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENIENUS, COMINIUS, and several young
lads.

Some, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—
we best

many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
is your ancient courage? you were us'd
extremity was the trier of spirits;
common chances common men could bear;
when the sea was calm, all boats alike
mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
most struck home, being gentle wounded,
caves

dunning: you were us'd to load me
receipts, that would make invincible
art that conn'd them.
O heavens! O heavens!
Nay, I pry'thee, woman,—
Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
some,
occupations perish!

What, what, what!
be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
that spirit, when you were wont to say,
had been the wife of Hercules,
is labours you'd have done, and sav'd
husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
ot; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
rs are saltier than a younger man's,
somous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
ard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
d to wait inevitable strokes,
a laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
ards still have been your solace: and
t not lightly, (though I go alone,
a lonely dragon, that his fen
ear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
r exceed the common, or be caught
autelons baits and practice.

My first son,
x wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
see a while: Determine on some course,
an a wild exposure to each chance
arts i'the way before thee.

O the gods!
I'll follow thee a moath, devise with thee
thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well!—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruist: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.
Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENIENUS.
Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?
Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague
o'the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

Vir. You shall stay too: [*To Brutus.*
I had the power
To Sicin.] I would,

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankied?
Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—None but this
fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet
go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?
Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unlog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint pulsing, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Voice, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as
you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more heard, when I last saw you;
but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from
the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have
well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-
tion: the people against the senators, patricians,
and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike prepara-
tion, and hope to come upon them in the heat of
their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the nobles
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take
all power from the people, and to pluck from them

their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I
you, and is almost mature for the violent break
Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?
Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intel-
Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now.
heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a
wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband.
Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear
these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus be
in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortuna-
accidentally to encounter you: You have en-
business, and I will merrily accompany you

Rom. I shall, between this and supper,
most strange things from Rome; all tendin-
good of their adversaries. Have you a
ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, a
charges, distinctly billeted, already in the
tainment, and to be on foot at an hour's w

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readin-
am the man, I think, that shall set them in
action. So, sir, heartily well met, and m
of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I
most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel,
and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an h
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys wit

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.
Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be you
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech
Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; [*Exit*

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends
sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one h
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To hitherest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have br
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dead
And interjoin their issues. So with me—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay
He dees fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

SCENE V.

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service
I think our fellows are asleep.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls
Cotus!

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells we
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend!

a. Here's no place for you: Pray, go to
 or.
 I have deserv'd ne better entertainment,
 g Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

v. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his
 his head, that he gives entrance to such
 lions? Pray, get you out.

Away!

o. Away! Get you away.

Now thou art troublesome.

o. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd
 oon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

o. What fellow's this?

o. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I can-
 him out o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my
 to him.

o. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray
 did the house.

Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

o. What are you?

A gentleman.

o. A marvellous poor one.

True, so I am.

o. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
 ation; here's no place for you; pray you,
 come.

Follow your function, go,
 ten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my
 what a strange guest he has here.

o. And I shall. [*Exit.*]

o. Where dwell'st thou?

Under the canopy.

o. Under the canopy?

Ay.

Where's that?

Under the city of kites and crows.

o. Under the city of kites and crows?—What an

!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

No, I serve not thy master.

o. Hew, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Ay, 'tis an honest service than to meddle
 y mistress:

o. 'Tis a cat's, and prat's; serve with thy trencher,
 once! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Where is this fellow?

o. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a

for disturbing the lords within.

Whence comest thou? What wouldst thou?

o. By name?

o. Speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

o. If, Tullius, [*Unmuffling.*]

o. Thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not

as for the man I am, necessarily

name me name myself.

What is thy name?

o. [*Servants retire.*]

A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,

ash in sound to thine.

Say, what's thy name?

o. I have a grim appearance, and thy face

command in't; though thy tackle's torn,

now'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

o. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou

me yet?

o. I know thee not:—Thy name?

o. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

particularly, and to all the Volces,

virt and mischief; thereto witness may

name, Coriolanus: The painful service,

perils, dangers, and the drops of blood

in my thankless country, are requited

with that surname; a good memory,

of the malice and displeasure

thou shouldst bear me: only that name re-
 mains;

and envy of the people,

ed by our dastard nobles, who

I forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;

and I am left by the voice of slaves to be

Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
 Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men 't the world
 I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
 straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from thy
 heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
 The avil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brow,
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd halfdead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take

The one half of my commission; and set down,—

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own

ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,

To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:

Let me commend thee first to those, that shall

Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!

And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most

welcome! [*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have

struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave

me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me

about with his finger and his thumb, as one would

set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was

something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face,

methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—
'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply
the rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to
be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
say that: for the defence of a town, our general is
excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,
you rascals.

1, 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations;
I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1, 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack
our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he
was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he
was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say
so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say
the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and
notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he
might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as
if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end
o'the table: no question ask'd him by any of the
senators, but they stand hal'd before him: our
general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies
himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the
eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news
is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half
of what he was yesterday; for the other has half,
by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll
go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by
the ears: He will woe down all before him, and
leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I
can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir,
he has as many friends as enemies: which friends,
sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show
themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's
in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest
up again, and the man in blood, they will out of
their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all
with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You
shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis,
as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be exe-
cuted ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world
again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, in-
crease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds
peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly,
waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very
apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insen-
sible; a getter of more hasty children, than wars
a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may
be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied,
but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one
another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see
Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are rising,
they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. A publick place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fe-
His remedies are tame i'the present peace.
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather
Though they themselves did suffer by't, be
Dissenting numbers pestering streets, than
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to'tin good time. Is this M
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown ma
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both.

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much r
But with his friends; the common-wealth do
And so would do, were he more angry at

Men. All's well; and might have bee
better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, he

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother
wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our nei

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to
I *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and childre
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, an

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: W
Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely
Than when these fellows ran about the s
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole thr
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lan
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it,
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædils.

Æd. Worthy
There is a slave, whom we have put in
Reports,—the Voices with two several po
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Auf

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment
Thrusts forth his horns again into the wo
Which were insbell'd, when Marcius stood
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, wha
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this ramoner whipp'd.—It
The Voices dare break with us.

Men. Cannot t

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fel
Before you punish him, where he heard t
Lest you should chance to whip your ind
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

The nobles, in great earnestness, are going to the senate house: some news is come, turns their countenances.

'Tis this slave;—
Iip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
g but his report!

Yes, worthy sir,
ve's report is seconded; and more,
arful, is deliver'd.

What more fearful?
It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
robable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
ows revenge as spacious, as between
ung'st and oldest thing.

This is most likely!
Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Marcius home again.

The very trick on't,
This is unlikely:
Aufidius can no more atone,
olentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

You are sent for to the senate:
ul army, led by Caius Marcius,
ted with Aufidius, rages
our territories; and have already
ne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

O, you have made good work!
What news? what news?
You have help to ravish your own daugh-
ters, and

It the city leads upon your pates;
your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
What's the news? what's the news?
Your temples burned in their cement; and
franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
an augre's bore.

Pray now, your news?—
ave made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
news?
rcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

If!
their god; he leads them like a thing
by some other deity than nature,
shapes man better: and they follow him,
at us brats, with no less confidence,
boys pursuing summer butterflies,
uchers killing flies.

You have made good work,
and your apron-men; you that stood so much
the voice of occupation, and
death of garlick-eaters!

He will shake
Rome about your ears. As Hercules
shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair
work!

But is this true, sir?
Ay; and you'll look pale
you find it other. All the regions
ally revolt; and, who resist,
ily mock'd for valiant ignorance,
erish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
enemies, and his, find something in him.
i. We are all undone, unless
oble man have mercy.

Who shall ask it?
ribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
re such pity of him, as the wolf
of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
d say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
ose should do that had deserv'd his hate,
herein show'd like enemies.

'Tis true:
were putting to my house the brand
should consume it, I have not the face
y, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair
hands,
and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.
3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did, we did for the best:
and though we willingly consented to his banish-
ment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
Capitol!

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]
Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong,
when we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—Would, half my
wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more prondlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less appare't
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone

That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fall in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but common
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these
(As he hath spies of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtue
Lies in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commodeable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strength
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Rome. A publick place.

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS,
BRUTUS, and Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon! We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcus.

Men. Well, and say that Marcus
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but, when we have
These pipes and these conveyances of our
With wine and feeding, we have suppler
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll pro
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have kn
Of my success.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injur
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before h
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise; dismiss*
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he w
He sent in writing after me; what he wot
Bound with an oath, to yield to his condit
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
And with our fair entreaties haste them on

SCENE II.

*An advanced post of the Volscian camp before
The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

I G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well:
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From

1 G. You may not pass, you must retu
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd w
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my fr

If you have heard your general talk of Ro
And of his friends there, it is lots to blank
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Me

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of yo
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The hook of his good acts, whence men ha
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size, the
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, somet
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

omble past the throw; and in his praise most, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow, have leave to pass.

Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in life, as you have uttered words in your own, had not pass here: no, though it were as to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is, always factionary on the party of your

Whoever you have been his liar, (as you have,) I am one that, telling true under say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would kiss with him till after dinner.

You are a Roman, are you? I am as thy general is.

Then you should hate Rome, as he does, when you have push'd out your gates the eider of them, and, in a violent popular rage, given your enemy your shield, think to revenge with the easy groans of old wo-irginal palms of your daughters, or with ed intercession of such a decay'd dotant as I to be? Can you think to blow out the in-ire your city is ready to flame in, with such such as this? No, you are deceiv'd; there-fore to Rome, and prepare for your execution: condemn'd, our general has sworn you out re and pardon.

Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, I use me with estimation.

I mean, my captain knows you not.

I mean, thy general.

My general cares not for you. Back, I say, let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—e utmost of your having:—back.

Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

or CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

What's the matter?

Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for a shall know now, that I am in estimation; I perceive, that a Jack guardant cannot office my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my enant with him, if thou stand'st not i'th' state ag, or of some death more long in specta-nd crueler in suffering; behold now pre-nd swoon for what's to come upon thee.—ious gods sit in hourly synod about thy prosperity, and love thee no worse than ather Menenius does! O, my son! my son! preparing fire for us; look thee, here's quench it. I was hardly moved to come but being assured, none but myself could se, I have been blown out of your gates with od conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy ry countrymen. The good gods assuage b, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet his, who, like a block, hath denied my y, thee.

Away!

How! away?

Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs ented to others: Though I owe nge properly, my remission lies an breasts. That we have been familiar, forgetfulness shall poison, rather ty note how much.—Therefore, be gone. es against your suits are stronger, than es against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, as along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.

ould have sent it. Another word, Menenius, y bear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, y below'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st— You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Now, sir, is your name Menenius? Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You e way home again.

Do you hear how we are shent for keeping amess back?

What cause, do you think, I have to swoon? I neither care for the world, nor your : for such things as you, I can scarce think

there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, he that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old love, I have (Though I show'd scarily to him,) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only, That thought he could do more; a very little I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUM-NIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that eurt's worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows; As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volcea Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand, As if a man were author of himself, And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same, I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd, Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say, For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'th' earth;

[Kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression show Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, I kneel before thee; and unproperly Show duty, as mistaken all this while Between the child and parent.

[Kneels.

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son? Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach Phillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdring impossibility, to make,
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your re-
quest?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-
ment,

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had

Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not), on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend

To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might conder
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volce
May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; and the Ro-
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*!
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a one
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was not
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out*;
*Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me,
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak that
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man
world

More bound to his mother; yet here he
prate

Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in-
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely be-
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's u-
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, wit-
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns aw-
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pri-
Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end
This is the last;—So we will home to Rom
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, beh
This boy, that cannot tell what he would
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellow-
Does reason our petition with more streng-
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us g-
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our des-
I am hush'd until our city be asfire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mo-
[*Holding Volturnia by the hands*]

What have you done? Behold the heavens
The gods look down, and this unnatural se-
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd
If not most mortal to him. But, let it com-
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good A-
Were you in my stead; say, would you have
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, ye
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good
What peace you'll make, advise me; for I
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and p-
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! w-
Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy me-
thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Cor*]

Cor. Ay, by and by
[*To Volturnia, Virgi*]

But we will drink together; and you shall
A better witness back than words, which v-
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the sword!
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

SCENE IV.

Rome. A publick place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

See you yond' coign o'the Capitol; yond' stone?

Why, what of that?

If it be possible for you to displace it with the finger, there is some hope the ladies of especially his mother, may prevail with it, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are cut, and stay upon execution.

As possible, that so short a time can alter the lot of a man?

There is differency between a grub, and a man; yet your butterfly was a grub. This is grown from man to dragon: he has his more than a creeping thing. He lov'd his mother dearly.

So did he me: and he no more remembers her now, than an eight year old horse. The of his face sours ripe grapes. When he moves like an engine, and the ground before his treading. He is able to pierce a with his eye; talks like a knell, and his a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing Alexander. What he bids be done, is with his bidding. He wants nothing of a eternity, and a heaven to throne in. (Exit, mercy, if you report him truly.)

I paint him in the character. Mark what is mother shall bring from him: There is mercy in him, than there is milk in a ewe; that shall our poor city find: and all the gods be good unto us!

No, in such a case the gods will not be to us. When we banish'd him, we respect them: and, he returning to break our hey respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:

The senators have got your fellow-tribune, and have him up and down; all swearing, if the ladies bring not comfort home, they will give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

What's the news?

Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevailed. The tribunes are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone: the day did never yet greet Rome, since the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Friend,

Is it certain this is true? is it most certain? As certain, as I know the sun is fire: have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? I have caught an arch so hurried the blown tide, and comforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within. Sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, are in a dance. Hark you!

[Shouting again.]

This is good news: to meet the ladies. This Volumina, a tribune of consuls, senators, patricians, and all, of tribunes, such as you, and land full: You have pray'd well to-day; and, for ten thousand of your throats have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and music.]

First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next, your thankfulness.

Sir, we have all use to give great thanks.

They are near the city? Almost at point to enter.

We will meet them, p the joy. [Going.]

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome: Call all your tribes together, praise the gods, And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise, that banish'd Marcius, Repeat him with the welcome of his mother; Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!

All. Welcome, ladies! Welcome! [A flourish with drums and trumpets. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Antium. A publick place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here: Deliver them this paper: having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place; where I, Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse, The city ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction. Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general? Auf. Even so, As with a man by his own alms empoison'd, And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell; We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits A good construction. I rais'd him, and I paw'd Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd, He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery, Seducing so my friends: and, to this end, He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness, When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth; Presented to my knife his throat: I took him; Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way In all his own desires; nay, let him choose Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments In mine own person; help to reap the fame, Which he did end all his; and took some pride To do myself this wrong: till, at the last, I seem'd his follower, not partner; and He wag'd me with his countenance, as if I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So be did, my lord: The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last, When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;— For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him. At a few drops of women's rheum, which are As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour Of our great action; Therefore shall he die, And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post, And had no welcomes home; but he returns, Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,

Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear, With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,

Ere he express himself, or move the people.
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.
1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.
Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city), to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was fore'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own nation
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that
must bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
To lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False heart!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-
gart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Cor. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to
pieces, do it presently. He kill'd my son;—my
daughter;—He kill'd my cousin Marcus;—he
kill'd my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, he;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Cor. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw and kill
Coriolanus, who falls, and Aufidius stands
on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O follow.—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour
will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be
quiet;

Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:—
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury;
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.
A dead march sounded.*]





R. Westall RA.

Aug Fox sc.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Act 3. Sc. 1.

Published by W Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane, 1824.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, }
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } triumvirs, after the
 W. EMIL. LEPIDUS, } death of Julius Cæsar.
 CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; senators.
 MARCUS BRUTUS, }
 CASSIUS, }
 CASCA, } conspirators against
 TREBONIUS, } Julius Cæsar.
 LIGARIUS, }
 DECIUS BRUTUS, }
 METELLUS CIMBER, }
 CINNA, }

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.
 ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos.
 A Soothsayer.
 Cinna, a poet. Another Poet.
 LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young
 CATO, and VOLUMNIUS; friends to Brutus
 and Cassius.
 VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO,
 LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; servants to Brutus.
 PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.
 CALPHURNIA, wife to Cæsar.
 PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Some,—during a great part of the play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
 Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk
 Upon a labouring day, without the sign
 Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?
1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
 What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
1st. Cit. Sir; what trade are you?
1 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
 I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.
2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with
 a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender
 of bad souls.
Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
 knave, what trade?
1 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with
 me; yes, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.
Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me,
 thou knave, fellow?
2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.
Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?
2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the
 awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor
 women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir,
 a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great
 danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever
 trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my hand-
 y-work.
Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
 Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?
1 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get
 myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make
 holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.
Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
 he home?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
 things!
 O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
 And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Be gone;
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[Exeunt Citizens.]
 See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol:
 This way will I: Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
 You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

The same. A publick place.

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; AN-
 TONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, POR-
 TIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
 and CASCA, a great crowd following; among
 them a Soothsayer.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. *[Music ceases.]*

Cæs.
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterility.
Ant. I shall remember:
 When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Musick.*
South. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
 [*Musick ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
 Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
South. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of
 March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cæs. Fellow; come from the throng: Look upon
 Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
 again.
South. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.
 [*Señet. Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas.*
Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cæs. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
 I'll leave you.
Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
 And show of love, as I was wont to have:
 You hear too stubborn and too strange a hand
 Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
 Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
 I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
 Of late, with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
 Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
 passion;
 By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflection, by some other things.
Cæs. 'Tis just:
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,
 (Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
 Cassius,
 That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me?
Cæs. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester; if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them; or if you know,

Calphurnia,—

That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do f
 people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cæs. Ay, do you
 Then must I think you would not have it
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I lo
 well:—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long
 What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i'the other
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, Bru
 As well as I do know your outward favour
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can be
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with his shore
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, no*

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the wor
 Accoutter'd as I was, I plunged in,
 And bad him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd

Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as *Æneas*, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear; so, from the waves
 Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his to
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did

His coward lips did from their colour fly
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe'd
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their
 Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius*

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on

Cæs. Why, man, he doth bestride the
 world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fate:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: That was should be in the
 Why should that name be sounded more than mine?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed?
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble
 When went there by an age, since the gre
 But it was fam'd with more than with en
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd

That her wide walks encompass'd but one
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough
 When there is in it but one only man.

and I have heard our fathers say,
was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
a devil to keep his state in Rome,
as a king.

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
you would work me to, I have some aim:
have thought of this, and of these times,
recount hereafter; for this present,
I do not, so with love I might entreat you,
further mov'd. What you have said,
consider; what you have to say,
with patience hear; and find a time
to meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
You, my noble friend, chew upon this;
I had rather be a villager,
to repute myself a son of Rome
under these hard conditions as this time
to lay upon us.

I am glad, that my weak words
do not look but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
will, after his sour fashion, tell you
with proceeded, worthy note, to-day.
I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
a grey spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
the rest look like a chidden train:
Cæsar's cheek is pale; and Cicero
with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
have seen him in the Capitol,
cross'd in conference by some senators.
Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Antonyus.

Cæsar.

Let me have men about me that are fat;
sleaz'd men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
his face is like some wood-cutter's;
his face too much; such men are dangerous.
Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
noble Roman, and well given.
'Would he were fatter!—But I fear him not:
my name were liable to fear,
I know the man I should avoid,
as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
great observer, and he looks
through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
he dotes; Antony; he hears no music;
he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
as mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
that would be mov'd to smile at anything.
As he be never at heart's ease,
they behold a greater than themselves;
and therefore are they very dangerous.
I tell thee what is to be fear'd,
that I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
On my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
and I truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exit Cæsar and his Train. Casca stays behind.]

You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you
kill me?
Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
Cæsar looks so sad.

Why you were with him, were you not?
I should not then ask Casca what hath
chanc'd.

Why, there was a crown offer'd him:
he offer'd him, he put it by with the back
of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a
shouting.

What was the second noise for?

Why, for that too.
They shouted thrice; What was the last cry
for?

Why, for that too.

Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
as gentle as a lamb; and at every putting
the honest neighbours shouted.

Who offer'd him the crown?

Why, Antony.

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner
of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I

saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas
not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;
—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for
all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had
it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put
it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath
to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the
third time; he put it the third time by: and still
as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd
their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty
night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking
breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it
had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and
fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst
not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving
the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar
swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and
foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that;
but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag
people did not clap him, and hiss him, according
as he pleased, and displeas'd them, as they use to
do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he per-
ceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the
crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd
them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of
any occupation, if I would have taken him at
a word, I would I might go to hell among the
rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to him-
self again, he said, if he had done, or said, any
thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it
was his infirmity. Three or four venches, where
I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him
with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be
taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers,
they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look
you in the face again: But those, that understood
him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads:
but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I
could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavi-
us, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put
to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery
yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,
and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. *[Exit Casca.]*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[Exit Brutus.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threaten'ing clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave (you know him well by
sight),

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Meo, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;

Why old men, fools, and children calculate
Why all these things change, from their own
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these
To make them instruments of fear, and wa
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigions grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans no
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' eyes:
Our yoke and suzerance show us women.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak more
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly ban,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world beside
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant
Poor man! I know, he would not be a
But that he sees the Romans are but she
He were no lion, were not Romans hind
Those that with haste will make a might
Begin it with weak straws: What trash
What rubbish, and what offal, when it is
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, or
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to see
That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold my hand
Be factious for redress of all these griefs.
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As you goest farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain
New know you, Casca, I have mov'd all
Some certain of the noblest-minded Rom
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful
There is no stir, or walking in the streets:
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here com
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you
Cin. To find out you: Who's that?
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, C

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night
There's two or three of us have seen stran
Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell
Cin.

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but v
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,

Brutus may but find it; and throw this
his window: set this up with wax
old Brutus' statue: all this done,
to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
to your house. Well, I will here,
to bestow these papers as you bade me.
That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[Exit Cinna.]
Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exit.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The same. Brutus' orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

What, Lucius! ho!—
at, by the progress of the stars,
guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
did it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Call'd you, my lord?
Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
it is lighted, come and call me here.
I will, my lord. [Exit.]
It must be by his death: and, for my part,
no personal cause to spurn at him,
or the general. He would be crown'd:—
that might change his nature, there's the ques-
tion.

the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

Yes, I grant, we put a sting in him,
at his will he may do danger with.
course of greatness is, when it disjoins
us from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
not known when his affectuous sway'd
than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
ownness is young ambition's ladder,
eto the climber-upward turns his face:
been he once attains the utmost round,
as unto the ladder turns his back,
in the clouds, scorning the base degrees,
uch he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
bear no colour for the thing he is,
am it thus; that what he is, augmented,
d run to these, and these extremities:
erefore think him as a serpent's egg,
e, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous;
kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

The taper burneth in your closet, sir,
ing the window for a flint, I found
aper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure,
not lie there, when I went to bed.
Get you to bed again, it is not day.
to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
I know not, sir.
Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
I will, sir. [Exit.]

The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
so much light, that I may read by them.
[Opens the letter, and reads.]

z, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Name &c. Speak, strike, redress!
z, thou sleep'st; awake,—
insigations have been often dropp'd
e I have took them up.
Rome &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?
cessors did from the streets of Rome
arquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then
ak, and strike? O Rome! I make these pro-
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. [Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in counsel; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.

Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honours you: and every one doth wish,

You had but that opinion of yourself,

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break

here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,

That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carriages, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even-virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit;
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath strucker

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas.

But it is doubt
Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetter

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the ut-
most?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not!

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by
He, loves me well, and I have given him
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'
you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all re-
What you have said, and show yourself
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and m-
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal countenance
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but*
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no mat-
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, n-
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Where
you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morn-
Por. Nor for yours neither. You have us
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at st-
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your foot
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your sense
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my
Make me acquainted with your cause of gri-

Bru. I am not well in health, and that I'
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in
He would embrace the means to come by i-

Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go t-
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humour
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sic-
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed

SCENE II.

The same. A room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar ! Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd hut on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanish'd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;
Pierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurl'd in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions
Are to the world in general ; as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. What say the augurers ?
Cæs. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

re the vile contagion of the night ?
empt the rheumy and unpurged air
l unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
ave some sick offence within your mind,
y, by the right and virtue of my place,
t to know of : And, upon my knees,
m you, by my once commended beauty,
your vows of love, and that great vow,
did incorporate and make us one,
ou unfold to me, yourself, your half,
you are heavy ; and what men to-night
had resort to you : for here have been
ix or seven, who did hide their faces
rom darkness.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
cepted, I should know no secrets,
pertain to you ? Am I yourself,
s it were, in sort, or limitation ;
p with you at meals, comfort your bed,
alk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

r good pleasure ? If it be no more,
is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

You are my true and honourable wife ;
r to me, as are the ruddy drops
visit my sad heart.

If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I am a woman ; but, withal,
can that lord Brutus took to wife :

I am a woman ; but, withal,
can well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.

you, I am no stronger than my sex,
so father'd, and so husbanded ?

your counsels, I will not disclose them :
made strong proof of my constancy,
myself a voluntary wound

in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
not my husband's secrets ?

O ye gods,

er me worthy of this noble wife !

[Knocking within.

ark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
y and by thy bosom shall partake
crets of my heart.

engagements I will construe to thee,
character of my sad' brows :—
me with haste.

[Exit Portia.

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that, knocks ?

Here is a sick man, that would speak with
you.

Cains Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?
Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Cains,

ar a kerchief ? 'Would you were not sick !
I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
ploit worthy the name of honour.

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
on a healthful ear to hear of it.

By all the gods that Romans how before,
discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !
son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
ruffed spirit. Now bid me run.

will strive with things impossible ;
et the better of them. What's to do ?

A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

But are not some whole, that we must make
sick ?

That must we also. What it is, my Cains,
unfold to thee, as we are going
om it must be done.

Set on your foot ;

with a heart new-fr'd, I follow you,
I know not what : but it sufficeth,
Brutus leads me on.

Follow me then.

[Exeunt.

Col. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say:

And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed
sious; come not near Casca; have an eye to
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in a
men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou
immortal, look about you: Security gives
conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! *[The*

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same street,
the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, hoy, run to the senate-h
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand;

Por. I would have had thee there, and he
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might
How hard it is for women to keep counsel
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
For he went sickly forth: And take good
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, list
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither,
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, go

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth ho

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast't
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will plea
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, muc
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heel
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death
I'll get me to a place more void, and the
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterpriz
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow fa
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A group of People in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, BONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

The ides of March are come.

Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

at best leisure, this his humble suit.

O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

What, is the fellow mad!

Sirrah, give place.

What, urge you your petitions in the street?

O the Capitol.

Enter Trebonius, and the Senators rise.

I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

What enterprize, Popilius?

Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]

What said Popilius Lena?

He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.

Our purpose is discovered.

Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

What shall be done? If this be known,

our Cæsar never shall turn back,

will slay myself.

Cassius, be constant:

Lena speaks not of our purposes;

look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,

Brutus, he will mark Antony out of the way.

[Exit Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their seats.]

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

we'll presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

He is address'd: press near, and second him.

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Are we all ready? what is now amiss,

Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

Cæsar,

as Cimber throws before thy seat

our humble heart:—

[Kneeling.]

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These lowly courtesies,

fire the blood of ordinary men;

turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

to the law of children. Be not fond,

to think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

will be thaw'd from the true quality

that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet

words,

smoothed curtsies, and base spianel fawning.

Other by decree is banished;

do not bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

but strike like a cur out of my way.

Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

will he be satisfied.

Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

and more sweetly to great Cæsar's ear,

to repeal of my banish'd brother?

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

and thee, that Publius Cimber may

have an immediate freedom of repeal.

What, Brutus!

Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

and enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;

but would pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I may constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And that that constant to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cas. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cas. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing:—Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed.

But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards, of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you hear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd
hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy le
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of the
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius C

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar.
But what compact mean you to have with
Will you be prick'd in number of our friend
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but w
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Friends am I with you all, and love you all
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reas
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That, were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with
You know not what you do; Do not consen

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be m
By that which he will utter!

Bru. By your pa
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow

[*Exeunt all but*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
That I am meek and gentle with these but
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Wee to the hand that shed this costly blood
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their rug
To beg the voice and utterance of thy tongue
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they be
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of w
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's v
Cry *Haock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the ea
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome. He did receive his letters, and is coming: I will say to you by word of mouth,—

[Seeing the body.]

Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep. I see, is catching; for mine eyes, those beads of sorrow stand in thine, o water. Is thy master coming? He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Post back with speed, and tell him what such chance'd: a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, no safety for Octavius yet; see, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while; wait not back, till I have borne this coarse market-place: there shall I try, sensation, how the people take the issue of these bloody men; to the which, thou shalt discourse of Octavius of the state of things. Be true to your hand. [Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.]

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied. Then follow me, and give me audience, I pray.

Go you into the other street, and call the numbers.— That will hear me speak, let them stay here; that will follow Cassius, go with him; and such reasons shall be rendered for Cæsar's death.

I will hear Brutus speak.

I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, and generally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.]

The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence! Be patient till the last.

Countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my sake, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, as you may believe: censure me in your private places; and awake your senses, that you may see the error of my way. If there be any in this assembly, any man that loves Cæsar, to him I say, that Brutus has done Cæsar no less than his. If then that man demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, my answer is,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, nor that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar should live, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar should die, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, as I loved Cæsar, as we both loved Rome, as I loved Cæsar, as he was fortunate, I rejoice that he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune; honour for his valour, death for his ambition. Who is here so bold that would be a bondman? If any, speak; I have no offence. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him I will not be a Roman. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him I will not be a Roman. I pause for a reply.

[Several speaking at once.]
None, Brutus, none.
Then none have I offended. I have done no more hurt to you than you should do to Brutus. My name is enrolled in the Capitol: my offence not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; my offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

ANTONY and Others, with Cæsar's body.
Cæsar's body, mourned by Mark Antony: O that I had a hand in his death, shall be benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this sword; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

self, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!
1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Cit. Cæsar's better parts shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—
2 Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Cit. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, and, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech: Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony, by our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.]

1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Cit. Let him go up into the publick chair; We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 Cit. Nay, that's certain; We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil, that men do, lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault; And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it. Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest, (For Brutus is an honourable man; So are they all, all honourable men;) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says, he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal, I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause; What cause withholds you then to mourn for him? O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me; My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 Cit. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he, masters? I fear, there will be a worse come in his place.

4 Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.
Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
 read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood; you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!
Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will!
 read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; a
 seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a
 live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble *Ant.*

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him
 die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me
 you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They, that have done this deed, are honour

What private griefs they have, alas, I know
 That made them do it; they are wise, and honest

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man

That love my friend; and that they know
 That gave me public leave to speak of him

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor woe
 Action; nor utterance, nor the power of spee

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I *B*
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a to
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should mo

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspi

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear m

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you k
 what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your h
 Alas, you know not:—I must tell you the

You have forgot the will I told you of.
Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, t

the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar
 To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachm

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge h

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his
 His private arbours, and new-planted orch

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you
 And to your heirs for ever; common pleas

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Cæsar: When comes such an

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, aw

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' hou

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any
 [*Exeunt Citizens, with*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou s
 Take thou what course thou wilt!—Ho
 fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to R

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's ho

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit
 He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cass
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the
 How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Oc

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with
 And things unluckily charge my fantasy:

no will to wander forth of doors,
nothing leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. What is your name?
2. Whither are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
5. Answer every man directly.
6. Ay, and briefly.
7. Ay, and wisely.
8. Ay, and truly, you were best.
What is my name? Whither am I going?
9. I do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a
10. Or? Then to answer every man directly, and
11. wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a
12. or.
13. That's as much as to say, they are fools
14. sorry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I
15. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2 *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.
3 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
4 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
5 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
6 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
7 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck
but his name out of his heart, and turn him
going.
8 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, he!
fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all.
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some
to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same. A room in Antony's house.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated
at a table.

These many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.
Your brother too must die; Consent you,
Lepidus?
I do consent.

Prick him down, Antony.
Upon condition Publius shall not live,
is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
the will hither, and we will determine
to cut off some charge in legacies.

What, shall I find you here?
Or here, or at
[*Exit Lepidus.*]

Capitol.
This is a slight unmeritable man,
to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
three-fold world divided, he should stand
of the three to share it?

So you thought him;
look his voice who should be prick'd to die,
a black sentence and proscription.

Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
though we lay these honours on this man,
we ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
lean and sweat under the business,
led or driven, as we point the way;
having brought our treasure where we will,
take we down his load, and turn him off,
to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
graze in commons.

You may do your will;
he's a tried and valiant soldier.

So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
appoint him store of provender.
A creature that I teach to fight,
and, to stop, to run directly on;
corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
In some taste, is Lepidus but so;
must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
a ren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
onjects, arts, and imitations;
is, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
in his fashion: Do not talk of him,
as a property. And now, Octavius,
of great things.—Brutus and Cassius
crying powers: we must straight make head:
fore let our alliance be combin'd,
best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out;

let us presently go sit in council,
covert matters may be best disclos'd,
open perils surest answered.

Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
day'd about with many enemies;

And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS,
and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS
meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.
Luc. Give the word; ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*]
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
in his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash cholour?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, ye, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my life:
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you should be sorrier
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of money, which you denied:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wade
From the hard hands of peasants their vile
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a
That brought my answer back.—Brutus had
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aware of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman; at his faults obscure,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my daughter
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st
better

Than ever thou lov'd'st Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your sword
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humo
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforc'd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
When that rash humour, which my mother ga
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, hence
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
[*Noise.*]

Post. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the gen
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to the
Post. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall sta

Enter Post.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Post. For shame, you generals; what do you
Love, and be friends, as two such men should
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than
Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion

'I'll know his humour, when he knows his time: should the wars do with these jiggling fools?—hence.

Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders to lodge their companies to-night.

And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

loyally to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]

Lucius, a bowl of wine.

did not think, you could have been so angry.

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Of your philosophy you make no use, give place to accidental evils.

No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Ha! Portia?

She is dead.

How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—portable and touching loss!—

What sickness?

Impatient of my absence; grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony

made themselves so strong;—for with her death

things came;—With this she fell distract,

her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

And died so?

Even so.

O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—

I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—

We close about this taper here,

in question our necessities.

Portia, art thou gone?

No more, I pray you.—

I have here received letters,

young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

have upon us with a mighty power,

their expedition towards Philippi.

Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

With what addition?

That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,

Brutus, Antony, and Lepidus,

are to death an hundred senators.

Therein our letters do not well agree;

speak of seventy senators, that died

by proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cicero one?

Ay, Cicero is dead,

that order of proscription.—

Give your letters from your wife, my lord?

No, Messala.

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Nothing, Messala.

That, methinks, is strange.

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

No, my lord.

Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

in she is dead, and by strange manner.

Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,

Messala:

meditating that she must die once,

and patience to endure it now.

Even so great men great losses should endure.

How have as much of this in art as you,

my nature could not bear it so.

Well, to our work alive. What do you think

of Philippi presently?

do not think it good.

Your reason?

This it is:

er, that the enemy seek us:

he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a fore'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day,

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [Exit Lucius.] Fare-

well, good Messala:—

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'twixen our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch

your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants lie down.]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, if it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [Music, and a song.]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mantle upon my boy,

That plays thee music!—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou say any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudio, Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. *Clau.* Did we, my lord?

Bru.

Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Claudius.
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. *Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's hand;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank you
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up a
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourably.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
Jain'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct.

Come, Antony;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and the Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, bill
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc.

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas.

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand,
Be thou my witness, that, against my will
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows o'er
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Believe not so.

I but believe it partly;
A fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
All perils very constantly.
Even so, Lucilius.

Now, most noble Brutus,
To-day stand friendly; that we may,
In peace, lead on our days to age!
As the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
With the worst that may befall.
Lose this battle, then is this
Last time we shall speak together:
Are you then determined to do?
Even by the rule of that philosophy,
Which I did blame Cato for the death
He did give himself:—I know not how,
Find it cowardly and vile,
Of what might fall, so to prevent
Of life:—arming myself with patience,
He providence of some high powers,
Era as below.

Then, if we lose this battle,
Contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
O, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That Brutus will go bound to Rome;
I too great a mind. But this same day
I that work, the ides of March begun;
Where we shall meet again, I know not.
Our everlasting farewell take:—
And for ever, farewell, Cassius!
We shall meet again, why we shall smile;
But then this parting was well made.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
We shall meet again, we'll smile indeed;
But then this parting was well made.
Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
Die of this day's business, ere it come!
I wish, that the day will end,
And the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. The field of battle.

Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.
Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these hills
Legions on the other side: [Loud alarm.
Set on at once; for I perceive
Demeanour in Octavius' wing,
Which doth push gives them the overthrow.
Fare you well, Messala; let them all come down.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. Another part of the field.

Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.
Look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
I have to mine own turn'd enemy:
I know here of mine was turning back;
I am coward, and did take it from him.
Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
I might have some advantage on Octavius,
But he was so eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
And we by Antony are all enclosed.
[Exit.]

Enter PINDARUS.

Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Behold my tents, where I perceive the fire?
They are, my lord.
Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Hide my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
I have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here I stand; that I may rest assur'd,
If yond' troops are friend or enemy,
I will be here again, even with a thought.
[Exit.]

So, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
I am ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[Exit Pindarus.]
I breathed first: time is come round,
And here I did begin, there shall I end;

My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!
Now some light:—O, he lights too:—he's ta'en;
—and, hark!
They shout for joy. [Shout.]

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath:
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All inconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenom'd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hee you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[Exit Messala.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[Dies.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,
young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and
LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. *[Low alarms.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, wh'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomf' us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[Charges the enemy.]
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and he honour'd in his death.
1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see wh'er Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS,
STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! *[Whispers him.]*

Dar. I do such a deed!
Cl. O, Dardanius!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.
Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[Alarum still.]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you.

Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony.

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]
I pry thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all!

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

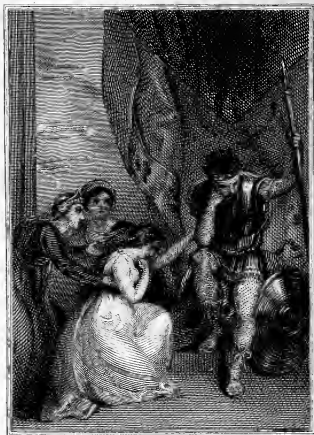
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *[Exeunt.]*





T. Stothard R.A.

Ang. Fox sc.

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.

Act 5. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Eckerling, 57 Chancery Lane, 1825.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. EMIL LEPIDUS, SEXTUS POMPEIUS, DOMITIUS ENOBARRBUS, VENTIDIUS, FROS.	} triumvirs.	MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS, TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar. CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony. SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army. An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.	} friends of Pompey.
SCARUS, BERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, HELENAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, TYREUS, GALLUS.	} friends of Antony.	ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SÆLUCUS, and DICOMEDES, attendants on Cleopatra. A Soothsayer. A Clown.	
	} friends of Cæsar.	CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt. OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony. CHARMIAN, { attendants on Cleopatra. IRAS,	

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.
Scene, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.
Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Ph. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'flows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That e'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's last. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA,
with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love! that can be
reckan'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be below'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows,
If she scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?
—Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blashest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-
gers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

And such a twain can do't, in which, I hind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their Train.*]
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a
Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, wisere's the
soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O,
that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
change his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall part when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloved, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the overflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! *Alexas*,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear *Isis*, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus*!

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where is *Alexas*?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with [Exit *Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother *Lucius*?

Mess. Ay;

But soon that war had end, and the time's stars Made friends of them, joining their force to Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant.

Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the tale.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—

Things, that are past, are done with me.—Tis that Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death.

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess.

Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian-arms

Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook, from Syria

To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess.

O, my

Ant. Speak to me home, mine not the general tongue;

Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in Rome:

Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase; and taunt my wife

With such full licence, as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth

When our quick wits lie still; and our wills to

Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From *Sicyon* how the news? Speak!

1 Att. The man from *Sicyon*.—Is there such a

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant.

Let him approach.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where did she

2 Mess. In *Sicyon*;

Her length of sickness, with what else more

Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a

Ant. Forbear

[Exit *Mess.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! *Enobarbus*!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness it is to them; it suffers our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let us die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, call her the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer motion. I do think, there is mettle in death, which does some loving act upon her, she hath such a content in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are more

ng but the finest part of pure love : We cannot
her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they
reater storms and tempests than almanacks can
: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she
s a shower of rain as well as Jove.

f. 'Would I had never seen her!
o. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonder-
e of work; which not to have been bless'd
d, would have discredit your travel.

f. Fulvia is dead.

o. Sir?

f. Fulvia is dead.

o. Fulvia?

f. Dead.

o. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacri-
When it pleaseth their deities to take the
of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors
e earth; comforting therein, that when old
are worn out, there are members to make

If there were no more women but Fulvia,
had you indeed a cut, and the case to be
ated: this grief is crowned with consolation;
old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and,
d, the tears live in an onion, that should water
sorrow.

o. The business she hath broach'd in the state,
ot endure my absence.

o. And the business you have broach'd here
ot be without you; especially that of Cleo-
's, which wholly depends on your abode.

o. No more light answers. Let our officers

notice what we purpose. I shall break
cause of our expedience to the queen,
get her love to part. For not alone

death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
strongly speak to us; but the letters too
any our contriving friends in Rome

tion us at home: Sextus Pompeius
given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
empire of the sea: our slippery people

ose love is never link'd to the deser-
his deserts are past) begin to throw
pey the great, and all his dignities,

a his son; who, high in name and power,
er than both in blood and life, stands up
the main soldier: whose quality, going on,

sides of the world may danger: Much is breeding,
ich, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
each whose place is under us, requires
quick remove from hence.

o. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

o. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

o. See where he is, who's with him, what he
does:—

d not send you;—If you find him sad,

I am dancing; if in mirth, report

I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit Alex.*]
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

do not hold the method to enforce

like from him.

o. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

o. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose
him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

o. Here comes Antony.

o. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
o. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
cannot be thus long, the sides of nature

ill not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

o. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant.

What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some
good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;

'Would, she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and

true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then;—

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven: They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier in the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant.

How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst

know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services a while; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:

Equality of two domestick powers

Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to

strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change: My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me

freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read

The garbolls she awak'd; at the last, best:

See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,

Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,

As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—

But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pry'thee, turn aside, and weep for her;

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears

Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling; and let it look

Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;

But this is not the best: Look, pry'thee, Charmian

How this Herulean Roman does become

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in Cæsar's house.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall
find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis'to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this be-
comes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontented repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Meneceates and Menas, famous pirates,

Makes the sea serve them; which they ear and
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth re-
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes in
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate thus
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
The barks of trees thou brows'd'st; on the
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i'the field; and, to that
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encoun-
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall
mean time

Of stir abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [Exit

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char.

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
My Antony is away.

Char.

You think of him
Too much.

Cleo.

O, treason!

Char.

Madam, I trust, it

Char.

Thou, sunuch! Mardian!

Mar.

What's your highness' plea

Cleo.

Not now to hear thee sing; I take no p

Char.

In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec

Mar.

Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo.

Indeed?

Mar.

Not in deed, madam; for I can do

Cleo.

But what in deed is honest to be done:

Char.

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo.

O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgoon of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old N*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches liss,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted
When thou wast here above the ground, I
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey

stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
would he anchor his aspect, and die
looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Sovereign of Egypt, hail !
How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !
ming from him, that great medicine hath
is tinct gilded thee.—
See it with my brave Mark Antony !
Last thing he did, dear queen,
'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
lent pearl ;—His speech sticks in my heart.
Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Good friend, quoth he,
le firm Roman to great Egypt sends
asure of an oyster ; at whose foot,
d the petty present, I will piece
lent throne with kingdoms ; All the east,
a, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
erly did mought a termagant steed,
sigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
astly dumb'd by him.

What, was he sad, or merry ?
Like to the time o' the year between the
xtremes
nd cold ; he was nor sad, nor merry.
O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
m, good Charmian, 'tis the man ; but note
im :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance
lay

In Egypt with his joy : but between both :
O heavenly mingle !—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days ;
When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away :
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Antonia. A room in Pompey's house.

OMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.
If the great gods be just, they shall assist
us of justest men.

Know, worthy Pompey,
as they do delay, they not deny.
Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
g we sue for.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
our own harms, which the wise powers
for our good ; so find we profit,
g of our prayers.

I shall do well :
ple love me, and the sea is mine ;
er's a crescent, and my auguring hope
will come to the full. Mark Antony
t sits at dinner, and will make
without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
er cares for him.

Cæsar and Lepidus
se field ; a mighty strength they carry.
Where have you this ? 'tis false.

From Silvius, sir.
He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome to-
ther,

for Antony : But all charms of love,
patra, soften thy wan'd lip !
hecraft join with beauty, lust with both !
he libertine in a field of feasts,
brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,
with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
p and feeding may prougue his honour,
a Lethæ dulness.—How now, Varrinus ?

Enter VARRIUS.

his is most certain that I shall deliver :
time is every hour in Rome
; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
far further travel.

I could have given less matter
ear.—Menas, I did not think,
rous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
a petty war : his soldiership
the other twain : But let us rear
er our opinion, that our stirring
t the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
c lust-wearied Antony.

Men.

I cannot hope,

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife, that's dead, did trespass to Cæsar ;
His brother war'd up on him ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
selves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and hind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rome. A room in the house of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which rombin'd us was most great, and let not

A leaner action read us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard; When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
 Touch you the soarest points with sweetest terms,
 Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
 Were we before our armies, and to fight,
 I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay,

Then—
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
 Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I
 Should say myself offended; and with you
 Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
 Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
 It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
 What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
 Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
 Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
 Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
 By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
 Made wars upon me; and their contestation
 Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
 never

Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
 And have my learning from some true reports,
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
 Discredit my authority with yours;
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,
 Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
 As matter whole you have not to make it with,
 It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
 By laying defects of judgment to me; but
 You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
 I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
 Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars,
 Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such another:
 The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
 might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
 Made out of her impatience, (which net wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
 Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
 But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
 When rioting in Alexandria; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
 He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
 I told him of myself; which was as much
 As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
 Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
 The article of your oath; which you shall never
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak;
 The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
 Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
 The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I
 them;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather
 And then, when poison'd hours had bound
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly as
 I'll play the penitent to you: but mine hon
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
 Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here.
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken
Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce ne
 The griefs between ye: to forget them qui
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Ma
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's
 the instant, you may, when you hear
 words of Pompey, return it again: you st
 time to wrangle in, when you have not
 to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no
Eno. That truth should be silent, I ha
 forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, theret
 no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stan
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter,
 The manner of his speech: for it cannot t
 We shall remain in friendship, our condit
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us staunch, from ed
 O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave,

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother
 Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
 If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
 Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me
 Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
 To make you brothers, and to knit your
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony
 Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claim
 No worse a husband than the best of me
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces
 That which none else can utter. By this
 All little jealousies, which now seem gre
 And all great fears, which now import the
 Would then be nothing: truths would b
 Where now half tales be truths: her lo
 Would, each to other, and all loves to b
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have s
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is i
 If I would say, Agrippa, be it so,
 To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shov
 Dream of impediment!—Let me have t
 Further this act of grace; and, from thi
 The heart of brothers govern in our lov
 And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no broth
 Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
 To join our kingdoms; and our hearts;
 Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, ame
Ant. I did not think to draw my sw
 Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and
 Of late upon me: I must thank him on
 Least my remembrance suffer ill report;

of that, defy him.

Time calls upon us:
most Pompey presently be sought,
so he seeks out us.

About the Mount Misenum.
And where lies he?

What's his strength
Great, and increasing: but by sea
an absolute master.

So is the fame.
I had spoke together! Haste we for it:
we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
business we have talk'd of.

With most gladness;
to invite you to my sister's view,
rather straight I will lead you.

Let us, Lepidus,
seek your company.

Noble Antony,
weakness should detain me.

[Flourish. *Exeunt Cæs. Ant. and Lep.*
c. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!
honourable friend, Agrippa!—
Good Enobarbus!

c. We have cause to be glad that matters are
digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
and made the night light with drinking.

c. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
more monstrous matter of feast, which wor-
deserved noting.

c. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
to her.

When she first met Mark Antony, she
d up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter
d well for her.

I will tell you:
large she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
d on the water: the poop was beaten gold;

the sails, and so perfumed, that
winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;

h to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
water, which they beat, to follow faster,
sorrow of their strokes. For her own person,
gar'd all description: she did lie
pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)

picturing that Venus, where we see,
ancy out-work nature: on each side her,
pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
ow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
what they undid, did.

O, rare for Antony!

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
any mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
made their bends adornings: at the helm
ming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
yarely frame the office. From the barge
ange invisible perfume hits the sense
e adjacent wharfs. The city cast
people out upon her; and Antony,
son'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
tling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
goe to gaze on Cleopatra too,
made a gap in nature.

Rare Egyptian!

o. Upon her landing, Antony seat to her,
ed her to supper: she replied,
ould be better, he became her guest;

th she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
ma ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,
y barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
for his ordinary, pays his heart,
what his eyes eat only.

Royal wench!
made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
ough'd her, and she cropp'd.

I saw her once
fifty paces through the publick street:

And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agg. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Cæsar's house.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between
them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*
Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence,
nor you

Thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—
[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I'th' east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten

3 D

Your generals after.

Ag. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en hut kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The musick, he!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah,
mark; We use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon but yet:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prythes, frie
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and had together: He's friends with
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Ch

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
[Strikes hi

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—
[Strikes hi

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head
[She hates him up an

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and st

brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious ma

I, that do bring the news, made not the r

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will g

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow th

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to r

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, mad

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[Draws a

Mess. Nay, then I

What mean you, madam? I have made n

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thund

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatur

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave agai

Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not har

These hands do lack nobility, that they a

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—Come hithe

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news: Give to a gracious m

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tel

Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done r

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, m

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost th

there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would th

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and r

A cistern for seal'd snakes! Go, get thee l

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is m

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not off

To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems much unequal: He is married to

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a

thee,

That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of

thee hence:

The merchandise, which thou hast brou

Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon th

And be undone by 'em! [Exit M

Char. Good your highness,

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid fo

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matte

the fellow, good Alexas; hid him
the feature of Octavia, her years,
lination, let him not leave out
our of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit Alexas.]

For ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,
he he painted one way like a Gorgon,
way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[To Mardian.]

Word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with
and trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, LEPI-
ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MÆCENAS,
soldiers marching.

Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
shall talk before we fight.

Most meet,

at we come to words; and therefore have we
ten purposes before us sent;
if thou hast consider'd, let us know
die up thy discountented sword;
try back to Sicily much tall youth,
we must perish here.

To you all three,
ators alone of this great world,
ctors for the gods,—I do not know,
ore my father should revengers want,
a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Phillippi the good Brutus ghosted,
aw you labouring for him. What was it,
y'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
e all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
e arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
ch the Capitol; but that they would
e man but a man? And that is it,
ade me rig my navy; at whose burden
ger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
rge the ingratitude, that despiteful Rome
my noble father.

Take your time.

Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sils, speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
uch we do o'er-count thee.

At land, indeed,
st o'er-count me of my father's house:
see the cuckoo builds not for himself,
in't as thou mayst.

Be pleas'd to tell us,
s is from the present,) how you take
s we have sent you.

There's the point.
Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
t is worth embrac'd.

And what may follow,
a larger fortune.

You have made me offer
y, Sardinia; and I must
the sea of pirates; then, to send
s of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
with unhack'd edges, and bear back
go undinted.

Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Know then,
before you here, a man prepar'd
this offer: But Mark Antony
to some impatience:—Though I lose
use of it by telling, You must know,
Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
other came to Sicily, and did find
beome friendly.

I have heard it, Pompey;
I well studied for a liberal thanks,
I do owe you.

Let me have your hand:
ot think, sir, to have met you here.
The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to
ou,
ill'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
ave gain'd by it.

Cæs.

Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and
let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,

Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,

When you have well deserv'd ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus,

Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made

this treaty.—[Aside.]—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man, that will praise me:

though it cannot be denied what I have done by

land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own

safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give

me your hand, Menas! If our eyes had authority,

here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoever their

hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true

face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a

drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his

fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for

Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to

Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Mar-

cellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I

would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made

more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very stranger of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's galley, lying near Misenum.

Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man: Some of their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i'the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move into, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENO BARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To Cæsar.*] They take the flow o'the Nile

By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know, By'the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or foison, follow: The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.— This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, I Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd? *Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The *Men.* [Rises, and walks

Men. I have ever held my cap off to toy fort

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much

What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

These quick-sands, Lepidus Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world? twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it Although thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from th Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which

Men. These three world-sharers, these comp Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villain In thee, it had been good service. Thou must 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine hone Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tong Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done un I should have found it afterwards well done But must condemn it now. Desist, and dr

Men. For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.— Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to L

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it f Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, w

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who can Lepidus.*]

Men. Why!

Eno. H

The third part of the world, man; See'st? *Men.* The third part then is drunk: 'W were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian seas *Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vess Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it. It's monstrous labour, when I wash my bra And it grows foul.

Ant. Be a child o'the time

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: hu rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in *Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchan And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good

Ant. Come, let us all take hands: Till that the conquering wine hath etee sense

In soft and delicate Lethæ.

Eno. All take hands Make battery to our ears with the loud man: The while, I'll place you: Then the bo sing;

The holding every man shall hear, as loud As his strong sides can volley.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus pla hand in hand.*]

SONG.

ne, thou monarch of the vine,
 mpy Bacchus, with pink eyne ;
 thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
 ah thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
 p us, till the world go round ;
 p us, till the world go round !

What would you more?—Pompey, good
 ight. Good brother,
 request you off: our graver business
 at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
 we have hurt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
 er than the wine; and mine own tongue
 hat it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
 us all. What needs more words? Good
 ight.—
 antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,
 You have my father's house,—But what! we are
 friends:
 Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
 [*Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Ant. and Attend.*]
 Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—
 These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
 Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell!
 To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,
 sound out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]
Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain!
 Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A plain in Syria.

VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SI-
 S, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers;
 ad body of Pacorus borne before him.

Now darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
 low
 Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
 re-renger.—Bear the king's son's body
 our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
 his for Marcus Crassus.

Noble Ventidius,
 yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
 ritive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
 stamia, and the shelters whither
 used fly: so thy grand captain Antony
 et thee on triumphant chariots, and
 stands on thy head.

O Silius, Silius,
 done enough: a lower place, note well,
 ke too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
 leave undone, than by our deed acquire
 gh a fame, when him we serve's away.
 and Antony, have ever won
 o their officer, than person: Sossius,
 y place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 ick accumulation of renown,
 he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 oes it the wars more than his captain can,
 es his captain's captain: and ambition,
 ddier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 ain, which darkens him.
 I do more to do Antonius good,
 would offend him; and in his offence
 I my performance perish.

Thou hast, Ventidius,
 without which a soldier, and his sword,
 scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
 I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 magical word of war, we have effected;
 with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
 c'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 ave jaded out o'the field.

Where is he now?
 He purposeth to Athens: whither with
 what haste
 ight we must convey; with us will permit,
 shall appear before him.—On, there; pass
 along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. An antechamber in Cæsar's house.

AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

What, are the brothers parted?
 They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is
 gone;
 ther three are sealing. Octavia weeps
 ut from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
 Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
 the green sickness.

'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar! How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—
 go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent
 praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves
 Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
 cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
 To Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

So,— [*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and
 OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

Between us, as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter

The fortress of it: for better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;

The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house;

and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down

feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,

And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to Agrippa.*]

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse!

So is he, being a man.

Ant. Why, Enocharbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a

rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:

Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*]

Ant. Farewell! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,

But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head

I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,

Through whom I might command it.—Come thou

near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold

Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,

or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good;—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and

dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,

or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,

They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead is as low

As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Mess.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much.

That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by

This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, ma

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty,

should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else def

And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,

Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to:

Where I will write: All may be well enough

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—

That were excusable, that, and thousands more

Of semblable import,—but he hath wagg'd

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will

read it

To publick ear;

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He vented them: most narrow measure lent

When the best hint was given him, he not to

Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,

Believe not all; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts:

And the good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray, O, bless my lord and hu

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

O, bless my brother! Husband win, win be

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, while

Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,

I lose myself: better I were not yours,

Than yours so branchless. But, as you requi

Yourself shall go between us: The mean time

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest

So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lo

The Jove of power make me most weak, most

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain wo

As if the world should cleave, and that stain

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this

Turn your displeasure that way; for our fat

Can never be so equal, that your love

Can equally move with them. Provide your

Choose your own company, and command w

Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeti

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made war

Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him

wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him r

would not let him partake in the glory of the

and not resting here, accuses him of letters

formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own

seizes him: so the poor third is up, till dea

large his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of shi

more;

And throw between them all the food thou

They'll grind the one the other. Where's A

He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
 sh that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
 treats the throat of that his officer,
 murder'd Pompey.

Our great navy's rigged.
 For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
 d desires you presently: my news
 t have told hereafter.

'Twill be naught:
 it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Come, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Rome. A room in Cæsar's house.

CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.

Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
 And more;

andria,—here's the manner of it,—
 market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
 tra and himself in chairs of gold
 publicly enthrou'd: 'at the feet, sat
 on, whom they call my father's son;
 l the unlawful issue, that their lust
 hea hath made between them. Unto her
 he the 'establishment of Egypt; made her
 er Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
 to queen.

This in the publick eye?
 I'the common show-place, where they ex-
 ercise.

as he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
 Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 e to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
 Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
 habiliments of the goddess Isis
 ay appear'd: and oft before gave audience,
 reported, so.

Let Rome be thus
 d.

Who, queasy with his insolence
 y, will their good thoughts call from him.
 The people know it; and have now receiv'd
 consultations.

Whom does he accuse?
 Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
 Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
 at o'the isle: then does he say, he lent me
 shipping unstor'd: lastly, he frets,
 epiidus of the triumvirate
 be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
 revenue.

Sir, this should be answer'd.
 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
 told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
 e his high authority abus'd,
 d deserve his change: for what I have con-
 quer'd,
 : him part; but then, in his Armenia,
 her of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
 d the like.

He'll never yield to that.
 Nor most not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
 Cæsar!

That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
 You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
 come not

Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
 have an army for an usher, and
 ighs of horse to tell of her approach,
 ve she did appear: the trees by the way
 have borne men; and expectation fainted,
 g for what it had not: nay, the dust
 have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 by your populous troops: But you are come
 wet-maid to Rome; and have prevented
 tent of our love, which, left unshown
 a left unlov'd: we should have met you
 , and land; supplying every stage
 n augmented greeting.

Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 Ou my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
 My grieved ear withal; whereon, I hegg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
 Being an obstruct 'twixen his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.
 Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wrouged sister; Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
 Up to a whore; who now are levying
 The kings o'the earth for war: He hath assembled
 Boechus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
 King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
 The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a
 More larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
 That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
 Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off;
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
 Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forsok me in these wars;
 And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should
 not we
 Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply:—
 If we should serve with horse and mares together,
 The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
 A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
 time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
 Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
 That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
 Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot.
 That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,
 And, as the president of my kingdom, will
 Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
 I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:

Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
 That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,

He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingress'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptian,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeus,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguill'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and
throes forth,
Each minute, some. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

A plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep wh
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. *[Exit.]*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on you's side o'the

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exit.]*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land
one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the
tenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their
in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alaram. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can b
no longer:

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and godd
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy pay
Scar. The greater cante of the world is lo
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence
Where death is sure. You' ribald-rid nag of
Whom leprosy o'ertake i'the midst o'the fight
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The hrize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mi
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting m
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of bre
And sinks most lamentably. Had our gens
Been what he knew himself, it had gone w
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why the
night
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fle
Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will at
What farther comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I ren
My legions, and my horse; six kings alrea
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet foll
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no mor
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a shi
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly!

Ant. I have fled myself; and have i
cowards

To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,

has no need of you; be gone:
 measure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
 w'd that I blush to look upon:
 thy hairs do mutiny; for the white
 are the brown for rashness, and they them
 are and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
 letters from me to some friends, that will
 your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 take replies of loathness: take the hint
 my despair proclaims; let that be left
 leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
 possess you of that ship and treasure.
 me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
 to so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
 ere I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.
 Do, most dear queen.
 Do! Why, what else?
 Let me sit down. O Juno!
 No, no, no, no, no.
 See you here, sir?
 O fie, fie, fie.
 Madam,—
 Madam; O good empress!—
 Sir, sir,—
 Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
 word even like a dancer; while I struck
 an and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
 he mad Brutus ended: he alone
 on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.
 Ah, stand by.
 The queen, my lord, the queen.
 Go to him, madam, speak to him;
 unqualified with very shame.
 Well then,—Sustain me:—O!
 Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
 and's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
 comfort makes the rescue.
 I have offended reputation;
 ; un noble swerving.

Sir, the queen.
 O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
 convey my shame out of thine eyes
 king back on what I have left behind
 d in dishonour.

O my lord, my lord!
 e my fearful salls! I little thought,
 ould have follow'd.

Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
 art was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
 as shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
 ll supremacy thou knew'st; and that
 ek might from the bidding of the gods
 and me.

O, my pardon. Now I must
 young man send humble treaties, dodge
 iter in the shifts of levness; who
 half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
 g, and marrying fortunes. You did know,
 each you were my conqueror; and that
 wd, made weak by my affection, would
 t on all cause.

O pardon, pardon.
 Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
 it is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
 his repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
 some back!—Love, I am full of lead:—
 wise, within there, and our viands:—For-
 tune knows,
 om her most, when most she offers blows.

[Exit.]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's camp, in Egypt.

CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS,
 and Others.

Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
 you him?

Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
 ment that he is pluck'd, when hither

He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
 I was of late as petty to his ends,
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
 To this grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
 He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens: This for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there: This if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Ambassador.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time! Despatch;
 From Antony via Cleopatra: promise, [To Thyreus].
 And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 From thine invention, offers: women are not,
 In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains; which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What although you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question: 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen
 Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
 Us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which the world should

note
 Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon

As i'th' command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[Exit Antony and Ambassador.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show, Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them, To suffer all alike. That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdn'd His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony!—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose, That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[Aside.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make Our faith mere folly: Yet, he, that can endure To follow with allegiance a fallen lord, Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None hut friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has; Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know, Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats, Not to consider in what case thou stand'st, Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he Does pity, as constrained blemishes, Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded, But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, *[Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky, That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quit thee. *[Exit Enobarbus.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar What you require of him? for he partly begs To be desir'd to give. It much would please him, That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits, To hear from me you had left Antony, And put yourself under his shroud, The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel: Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course. Wisdom and fortune combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in, Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried, Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp, Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find the So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellow Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whip
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exit Attendant with Thyreus.]
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha! Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawful race, And by a gem of women, to be abus'd By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard, (O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments; we Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter he Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure, Though you can guess what temperance should You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this
Ant. To let a fellow that will take reward And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with My playfellow, your hand; this kindly seal, And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar The horned herd! for I have savage cause; And to proclaim it civilly, were like A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he? *2 Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee, Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say He makes me angry with him: for he seem Proud and disdainful; harping on what I a Not what he knew I was: He makes me as And at this time most easy 'tis to do't; When my good stars, that were my former, Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fire Into the abism of hell. If he mislike My speech, and what is done; tell him, he Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, who He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou: Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *[Exit T.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrour Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me
Ant. Cold-hearted towards me?

my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
poison it in the source; and the first stone
in my neck: as it determines, so
ve my life! The next Caesarion smite!
y degrees, the memory of my womb,
er with my brave Egyptians all,
e discarding of this pelleted storm,
aveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
buried them for prey!

I am satisfied.
sits down in Alexandria; where
oppose his fate. Our force by land
oebly held; our sever'd navy too
dit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
s hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?

In the field I shall return once more
s these lips, I will appear in blood;
my sword will earn our chronicle:
is hope in it yet.

That's my brave lord!
ght maliciously: for when mine hours
nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,

And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day!
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's camp at Alexandria.

*CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA,
MÆCENAS, and Others.*

He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
t me out of Egypt: my messenger
h whip'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
many other ways to die; mean time,
at his challenge.

Cæsar must think,
one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
o falling. Give him no breath, but now
out of his distraction: Never anger
good guard for itself.

Let our best heads
that to-morrow the last of many battles
an to fight:—Within our files there are
e that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
e to fetch him in. See it be done;
ast the army: we have store to do't,
ey have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBAR-
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and
s.

He will not fight with me, Domitius. No.

Why should he not?
ie thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
wenty men to one.

To-morrow, soldier,
and land I'll fight: or I will live,
ie my dying honour in the blood
ake it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Well said; come on.—
th my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

needs at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
ast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
e,—and thou,—and thou!—you have serv'd
ie well,
igs have been your fellows.

What means this?
'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
roots [*Aside.*
he mind,

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the
day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.
 [The first two place themselves at their posts.]
 4 Sold. Here we: [They take their posts.] and if
 to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
 And full of purpose.
 [Musick of hautboys under the stage.]

4 Sold. Peace, what noise?
 1 Sold. List, list!
 2 Sold. Hark!
 1 Sold. Musick i'the air.
 3 Sold. Under the earth.
 4 Sold. It signs well,

Does't not?
 3 Sold. No.
 1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should
 this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
 Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
 Do hear what we do. [They advance to another post.]
 2 Sold. How now, masters?

Sold. How now?
 How now? do you hear this?

[Several speaking together.]
 1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
 Let's see bow't will give off:

Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis strange.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and Others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.
 Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
 Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—
 If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
 Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
 What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
 The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
 We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?
 Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.
 Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
 He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
 Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,
 That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew't

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
 Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love, we rise betime,
 And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
 Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
 And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
 This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
 So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
 This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [Kisses her.]

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechaick compliment; I'll leave
 Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will
 Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and
 Char. Please you, retire to your chamber
 Cleo.]

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
 Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Antony's camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and
 a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
 Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars
 prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done
 The kings that have revolted, and the sold:
 That has this morning left thee, would have
 Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this mornin'
 Sold.

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
 He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's
 Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou
 Sold.

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and
 He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?
 Sold.

Most
 Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after;
 Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
 (I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greet
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master.—O, my fortunes ha'
 Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch.

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA
 BARBUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the
 Our will is, Antony be took alive;
 Make it so known.

Ag. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit
 Cæs. The time of universal peace is ne
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-roc
 Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
 Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
 Plant those that have revolted in the va
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury
 Upon himself. [Exeunt Cæsar and
 Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to
 On affairs of Antony; there did persuad
 Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar
 And leave his master Antony: for this
 Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and
 That fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable trust. I have done ill;
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus,
 Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, w
 His bounty overplus: The messenger
 Came on my guard; and at thy tent is
 Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, En
 I tell you true: Best that you safd'
 Out of the host; I must attend mine of
 Or would have done't myself. Your em
 Continues still a Jove. [Exit
 Eno. I am alone the villain of the ear
 And feel I am so most. O Antony,

mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
 ester service, when my turpitude
 dost so crown with gold? This blews my heart:
 it thought break it not, a swifter mean
 (to strike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
 against thee!—No: I will go seek
 dich, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
 ater part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the camps.

Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,
 and Others.

Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
 himself has work, and our oppression
 eds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, wounded.

O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
 we done so at first, we had driven them home
 clouts about their heads.

Thou bleed'st apace.
 I had a wound here that was like a T,
 now 'tis made an H.

They do retire.
 We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
 a for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
 a fair victory.

Let us score their backs,
 smatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
 sport to maul a runner.

I will reward thee
 for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
 thy good valour. Come thee on.

I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS,
 and Forces.

We have beat him to his camp: Run one
 before,
 let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
 the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
 has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
 danghty-handed are you; and have fought
 as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
 man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
 the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
 in the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
 [To Scarus.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

his great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 her thanks bless thee.—O thou dayo'the world,
 in mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 ough proof of harness to my heart, and there
 on the pants triumphing.

Lord of lords!
 finite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 world's great snare uncaught?

My nightingale,
 have beat them to their beds. What, girl?

though grey
 something mingle with our brown; yet have we
 rain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 uend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
 t it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
 a god, in hate of mankind, had
 troy'd in such a shape.

I'll give thee, friend,
 armour all of gold; it was a king's.
 at. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled.
 a holy Phœbus' ear.—Give me thy hand;—
 ough Alexandria make a jolly march;
 our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
 our great palace the capacity

To camp this host, we all would sup together;
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mangle with our rattling tabourines;
 That, heaven and earth may strike their sounds
 together,
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

I Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard: The night
 Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i'the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
 A shrewd one to us.

O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou-blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repeat!—

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
 O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

2 Sold. Let's speak

To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleeping.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raght him.

Hark, the drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
 Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X.

Between the two camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces,
 marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;

We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city,

Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;

They have put forth the havea: Further on,

Where their appointment we may best discover,

And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force

Is forth to man his gallees. To the vales,

And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd; Where yonder pine

doth stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word

Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, he gone.

[Exit Scarus.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this!—The hearts,
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avant.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poorst diminutives, to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. *[Exit Cleo.]* 'Tis well
thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! *[Exit.]*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XII.

The same. Another room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet beheld'st me?

Eros.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's drago
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even
thought,
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy capt
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave,
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd un
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lad

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

No, An
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mi
With thine entirely.

Ant.

Hence, saucy eunuch;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the dea
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but
And that she hath discharg'd: What thou w
do,

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd li
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Dead then?

Mar.

Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hen
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck
[Exit M.]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave my
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace—
No more a soldier:—Braised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a w
[Exit.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for a
All length is torture:—Since the torch is o
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all li
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangle
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is c
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay f
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand i
And with our spritely port make the ghosts
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, E

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant.

Since Cleopat
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the god
Detest my baseness. I, that with my swor
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art swor
That, when the exigent should come, (which
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros.

The gods withhold

do that, which all the Parthian darts,
enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Eros,
if thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
ster thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
rigible neck, his face subdued
trative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
mate Caesar, drawn before him, braided
ness that ensued?

I would not see't.
Come then; for with a wound I must be
ar'd.
But thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
useful for thy country.

O, sir, pardon me.
When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
of then
his when I bade thee? Do it at once;
precedent services are all
idents unparpos'd. Draw, and come.
Turn from me then that noble countenance,
in the worship of the whole world lies.
Lo thee. [Turning from him.

My sword is drawn. Then let it do at once
ag why thou hast drawn it.

My dear master,
tain, and my emperor! let me say,
I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
'Tis said, man;—and farewell.
Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Now, Eros.
Why, there then:—[Falls on his sword.]
'Tis do I escape the sorrow,
my's death. [Dies.

Thrice nobler than myself!
I beseech me, O valiant Eros, what
I, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
by their brave instruction, got upon me
ness in record: But I will be
groom in my death, and run into't
lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
ster dies thy scholar; to do thus
[Falling on his sword.

I of thee. How! not yet dead! not dead!—
ard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

What's the noise?
I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end
I have begun.

The star is fallen.
And time is at his period.

Alas, and woe!
Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

Not I.
Nor I.
Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.
Thy death and fortunes hid thy followers fly,
ord but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,
ster me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Where's Antony?

There, Diomed, there.
Lives he?

Do not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas.
Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
g strokes for death.

Most absolute lord,
tress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
When did she send thee?

Now, my lord.
Where is she?

Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
phesying fear

a hath come to pass: for when she saw
never shall be found, you did suspect
I dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage
not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
lead;

aring since how it might work, hath sent
reclaim the truth; and I am come,
, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard,
I pry'thee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

I Guard. Woe are we, sir, you may not live to
wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt, bearing Antony.

SCENE XIII.

The same. A monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great.

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out of the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here imp'rtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord; pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall

Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—

Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen!

Of Caesar seek your honour with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me: None about Caesar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust; None about Caesar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end, Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts, In feeding them with those my former fortunes Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world; The noblest: and do now not basely die, Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going; I can no more. [Dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die? Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide In this dull world, which in thy absence is No better than a sty?—O, see, my women, The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—O, wither'd is the garland of the war, The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,

Are level now with men: the odds is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras.

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras.

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; an

manded
By such poor passion as the maid that mil
And does the meanest chares.—It were for
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods
To tell them, that this world did equal the
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but
Patience is sotchish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us!—How do you,
What, what? good cheer! why, how now
man?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! lo!
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good si
heart:— [To the Gaa

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no f
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Anton

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield; Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Dolabella.]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas; Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke, He was my master; and I wore my life, To spend upon his haters: If thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him, I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not, I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack: The round world should have shook

Lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony Is not a single doom; in the name lay A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar; Not by a publick minister of justice, Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand, Which writ his honour in the acts it did, Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it, Splitted the heart.—This is his sword, I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends? The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings To wash the eyes kings.

Agr. And strange it is, That nature must compel us to lament Our most persisted deeds.

Mac. His taints and honours Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mac. When such a spacious mirror's in him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs.

O Antony! I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce Have shown to thee such a declining day Or look on thine; we could not stall together In the whole world: But yet let me lam With tears as sovereign as the blood of h That thou, my brother, my competitor In top of all design, my mate in empire, Friend and companion in the front of war The arm of mine own body, and the heat Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that Unreconciliable, should divide Our equalness to this. Hear me, good fri But I will tell you at some meeter season

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of his We'll hear him what he says. Whence

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my Confin'd in all she has, her monument, Of thy intents desires instruction; That she prepartly may frame herself To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have go She soon shall know of us, by some of us How honourable and how kindly we Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and We purpose her no shame: give her what The quality of her passion shall require; Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal at She do defeat us: for her life in Rome Would be eternal in our triumph: Go, And, with your speediest, bring us what And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit P

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's I To second Proculeius? [Exit

Agr. Mac. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember no How he's employ'd; he shall in time be: Go with me to my tent; where you shall How hardly I was drawn into this war; How calm and gentle I proceeded still In all my writings:—Go with me, and s What I can show in this.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A room in the monument.

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

1. My desolation does begin to make
 (er life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
 sing fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
 sister of her will; And it is great
 that thing that ends all other deeds;
 h shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 h sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
 eggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

2. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt
 bids thee study on what fair demands
 mean'st to have him grant thee.

3. *[Within.]* What's thy name?

4. My name is Proculeius.
 5. *[Within.]* Antony
 all me of you, bade me trust you; but
 not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
 have no use for trusting. If your master
 d have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
 majesty, to keep decorum, must
 as beg than a kingdom: if he please
 ve me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 ves me so much of mine own, as I
 kneel to him with thanks.

6. Be of good cheer;
 we fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
 your full reference freely to my lord,
 is so full of grace, that it flows over
 d that need: Let me report to him
 sweet dependancy; and you shall find
 queror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
 to be for grace is kneel'd to.

7. *[Within.]* Pray you, tell him
 his fortune's vassal, and I send him
 greatness he has got. I hourly learn
 rime of obedience; and would gladly
 him 't' the face.

8. This I'll report, dear lady.
 comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitted
 m, that caus'd it.

9. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
*[Here Proculeius, and two of the Guard,
 ascend the monument by a ladder placed
 against a window, and having descended,
 come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard
 unbar and open the gates.]*

10. Enter till Cæsar come.

[To Proculeius and the Guard. Exit Gallus.]

11. Royal queen!

12. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

13. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.]

14. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[Seizes und disarms her.]

15. Do yourself such wrong, who are in this

16. 'd, but not betray'd.

17. What, of death too,

18. rids our dogs of languish?

19. Cleopatra,

20. do not abuse my master's bounty by

21. undoing of yourself: let the world see

22. nobleness well acted, which your death

23. never let come forth.

24. Where art thou, death?

25. Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen

26. with many babes and beggars!

27. O, temperance, lady!

28. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

29. he talk will once be necessary.

30. Do not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin

31. Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I

32. do not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

33. once be chastis'd with the sober eye

34. all Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,

35. show me to the shouting varletry

36. snaring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

37. gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud

38. me stark naked, and let the water-flies

39. me into abhorring! rather make

My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: he gentle to her.—
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To Cleopatra.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exit Proculeius and Soldiers.]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein

stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and

lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm

Crested the world: his voice was propertied

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,

That grew the more by reaping: His delights

Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in: In his livery

Walk'd crows, and crownets; realms and islands

were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were one such,

It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:

Your loss is as yourself, great: and you bear it

As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,

By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots

My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;

I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆ-

CENAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen

Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[Cleopatra kneels.]

Cæs. Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce;
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis
yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my
lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?

thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain,
dog!

O rarely base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immortal toys, things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To Seleucus.]
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a
man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[Exit Seleucus.]
Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no,
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and eat
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: A
[Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.]
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, but
should not

Be noble to myself: but bark thee, Charmian
[Whispers Charmian.]
Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.
Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [Exit Charmian.]
Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days
You with your children will he send before—
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dol.]
Iras. What think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers,
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breath
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald r
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I'the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's t
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go f
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch into
And, when thou hast done this charge, I
these leave

To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crowns
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit Iras. A noise

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural
That will not be denied your highness' pre
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an ins
[Exit

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting mo
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a
Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit

hou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
ills and pains not?

m. Truly I have him: but I would not be
ry that should desire you to touch him, for
ing is immortal; those, that do die of it, do
a or never recover.

Remember'st thou any that have died on't?
m. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of them no longer than yesterday: a very
woman, but something given to lie; as a
a should not do, but in the way of honesty:
he died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,
ly, she makes a very good report o'the worm:
e that will believe all that they say, shall
be saved by half that they do: But this is
allible, the worm's an odd worm.

. Get thee hence; farewell.

m. I wish you all joy of the worm.

. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

ew. You must think this, look you, that the
will do his kind.

. Ay, ay; farewell.

m. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted,
e keeping of wise people; for, indeed,
is no goodness in the worm.

. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

ew. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you,
is not worth the feeding.

. Will it eat me?

ew. You must not think I am so simple, but
the devil himself would not eat a woman:
r, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the
dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-
vils do the gods great harm in their women;
every ten that they make, the devils mar

. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

ew. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
ortal longings in me: Now no more
rice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
y call; I see him rouse himself
aise my noble act; I hear him mock
uck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
use their after wrath: Husband, I come:
to that name my courage prove my title!
fire, and air; my other elements
to baser life.—So,—have you done?
then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
vell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?

m. and nature can so gently part,
stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
th hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
is thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
not worth leave-taking.

v. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
gods themselves do weep!

. This proves me base:

e first meet the curled Antony,
make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
th is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate

th at once untie: poor venomous fool,

agry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!

I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass

sicid!

v. O eastern star!

. Peace, peace!

thou not see my baby at my breast,

sucks the nurse a sleep?

v. O, break! O, break!

v. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]

What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*]

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;

And golden Phoebus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's

beguill'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—

call him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is

this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess,

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ab, soldier! [*Dies.*]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;

That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her

figs;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:

The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-

leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,

That so she died; for her physician tells me,

She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;

And bear her women from the monument:—

She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them: and their story is

No less in pity, than his glory, which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,

In solemn show, attend this funeral;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]



CYMBELINE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
 CLOTEN, son to the queen by a former husband.
 LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
 BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
 GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised
 ARVIRAGUS, } under the names of Polydore
 and Cadwal, supposed sons
 to Belarius.
 PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
 IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
 CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
 A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.
 PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
 CORNELIUS, a physician.
 Two Gentlemen.
 Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
 IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
 HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene,—sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

*Britain. The garden behind Cymbeline's palace.
 Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 Gent. You do not meet a man, but frowns :
 our bloods
 No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;
 Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter ?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
 He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
 That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
 Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : She's wedded ;
 Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
 Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king
 Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king ?

1 Gent. He, that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,
 That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
 Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so ?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a
 thing

Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
 (I mean, that married her,—alack, good man !—
 And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one like her, there would be something falling
 In him that should compare. I do not think,
 So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
 Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself ;
 Crush him together, rather than unfold
 His measure duly.

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth ?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root : His father
 Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
 Against the Romans, with Cassibelian ;
 But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
 So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons ; who, in the wars o' the time,
 Died with their swords in hand ; for which their
 father

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
 That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd

As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection ; calls him Posthumus ;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ; and
 In his spring became a harvest : Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd ;
 A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them ; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards : to his mistresses,
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king ?

1 Gent. His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your bearing
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I'the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in know-
 ledge

Which way they went.
2 Gent. How long is this ago ?
1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so con-
 vey'd !

So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them !

1 Gent. Howsoever 'tis strange
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.
1 Gent. We must forbear : Here comes the gen-
 tleman,

The queen, and princess. [Enter]

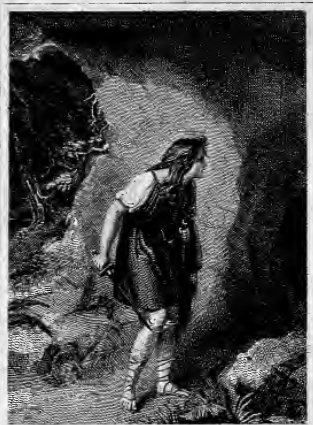
SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me
 daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,



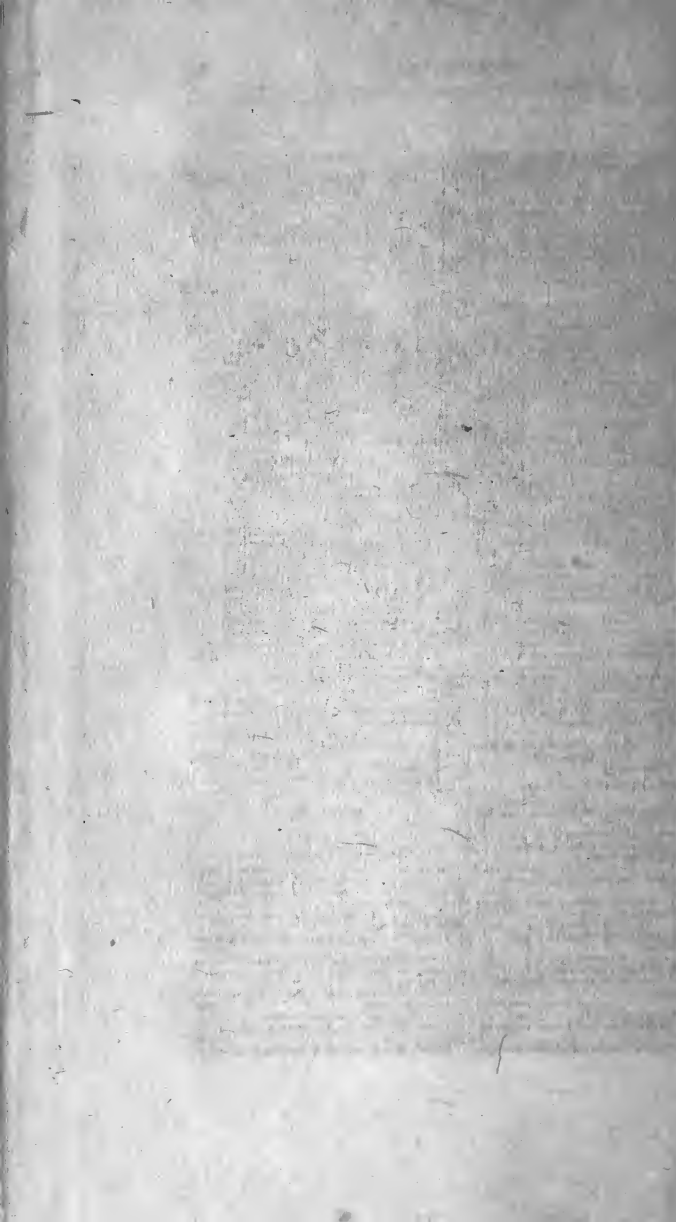
R. Westall R.A.

T. White sc.

CYMBELINE.

Act 3 Sc. 6.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane. 1825.



You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll watch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
With chary'd you should not speak together.

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
While the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The leathoosa to depart would grow: Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to stir yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another!—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And wear up my embracements from a next
With heads of death!—Remain, remain thou here

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
You your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. [Putting a bracelet on her arm.
O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
sight!
E'er this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
Thou shouldst repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am useless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Fast grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my
queen!
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overlays me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would
I were

A neatherd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.
Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace:—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?
Pis. My lord your son draw on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A publick place.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sa-
crifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's
a noose abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience.
[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his hody's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if
it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o'the
backside the town. [*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.
2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of

your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!

Cló. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Cló. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Cló. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Cló. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Cló. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord.

SCENE IV.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, His queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd

them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,

How I would think on him, at certain hours,

Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him

swear

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd

him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then

I am in heaven for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,

Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them de-

spatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a French Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in B

he was then of a crescent note; expected to

so worthy, as since he hath been allowed th

of: but I could then have look'd on him w

the help of admiration; though the catal

his endowments had been tabled by his side

to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was le

nish'd, than now he is, with that which

him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we ha

many there, could behold the sun with

eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's da

(wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her

than his own), words him, I doubt not,

deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, th

this lamentable divorce, under her colou

wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fo

judgment, which else an easy battery mig

flat, for taking a beggar without more o

But how comes it, he is to' sojourn with

How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers toget

whom I have been often bound for no le

my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so ente

amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen o

knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I

you all, he better known to this gentleman;

I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine

worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereaft

than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in C

Post. Since when I have been debtor to

courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and

still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kind

was glad I did atone my countryman and

had been pity, you should have been put

with so mortal a purpose, as then each bo

importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a

traveller: rather shunn'd to go even with

heard, than in my every action to be gui

others' experiences: but, upon my mended

ment, (if I offend not to say it is mende

quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbit

of swords; and by such two, that would,

likelihood, have confounded one the other,

fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what v

difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a conten-

publick, which may, without contradiction,

the report. It was much like an argument t

out last night, where each of us fell in pr

our country mistresses: This gentleman's

time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloo

firmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous,

chaste, constant-qualified, and less atten

than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or thi

tieman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'for

of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in F

I would abate her nothing; though I profess

her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of ha

hand comparison,) had been something too

and too good, for any lady in Britany. If sh

before others I have seen, as that diamond of

out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not b

she excell'd many : but I have not seen the
precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.
W. I praise'd her, as I rated her : so do I my

8. What do you esteem it at ?

9. More than the world enjoys.

10. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead,
's outprized by a trifle.

11. You are mistaken : the one may be sold,
and ; if there were wealth enough for the pur-
chase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing
to be, and only the gift of the gods.

12. Which the gods have given you ?

13. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

14. You may wear her in title yours : but, you
strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds,
ring may be stolen too : so, of your brace of
estimable estimations, the one is but frail, and the
other ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-ac-
cush'd courtier, would hazard the winning
of first and last.

15. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd
tier, to convince the honour of my mistress ;
the holding or less of that, you term her frail,
nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ;
standing I fear not my ring.

16. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

17. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy sig-
nificant I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we
familiar at first.

18. With five times so much conversation, I
get ground of your fair mistress : make her
even to the yielding ; had I admittance,
opportunity to friend.

19. No, no.

20. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my
to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'er-
it something : But I make my wager rather
your confidence, than her reputation : and,
your offence herein too, I durst attempt it
any lady in the world.

21. You are a great deal abused in too bold a
sion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're
of, by your attempt.

22. What's that ?

23. A repulse : Though your attempt, as you
deserve more ; a punishment too.

24. Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too
ly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray
better acquainted.

25. Would I had put my estate, and my
star's, on the approbation of what I have

What lady would you choose to assail ?

Yours ; whom in constancy, you think,
so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats
ring, that, commend me to the court where
dy is, with no more advantage than the op-
ty of a second conference, and I will bring
ence that honour of hers, which you imagine
red.

I will wage against your gold, gold to it :

I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

You are a friend, and therein the wiser.
buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you
preserve it from tainting : But, I see, you
me religion in you, that you fear.

This is but a custom in your tongue ; you
prayer purpose, I hope.

I am the master of my speeches ; and would
what's spoken, I swear.

Will you ?—I shall but lead my diamond
return :—Let there be covenants drawn
us : My mistress exceeds in goodness the
s of your unworthy thinking : I dare you
match : here's my ring.
I will have it no lay.

By the gods it is one :—If I bring you no
testimony, that I have enjoy'd the dearest
part of your mistress, my ten thousand
are yours ; so is your diamond too. If I
leave her in such honour as you have
she your jewel, this your jewel, and my
yours :—provided, I have your commenda-
my more free entertainment.

I embrace these conditions ; let us have

articles betwixt us :—only, thus far you shall an-
swer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give
me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am
no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate :
if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear
otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you
have made to her chastity, you shall answer me
with your sword.

Iach. Your hand ; a covenant : We will have
these things set down by lawful counsel, and
straight away for Britain ; lest the hargain should
catch cold, and starve : I will fetch my gold, and
have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you ?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray,

let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather
those flowers ;

Make haste : Who has the note of them ?

I Lady.

I, madams.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*]
Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are,
madam : [*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence ;
My conscience bids me ask ;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not heard

Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections ? Having thus far succeeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions ? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act ; and by them gather

Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him [*Aside.*]

Will I first work : he's for his master,

And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?—

Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;

Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam ;

But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think

she has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with

A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,

Will stupefy and dull the sense a while :

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and

dogs ;

Then afterward up higher ; but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,

More than the locking up the spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect ; and I the truer,

So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou

think, in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :

When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depend on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[The Queen drops a box; Pisanio takes it up.]
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I prythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good,
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou chaugest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my woman:
Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio.]—A sly and con-
stant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [Exit Queen and Ladies.]
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.

SCENE VII.

Another room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.]
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[Aside.]
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—He is one of the noblest note,
to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your trust
Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so

In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given th
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'tw
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd ston
Upon the number'd beach? and can we no
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your adm
Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and n
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this v
Contemn with mows the other: Ner i'the ju
For idiots, in this case of favour, woul
Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Sluttry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The eloy
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravenin
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—Beseech
desire [To

My man's abode where I did leave him: I
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit
Imo. Continues well my lord? His hea
seeth you?

Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, I
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stran
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, on
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, mu
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jol
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lung
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—wh
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choo
But must be,—will his free hours languish
Assured bondage.

Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in f
laugliter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But
know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I
Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty
him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'ti
In you,—which I count his, beyond all t
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bou
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I or
You look on me; What wreck discern y
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What
To hide me from the radiant sun, and so
I'the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, si
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your.—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'I
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely kno

remedy then born,) discover to me
both you spur and stop.

Had I this cheek
at the my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
we every touch, would force the feeler's soul
to oath of loyalty; this object, which
is prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
is it only here: should I (damn'd then)
with lips as common as the stairs
mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
as hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
a labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
and unlustrous as the smoky light
's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
all the plagues of hell should at one time
enter such revolt.

My lord, I fear,
forgot Britain.

And himself. Not I,
'd to this intelligence, pronounce
beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
as this report out.

Let me hear no more.
O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart

that doth make me sick. A lady
in, and fasten'd to an empery,
d make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
sh your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ven-
tures,
play with all infirmities for gold
th rottenness can lend nature! such hoil'd stuff,
ell might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
e, that bore you, was no queen, and you
I from your great stock.

Reveng'd!
should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
have such a heart, that both mine ears
not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
should I be reveng'd?

Should he make me
like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
as he is vaulting variable ramps,
or despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
icate myself to your sweet pleasure;
noble than that runagate to your bed;
will continue fast to your affection,
close, as sure.

What ho, Pisanio!

Let me my service tender on your lips.
Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
ach an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
thy report, as thou from honour; and
'st here a lady, that disdains
and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
ing my father shall be made acquainted
y assault: if he shall think it fit,
cy stranger, in his court, to flirt
a Romish stew, and to expound
eastly mind to us; he hath a court
de cares for, and a daughter whom

He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That truth he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends
Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i'the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall shurt my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please,
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Court before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Was there ever man had such luck! when
sd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away!
an hundred pound on't: And then a whore-
clanapes must take me up for swearing; as
arowed mine oaths of him, and might not
them at my pleasure.

1st. What got he by that? You have broke
te with your bow!

2nd. If his wit had been like him that broke
would have run all out.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it
is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?
2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears
of them

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?
'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the
earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble
as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of
the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his
belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down
like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and
you crow, cock, with your comb on.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady.

Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady.

Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pry'thee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—
Such

The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the
story.—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off

[Taking off her bonnet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard:
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drop
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a vouchere
Stronger than ever law could make: this se
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, as
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To wh
Why should I write this down, that's rivet
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been read
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough;
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that d
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock.]

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The Scene ends.]

SCENE III.

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apart

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up a
Clo. It would make any man cold to lose

1 Lord. But not every man patient at
noble temper of your lordship; You are m
and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into c
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I shou
gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come
advised to give her musick o'mornings; t
it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate h
your fingering, so; we'll try with tongu
none will do, let her remain; but I'll ne
o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceit
after, a wonderful sweet air, with admir
words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate
And Phoebus' gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin:

My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will c
your musick the better: if it do not, it is a
her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts,
voice of unpaired eunuch to boot, can never

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for th
reason I was up so early: He cannot cho
take this service I have done, fatherly.—Goc
row to your majesty, and to my gracious m
Cym. Attend you here the door of our

daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musick, b
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new
She hath not yet forgot him: some more tin
Must wear the print of his remembrance out
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the
Who lets go by no vantages, that may

r you to his daughter: Frame yourself
rderly solicits; and be friended
: aptness of the season: make denials
: ase your services: so seem, as if
were inspir'd to do those duties which
tender to her; that you in all obey her,
when command to your dismissal tends,
therein you are senseless.

Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

er. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
see is Caius Lucius.

a. A worthy fellow,
t he comes on angry purpose now;
hat's no fault of his: We must receive him
ding to the honour of his sender;
owards himself his goodness forespent on us
must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
you have given good morning to your mistress,
d the queen, and us; we shall have need
mploy you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*
If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
er lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*

w her women are about her; What
to line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
h buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
's rangers false themselves, yield up
deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
h makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
t not do, and undo? I will make
f her women lawyer to me; for
not understand the case myself.

ur leave.

[*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

y. Who's there, that knocks?

A gentleman.

y. No more?

y. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

y. That's more
some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
stly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?
Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Ay,

ep her chamber.

y. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.
y. How! my good name? or to report of you?
I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.
. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much
pains

urchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
ling you that I am poor of thanks,
scarce can spare them.

. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
I swear still, your recompense is still
I regard it not.

This is no answer.

. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,
I'd not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I'd unfold equal discourtesy
our best kindness: one of your great knowing
I'd learn, being taught, forbearance.

. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
not.

. Fools are not mad folks.

Do you call me fool?

. As I am mad, I do:

. I'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
put me to forget a lady's manners,
sing so verbal: and learn now, for all,
I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
be very truth of it, I care not for you;
as so near the lack of charity,
excuse myself, I hate you: which I had rather
fail, than make't my boast.

Clo.

You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(Oue, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean!) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hiding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pautler, not so eminent.

Imo.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo.

The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman he thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo.

I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm: I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord,
That I kiss ought but he.

Pis.

'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo.

You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo.

Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo.

I will inform your father.

Imo.

Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo.

I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi.

What means do you make to him?

Post.

Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd
hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi.

Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post.

I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That meed upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And he false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion,
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life out was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the el
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her and
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupi
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her hon
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
Be given to your remembrance,) the descrip
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Pulling out the b
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel:
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove
Once more let me behold it: Is it that,
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) t
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it c
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, ta
too; [Gives th

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no ha
Where there is beauty; truth, where semi
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of v
Of no more bondage be, to where they are
Than they are to their virtues; which is not
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corr
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my r
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stolen

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
'Tis true;—ay, keep the ring—'tis true: I a
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to
And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd h
The cogizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of who
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be pa
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk of
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right p
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remem
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confir
Another stain, as big as bell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear
Post. Spare your arithmetick: never cou
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—
Post. No sw
If you will swear you have not done't, you
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny n
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something—

Quite besides
 government of patience!—You have won:
 follow him, and pervert the present wrath
 against himself.

With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
 be half-workers? We are bastards all;
 that most venerable man, which I
 call my father, was I know not where
 I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
 me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
 of that time: so doth my wife
 appear of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
 my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 ray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
 eney so rosy, the sweet view on't
 will have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
 her

As chaste as unsmn'd snow:—O, all the devils!
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
 Or less,—at first: perchance he spoke not; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
 For e'en to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same. A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.

CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and
 attendants, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LU-
 SIUS, and Attendants.

Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar
 with us?

When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
 in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
 and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
 conquer'd it, Cassibelian, thine uncle,
 as in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 in his feats deserving it,) for him,
 in succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 of three thousand pounds; which by these lately
 understander'd.

And, to kill the marvel,
 be so ever.

There be many Cæsars,
 such another Julins. Britain is
 sold by itself; and we will nothing pay,
 saving our own noses.

That opportunity,
 when they had to take from us, to resume
 us again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 and yours ancestors; together with
 stalr bravery of your isle; which stands
 on a park, ribbed and paled in
 rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
 sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 and them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 made here; but made not here his brag
 he, and saw, and overcame: with shame
 first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
 off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 ignorant haubles!) on our terrible seas,
 egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 shily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
 and Cassibelian, who was once at point
 of fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 Britons strut with courage.

Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
 as I said, there is no more such Cæsars:
 if they may have crooked noses; but, to owe
 straight arms, none.

Son, let your mother end.

We have yet many among us can gripe as
 us Cassibelian: I do not say, I am one; but
 a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay
 it? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
 hat, or put the moon in his pocket, we will
 no tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute,
 we now.

You must know,
 the injurious Romans did extort

This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'the world,) against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-
 chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy:
 Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For forty not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance: I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
 Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.
 Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
 time with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek
 us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in
 our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it,
 it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crowns
 shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleavase, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
 O, master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
 (As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her!

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted servicable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do! The letter,*
[Reading.

*That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him.—
(Some griefs are mend'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physick love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew
me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cam-
brius, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will,
out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you
all happiness, that remains loyal to his row, and your,
increasing in love, Leonatus Posthumus.*

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day!—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind!—O, not like me;
(For mine's beyond beyond.) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearings,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap,
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Wales. A mountainous country, with a cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: T
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and by
To morning's holy office: the gates of mont
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet th
And keep their impious turbands on, witho
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so h
As prouder livers do.

Gut.

Hail, heaven!

Hail, I

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets of
And you may then revolve what tales I have
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to o
Gut. Out of your proof you speak: y
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; n
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life i
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresp
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv.

What should we speak

When we are old as you? when we shall
The rain and wind beat dark December, h
In this our pinching cave, shall we discou
The freezing hours away? We have seen
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for pre
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our ca
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bi
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel.

How you sp

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the ec
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to cl
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of th
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
l'the name of fame, and honour; which d
search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's w
Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, t
The world may read in me: My body's n
With Roman swords; and my report was
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lo
And when a soldier was the theme, my na
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in o
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
And left me bare to weather.

Gut.

Uncertain fav

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I h
you oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths p
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbe
I was confederate with the Romans; so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom: pa
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the
tains;

This is not hunters' language:—He, that
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the fe
To him the other two shall minister;

We will fear no poison, which attends
 disease of greater state. I'll meet you in the
 valleys. [*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*]

hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
 boys know little, they are sons to the king;
 Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 think, they are mine: aod, though train'd up
 thus meanelv

cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 simple and low things, to prinee it, much
 and the trick of others. This Polydore,—
 heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 on on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 warlike feats I have doné, his spirits fly out
 my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 as his young nerves, and puts himself in posture,
 acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 e, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
 as life into my speech, and shows much more
 own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
 Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 I didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 ere, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 king to bar thee of succession, as
 a rest'me of my lands. Euriphile,
 wast their nurse; they took thee for their
 mother,
 every day do honour to her grave:
 if, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place
 near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! Man!
 re is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
 makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
 sigh

the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 ld be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 and self-explication: Put thyself
 a humour of less fear, ere wildness
 nish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 k undertaker? If it be summer news,
 to't before: if wintery, thou need'st
 keep that countenance still.—My husband's
 hand!
 drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
 he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
 tongue
 take off some extremity, which to read
 ld be even mortal to me.

Please you, read;
 you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 most disdain'd of fortune.

[*Reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played
 rumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie
 ug in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but
 proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I
 of my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must
 r me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach
 s. Let thine own hands take away her life: I
 give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she
 my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear
 like, and to make me certain it is done, thou art
 ndar to her dishonour, and equally to me dis-*

What shall I need to draw my sword? the
 paper
 cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
 se edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 norns all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 on the posting winds, and doth belie
 mners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
 s, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave

This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?
 Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
 nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
 Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
 Aeneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
 weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
 From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjurd;
 From thy great fall.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st
 him,

A little witness my obedience: Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
 Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy! Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: Though those that be re-
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.
 And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of pricely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Prythee, despatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturd court,
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment: in the which

I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtizan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplement.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:

There's more to be consider'd; but we'll eve
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mi
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at so
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade
And fit you to your manhood:—May the god
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [E.]

SCENE V.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTE
LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, roy
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must ne
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my
Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this tin
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good m
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happines

[*Exeunt Lucius, and*
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it hon
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in i
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the e
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripe
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readi
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence h
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy busine
But must be look'd to speedily, and strong
Cym. Our expectation that it would be th
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle q
Where is our daughter? She hath not app
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty
We have noted it.—Call her before us; fo
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*
Queen. Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my l
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lat
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Attendant. Please you
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
That will be given to the loud'st of noise w

Queen. My lord, when last I went to vis
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close:
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: th
She wish'd me to make known; but our gre
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors l

en of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
false! [Exit.]

Son, I say, follow the king.
That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
not seen these two days.

Go, look after.—
[Exit Cloten.]

), thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
h a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
d by swallowing that; for he believes
thing most precious. But for her,
is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
ag'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
th, or to dishonour; and my end
the good use of either: She being down,
the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

ow, my son?
'Tis certain, she is fled:
and cheer the king; he rages; none
me about him.

All the better: May
ght forestall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.]

(love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
at she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
ady, ladies, woman; from every one
at she hath, and she, of all compounded,
s them all: I love her therefore; But,
ing me, and throwing favours on
Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
hat's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
eveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?
ither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
is thy lady? In a word; or else
t straightway with the fens.

O, good my lord!

Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
o ask again. Close villain,
e this secret from thy heart, or rip
urt to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
those so many weights of baseness cannot
of worth be drawn.

Alas, my lord,

o she be with him? When was she miss'd?
Rome.

Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
her halting: satisfy me home,
become of her?
O, my all-worthy lord!

All-worthy villain!

r where thy mistress is, at once,
ext word.—No more of worthy lord,—
r thy silence on the instant is
damnation and thy death.

Then, sir,

per is the history of my knowledge
g her flight.

[Presenting a letter.]

Augustus' throne.
Or this, or perish.

enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
ve his travel, not her danger.

Humph!

'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
rat thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]
sirrah, is this letter true!

Sir, as I think.

is Posthumus' hand: I know't.—Sirrah,
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true
undergo those employments, wherein I
save cause to use thee, with a serious in-
-that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do,
me it, directly and truly,—I would think
honest man: thou shouldst neither want
as for thy relief, nor my voice for thy pre-

Well, my good lord.

Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently

and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the
course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy posses-
sion?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to
ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even
there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I
would these garments were come. She said upon
a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my
heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthu-
mus in more respect than my noble and natural
person, together with the adornment of my quali-
ties. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish
her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall
she see my valour, which will then be a torment
to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of in-
sultment ended on his dead body,—and when my
lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I
will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to
the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again.
She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry
in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-
Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the
third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my
design. Be but dateous, and true preference shall
tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Mil-
ford; 'would I had wings to follow it!—Come,
and be true.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his need!

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowardice; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword: and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast : Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant ; 'tis our match :
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury : Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself !
Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browze
on that.

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. Stay ; come not in :
[Looking in.]
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon !—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy !

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good
troth,
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?
Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name ?
Imo. Fidele, sir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pry'thee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort,

He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours :—Most w
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst

If brothers ?—'Would it had been so, that
they
Had been my father's sons ! then had my
prize

Been less : and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some
Gui. 'Would, I could free't !

Arv. Or I ; whate
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !
Bel. Ha

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the
Which their own conscience seal'd them,
(That nothing gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me
I'd change my sex to be companion with
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so :
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth,
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near.

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emper
That since the common men are now in e
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business : He creates
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribu
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæ

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?
2 Sen.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 Sen. With the
Which I have spoke of, whereunto you
Must be suppliant : The words of your ec
Will tie you to the numbers, and the tin
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge o

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The forest, near the cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should
meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit
his garments serve me ! Why should his mistress,
who was made by him that made the tailor, not be
fit too ? the rather (saving reverence of the word)
for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits.
Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak
it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and
his glass to confer ; in his own chamber, I mean,)
the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no
less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes,
beyond him in the advantage of the time, above
him in birth, alike conversant in general services,
and more remarkable in single oppositions : yet
this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite.
What mortality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which

now is growing upon thy shoulders, sha
this hour be cut off ; thy mistress anfor
garments cut to pieces before thy face : an
done, spur'd her home to her father ; w
happly, be a little angry for my so roug
but my mother, having power of his testic
turn all into my commendations. My hor
up safe : Out, sword, and to a sore purpo
tune, put them into my hand ! This is the
scription of their meeting-place ; and th
dares not deceive me.

SCENE II.

Before the cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUI
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well : [To Imogen.]
here in the cave ;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Brother, stay here:
[To Imogen.]

Are not brothers?
So man and man should be;
Clay and clay differs in dignity,
The dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
Not so citizen a wanton, as
I am to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
To your journal course: the breach of custom
Each of all. I am ill; but your being by me
To amend me: Society is no comfort
To one so sociable: I'm not very sick,
I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll none but myself; and let me die,
If I die so poorly.

I love thee; I have spoke it:
As much the quantity, the weight as much,
I love my father.

What? how? how?
If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
To your good brother's fault: I know not why
This youth; and I have heard you say,
Reason's without reason: the bier at door,
Demand who is't shall die, I'd say
Her, not this youth.

O noble strain! [Aside.]
The thinness of nature! breed of greatness!
My father cowards, and base thiugs sire
Base:

He hath meal, and bran; and contempt, and grace.
Not their father; yet who this should be,
A miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
The ninth hour o' the morn.

Brother, farewell.

I wish ye sport.
You health.—So please you, sir,
[Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods,
What lies I have heard!

Warriors say, all's savage, hut at court:
Hence, O, thou disprov'st report!
Superior seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Tributary rivers as sweet fish.
Sick still; heart-sick:—Pisania,
New taste of thy drug.

I could not stir him:
And he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Mostly afflicted, but yet honest.

Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I know more.

To the field, to the field:—
I leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
We'll not be long away.

Pray, be not sick,
You must be our housewife.
Well, or ill,
I'm bound to you.

And so shalt be ever.

[Exit Imogen.]
With, how'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Nocestors.

How angel-like he sings!
But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
Characters;
As'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
Her diet.

Nobly he yokes
Me with a sigh: as if the sigh
That it was, for not being such a smile;
He mocks the sigh, that it would fly
To a divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

I do note,
Patience and patience, rooted in him both,
Their spurs together.

Grow, patience!
The stinking elder, grief, untwine
The fishing root, with the increasing vine!
It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's
Here?

Enter CLOTEN.

I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hock'd me:—I am faint.

Those runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.
Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exit Belarius and Arviragus.]

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art:
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thon injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:

Yield, rustick mountaineer. [Exit, fighting.]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour,
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they

grew,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the oreck
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. *[Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. *[Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, bow thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,

Is jollity for apes, and griefs for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMO
dead, in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is
That we have made so much on. I had
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to
To have turn'd my leaping time into a c
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest
My brother wears thee not one half so we
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, mela
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom!
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggi
Might easiest harbour in!—Thou blest
Jove knows what man thou might'st ha
but I,
Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melanc
How found you him!

Arv. Stark, as you see
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled al
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?
Arv. O'the
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slep
My clouted brogues from off my feet, wh
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he b
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a be
With female fairies will his tomb be ha
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fair
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, I
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt
The flower, that's like thy face, pale pri
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; n
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slan
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the rudd
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-sham
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathe
Without a monument!) bring thee all t
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowe
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, I
And do not play in wench-like words w
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv.
And let us, Polydore, though now our
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to
As once our mother; use like note, and
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it w
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are v
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll sp
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine th
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son,
And, though he came our enemy, remem
He was paid for that: Though mean a
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world,) doth make di
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe wa
And though you took his life, as being
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fe
We'll say our song the whilst.—Broth
[Ex.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

2. Come on then, and remove him.

So,—Begin.

SONG.

1. Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and t'en thy wages:
Olden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

2. Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Use no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
Be sceptre, learning, physick, must
I follow this, and come to dust.

3. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
4. Fear not slander, censure rash;
5. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
6. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

7. No exorciser harm thee!
8. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
9. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
10. Nothing ill come near thee!
11. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Here's a few flowers; but about midnight,

more;
flowers, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
swings fit'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
ere as flowers, now wither'd: even so
herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
on, away: apart upon our knees.

round, that gave them first, has them again:
pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*]

[*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way?—

you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
mistaken—can it be six miles yet?—
gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*]

flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

bloody man the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

look to bouest creatures: But 'tis not so;

but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

in the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes

metimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

able still with fear: Bot if there be

fit in heaven as small a drop of pity

even's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

dream's here still: even when I wake, it is

out me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt,

bless man!—The garments of Posthumus!

of the shape of his leg: this is his hand;

not Mercarial; his Martial thigh;

draws of Hercules: but his Jovial face—

in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,

was madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks

time to boot, be darted on thee; Thou,

ir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,

here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,

oceanforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio

with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—

this most hateful vessel of the world,

the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,

is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's

that?

o might have kill'd thee at the heart,

left this head on.—How should this be?

Pisanio!

ce, and Cloten! malice and lacre in them

said this woere. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!

rug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

ordial to me, have I not found it

Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and
a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present num-

bers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-

pose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence), Thus:—

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd

From the spungy south to this part of the west,

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,

(Unless my sins abuse my divination),

Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,

Without his top? The rain speaks, that sometime

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—

Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:

For nature doth abhor to make his bed

With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—

Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young

one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,

They crave to be demanded: Who is this,

Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,

That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?

What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,

Nothing to be were better. This was my master,

A very valiant Briton, and a good,

That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!

There are no more such masters: I may wander

From east to occident, cry out for service,

Try many, all good, serve truly, never

Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than

Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*]

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:

Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,

Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,

No less below'd. The Roman emperor's letters,

Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner

Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, aa't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep

As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when

With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd

his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,

Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;

And, leaving so his service, follow you,

So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee.—

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your
highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

I Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To Pisanio.*

Does yet depend.

I Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

I Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Before the cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life,
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hog
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure
To the king's party there's no going: new
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor
Among the bands) may drive us to a rende
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from
That which we've done, whose answer would
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a do
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both the
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am kn
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
From my remembrance. And, besides, the
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your lo
Who find in my exile the want of breeding
The certainty of this hard life; aye hope
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Then be s
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the ar
I and my brother are not known; yours
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergron
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that s
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I neve
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on bl
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remainin
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leav
I'll take the better care; but if you will n
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives ye
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with yo
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; the
thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I

A field between the British and Roman camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wringing but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:

No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if y
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults,
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you save
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. B
You snatch some hence for little faults; th
To have them fall no more: you some per
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thr
But Imogen is your own: Do your best w
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am broog

ing the Italian gentry, and to fight
 my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough,
 Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 we no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 as a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 at the part I come with; so I'll die
 thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 I nor hated, to the face of peril
 I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 my valour in me, than my habits show.
 I put the strength o'the Leonati in me!
 I name the guise o'the world, I will begin
 in fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same.

at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the
 Roman army; at the other side, the British army;
 ONATIUS POSTHUMUS following it, like
 a soldier. They march over, and go out.
 Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO
 and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth
 IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

I. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
 the richness of this country, and the air on't
 mightily enfeebles me; or could this earth,
 by drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 to wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 O thy gentry, Britain, go before
 me out, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 at we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit.]
 The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline
 taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS,
 IDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Stand, stand! we have the advantage of
 the ground;
 the lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
 the villainy of our fears.

Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons;
 they rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then, enter
 LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
 thyself;
 friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 as were hood-wink'd.

'Tis their fresh supplies.
 It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
 re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Post. Cam'st thou from where they made the
 stand?

I did;

ugh you, it seems, come from the fliers.

I did.

No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

that the heavens fought: The king himself

his wings destitute, the army broken,

out the backs of Britons seen, all flying

through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,

having the tongue with slaughtering, having work

plentiful than tools to do't, struck down,

and mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

through fear; that the strait pass was damn'd

with dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living

with lengthen'd shame.

Where was this lane?

Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd

with turf;

which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—

the honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd

the name of a breeding, as his white beard came to,

and being this for his country;—athwart the lane,

He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation eas'd, or shame,)
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
 Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men:
 To darkness feet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you slun beastly; and may save,
 But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, stand, stand,
 Accommodated by the place, more charming,
 With their own' nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some,
 turn'd coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
 A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
 The life o'the need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o'the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,

Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,

And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.

[Exit.]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!

To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!

To-day, how many would have given their honours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,

And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;

Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly

monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find

him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,

No more a Briton, I have resum'd again

The part I came in: Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Romans; great the answer he

Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;

On either side I come to spend my breath;

Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:

But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is

there?

Post. A Roman;

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his service
As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler : after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

I Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you ;

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol.

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty : Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death ; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd More than my shanks, and wrists : You good gods,

give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt, Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ? So children temporal fathers do appease ; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy, If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all. I know, you are more clement than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third, A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again On their abatement ; that's not my desire : For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it : 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ; Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake : You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers, If you will take this audit, take this life, And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen ! I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

Solemn music. Enter, as an Apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attended like a warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sic. No more, thou thunder-master, show

Thy spite on mortal flies :

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,

That thy adulteries

Rates, and revenges,

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,

Whose face I never saw ?

I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd

Attending nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,

Thou orphan's father art,)

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes ;

That from me was Posthumus ript,

Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity !

Sic. Great nature, like his ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair,

That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,

As great Sicilius' heir.

I Bro. When once he was mature for man,

In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel ;

Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best

Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,

To be exil'd, and thrown

From Leonati' seat, and cast

From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen ?

Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo,

Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain

With needless jealousy ;

And to become the jeal and scorn

O' the other's villainy ?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we can

Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause,

Fell bravely, and were slain ;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,

With honour to maintain.

I Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd :

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due ;

Being all to dolours tur'd ?

Sic. Thy crystal window ope ; look out

No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh

And potent injuries :

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries.

Sic. Peep through thy marble mansion ;

Or we poor ghosts will cry

To the shining synod of the rest,

Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,

And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, upon an eagle : he throws a thunder-bolt. Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region I

Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts !

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and res

Upon your never-withering banks of flow

Be not with mortal accidents oppress ;

No care of yours it is ; you know, 'tis of

Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my g

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift

His comforts thrive, his trials well are s

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married.—Rise, and

He shall be lord of lady Imogen.

And happier much by his affliction made

This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confirm

And so, away : no further with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mie

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [

Sic. He came in thunder ; his celestial I

Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is

More sweet than our bless'd fields : his roy

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his b

As when his god is pleas'd.]

All. Thanks, Jupit

Sic. The marble pavement closes, he is

His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a

sire, and begot

A father to me : and thou hast created

A mother, and two brothers : But (O scorn

Gone ! they went hence so soon as they we

And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that

On greatness' favour, dream as I have do

Wake, and find nothing.—But alas, I see

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,

That have this golden chance, and know n

What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ?

one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,

As good as promise.

[*s.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
own, without seeking find, and be embraced
piece of tender air; and when from a stately
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
and freshly grow; then shall Posthumous end
miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in
and plenty.*

till a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
e, and brain not: either both, or nothing;
useless speaking, or a speaking such
use cannot antic. Be what it is,
otion of my life is like it, which
rep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

1. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
2. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.
3. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready
at, you are well cook'd.

1. So, if I prove a good repast to the spec-
dish pays the shot.

1. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the
rt is, you shall be called to no more pay-
fear no more tavern bills; which are often
dness of parting, as the procuring of mirth:
me in faint for want of meat, depart reeling
too much drink; sorry that you have paid
uch, and sorry that you are paid too much;
and brain both empty: the brain the heavier
ing too light, the purse too light, being drawn
riveness: O! of this contradiction you shall
quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it
up thousands in a trice: you have no true
and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and
me, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen,
and counters; so the acquaintance follows.

1. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

1. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
uch: But a man that were to sleep your
and a hangman to help him to bed, I think,
uld change places with his officer: for, look
ir, you know not which way you shall go.

1. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

1. Your death has eyes in's head then; I
not seem him so pictured: you must either be
led by some that take upon them to know; or
pon yourself that, which I am sure you do
now; or jump the alter-enquiry on your own
and how you shall speed in your journey's
think, you'll never return to tell one.

1. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want
to direct them the way I am going, but such
ak, and will not use them.

1. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
have the best use of eyes, to see the way
odness! I am sure, hanging's the way of
ing.

Enter a Messenger.

1. Knock off his manacles; bring your pri-
to the king.

2. Thoo bring'st good news;—I am call'd to
nde free.

1. I'll be hang'd then.

1. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler: no
for the dead. [*Exeunt Post. and Mess.*]

1. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and
young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet,
conscience, there are verier knaves desire to
or all he be a Roman: and there be some of
too, that die against their wills; so should
were one. I would we were all of one mind,
ne mind good; O, there were desolation of
s, and gallowses! I speak against my present
; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's tent.

CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
VIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and
endants.

1. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have
made

versers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
the poor soldier, that so richly fought,

Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*]
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To soar your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present, when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bare in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.

But failing of her end by his stragge absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and
other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS,
behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that

The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit, That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter Of you their captives, which ourself have granted: So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficient, A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer: Augustus lives to think on't: And so much For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born, Let him be ransom'd: never master had A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, So feart, so nurse-like: let his virtue join With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir, And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him; His favour is familiar to me.— Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore, To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live: And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt, Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it; Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad; And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack, There's other work in hand; I see a thing Bitter to me as death: your life, good master, Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me, He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys, That place them on the truth of girls and boys.— Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy? I love thee more and more; think more and more What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,

Will he have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me, Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal, Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart, And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page; I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arn. One said another Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad, Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?
Gul. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure He would have spoke to us.

Gul. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [*Aside.* Since she is living, let the time run on, To good, or bad. [*Cym. and Imo. come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side; Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To Imo.*] step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely; Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it, Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,

How came it yours?

Jach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How
Jach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that Torments me to conceal. By villainy

I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel: Whom thou didst banish; and (which more

grieve thee, As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear me

lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Jach. That paragon, thy daughter

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Reinforce strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and

Jach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (acc

The mansion where I 'twas at a feast, (O Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least, Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post (What should I say? he was too good, to b

Where ill men were; and was the best of e Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting see

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy For beauty that made barren the-swelld' be

Of him that best could speak: for feature, I The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Min

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for; besides, that hook of w Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand
Come to the matter.
Jach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This) mus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one That had a royal lover,) took his hint;

And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (th He was as calm as virtue,) he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongu made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brains Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his descu

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the

Jach. Your daughter's chastity—there it He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,

And she alone were cold: Whereat, I wr Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd w

Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he t Upon his honour'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of his bed, and win this r By hers and mine adultery: he, true knigh

No lesser of her honour confident Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring

And would so, had it been a carbuncle Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, b

Been all the worth of his car. Away to E Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,

Remember me at court, where I was taugh Of your chaste daughter the wide differenc

'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus q Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain

'Gan in your duller Britain operate Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent; And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,

That I return'd with simular proof enough To make the noble Leonatus mad, By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus; averring not Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her br

(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some mas

Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—

Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou

[*Coming*]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool

Egriuous murderer, thief, any thing.

due to all the villains past, in being,
 O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 torturers ingenious: it is I
 all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
 kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 religious thief, to do't:—the temple
 true was she; yes, and she herself,
 and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 dogs o' the street to bay me! every villain
 kill'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and
 plainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 seen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 yes, Imogen!

Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
 page,
 lie thy part.

[Striking her: she falls.

O, gentlemen, help, help.

and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!
 ye'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
 honour'd lady!

Does the world go round?

How come these staggers on me?

Wake, my mistress!

If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 with mortal joy.

How fares my mistress?

O, get thee from my sight;

gav't me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
 he not where princes are.

The tune of Imogen!

Lady,

gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 I gave you was not thought by me
 clous thing: I had it from the queen.
 New matter still?

It poison'd me.

O gods!—

out one thing, which the queen confess'd,
 must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
 said she, given his mistress that confection
 I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
 would serve a rat.

What's this, Cornelius?

The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
 mper poisons for her; still pretending
 satisfaction of her knowledge, only
 ling creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
 esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
 of more danger, did compound for her
 ain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
 present power of life; but, in short time,
 fices of nature should again
 their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Most like I did, for I was dead.

My boys,

was our error.

This is, sure, Fidele.

Why did you throw your wedded lady from
 you?

that you are upon a rock; and now

me again. [Embracing him.

Hang there like fruit, my soul,

the tree die!

How now, my flesh, my child?

mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

thou not speak to me?

Your blessing, sir.

[Kneeling.

Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
 had a motive for't.

[To Gui. and Arv.

My tears, that fall,

holy water on thee! Imogen,

mother's dead.

I am sorry for't, my lord.

O, she was naught; and long of her it was,
 we meet here so strangely: But her son

we, we know not how, nor where.

My lord,

fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten

my lady's missing, came to me

his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and

swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 It was my instant death: By accident,
 I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket; which directed him
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour: what became of him,
 I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forbid!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
 Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
 And am right glad, he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew.

As well descended as thyself; and hath

More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[To the Guard.

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove, that two of us are as good

As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,

For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,

Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is

Ours.

Gui. And our good is his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who

Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He is it, that hath

Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;

I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;

Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes

(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years

Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I

Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;

Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them: But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who bath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthūmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Belarius.*
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The souldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might

Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneels*]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseec'd,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare ye
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Lie
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good morn
of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methinks
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philharmonus,
Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning
Sooth. [*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp is
himself unknown, without seeking find, and
braced by a piece of tender air; and when
stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed
old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Post
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine
Is this most constant wife; [*To Post.*] who, at
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd al
With this most tender air.

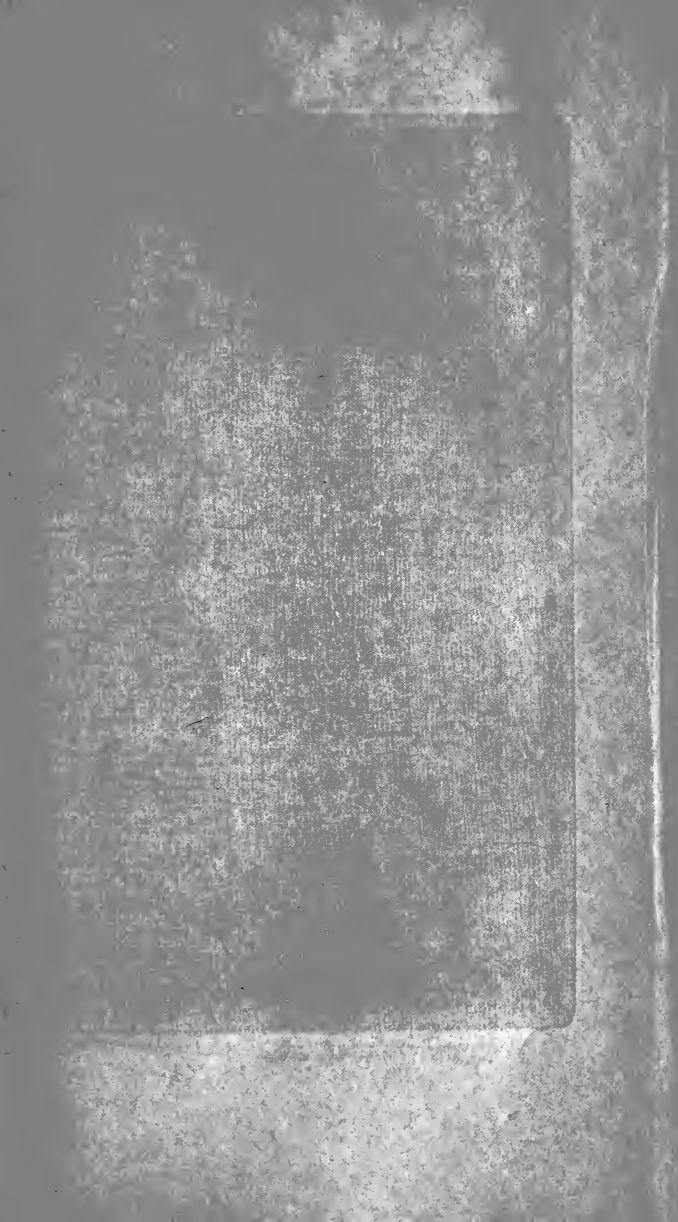
Cym. This hath some sense
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stol
For many years thought dead, are now restor'd
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere this
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd our prince
The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we th
And let our crook'd smokes climb to th
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town
And in the temple of great Jupiter

Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such





T. Kirk pinx.

Aug. Fox sc.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Act. 1. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane 1825.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SATURNINUS, son to the late emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared emperor himself.
BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people; and brother to Titus.
LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
 Young **LUCIUS**, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, } sons to Tamora.
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths and Romans.
TAMORA, queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene,—Rome, and the country near it.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol.

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right, defend the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successive title with your swords: I am his first-born son, that was the last That wore the imperial diadem of Rome; Then let my father's honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Ans. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—

If our Bassianus, Cæsar's son, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not dishonour to approach The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, continence, and nobility: But let desert in pure election shine; And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes,—that strive by factions, and by friends, Ambitiously for rule and empery,— Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have, by common voice, In election for the Roman empery, Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius For many good and great deserts to Rome; A nobler man, a braver warrior, Loves not this day within the city walls: As by the senate is accented home, From weary wars against the barbarous Goths; That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath yet'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms. Five years are spent, since first he undertook This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In outline from the field; And now at last, laden with honour's spoils, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Honour'd Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us retreat,—By honour of his name, Whom, worthily, you would have new succeed,

And in the Capitol and senate's right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore,— That you withdraw you, and abate your strength; Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should, Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons, And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends; And to my fortunes, and the people's favour, Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exit the Followers of Bassianus.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all; And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exit the Followers of Saturninus.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, As I am confident and kind to thee.— Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, Marcus, &c.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus, Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, Successful in the battles that he fights, With honour and with fortune is return'd, From where he circumscrib'd with his sword, And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight, Returns with precious lading to the bay,

From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of theumber that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons
Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.
Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and Others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother!

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your arms:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their
This palliant of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness.
What! should I don this robe, and trouble
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me a meed:
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them:
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore
The people's hearts, and wean them from thee.
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribune
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andron
Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every

ians, and plebeians, we create Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
ay,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long flourish.*]

Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done in our election this day, thee thanks in part of thy deserts, fill with deeds requite thy gentleness: for an onset, Titus, to advance name, and honourable family, as will I make my empress, my royal mistress, mistress of my heart, as the sacred Pantheon her espouse: see, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee? It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match, me highly honour'd of your grace: are, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—and commander of our common-weal, the world's emperor,—do I consecrate word, my chariot, and my prisoners; as well worthy Rome's imperial lord: see them then, the tribute that I owe, honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life! proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts, shall record; and, when I do forget east of these unspokeable deserts, as, forget your fealty to me.

Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[*To Tamora.*]
That for your honour and your state, see you nobly, and your followers. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue would choose, were I to choose anew.—O, fair queen, that cloudy countenance; a chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,

som't not to be made a scorn in Rome: thy shall be thy usage every way. O my word, and let not discontent all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you, as you are not displeas'd with this?

Not I, my lord; sith true nobility rests these words in princely courtesy. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go: unless here we set our prisoners free: in our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*]
How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord? Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal, myself this reason and this right.

[*The emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.*]
Sum cuique is our Roman justice: since in justice seizeth but his own. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?

As, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd. Surpris'd! By whom?

By him that justly may be betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Re-enter Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavinia.*]
Brothers, help to convey her hence away, with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]
Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
My lord, you pass not here.

What, villain boy! Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so, ogal quarrel you have slain your son. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine; as would never so dishonour me: restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife, another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]
No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: st, by leisure, him that mocks me once; ever, nor thy traitorous haughty sons, trace all this to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of, But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus, Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine, That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece To him that flourish'd for her with his sword: A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy; One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons, To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths.— That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs, Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,— If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice, Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride, And will create thee empress of Rome.

Spek, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice? And here I swear by all the Roman gods,— Sith priest and holy water are so near, And tapers burn so bright, and every thing In readiness for Hymeneus stand,— I will not re-salute the streets of Rome, Or climb my palace, till from forth this place I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear, If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths, She will a handmaid be to his desires, A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride, Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine, Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered: There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt Saturninus, and his Followers; Tamora, and her Sons; Aaron, and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;— Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone, Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done! In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,— Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed That hath dishonour'd all our family; Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes; Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb. This monument five hundred years hath stood, Which I have sumptuously re-edified: Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors, Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:— Bury him where you cast, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you: My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him; He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word!

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest, And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded: My foes I do repute you every one; So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest, That died in honour and Lavinia's cause. Thou art a Roman, he not barbarous. The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise!—
The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[Mutius is put into the tomb.]
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS,*
attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,
and AARON: at the other, BASSIANUS, LA-
VINIA, and Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give you grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord: The gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his grief:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitor sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
queen

Knelt in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andron,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath pray'd
For thee: I thank your majesty, and her, my
These words, these looks, infuse new life in

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you

For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and
highness,

That, what we did, was mildly, as we may
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own

Mar. That on mine honour here I do pray
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look hie

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous fault

Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swor
I would not part a bachelor from the priest
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majes
To hunt the panther and the hart with me
With horn and hound, we'll give you grace t
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triu
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous ch
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eye
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle though
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and go
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this quee
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this quee
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturn
And see his shipwreck, and his commonwe
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, br
Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wa

manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
 may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all ;
 so in this to bear me down with braves.
 not the difference of a year, or two,
 me less gracious, thee more fortunate :
 as able, and as fit, as thou,
 erve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
 that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

r. Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep
 the peace.
u. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 you a dancing-rapier by your side,
 you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?
 ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 you know better how to handle it.

Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
 will shall thou perceive how much I dare.

u. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*]

Why, how now, lords ?
 ar the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 maintain such a quarrel openly ?

well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;
 did not for a million of gold,

asse were known to them it most concerns :
 would your noble mother, for much more,
 dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

hame, put up.

u. Not I ; till I have sheath'd
 apier in his bosom, and, withal,
 it these reproachful speeches down his throat,
 he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
 spoken-coward ! that thunder'st with thy
 tongue,

with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

r. Away, I say.—
 by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
 petty brabble will undo us all.—

, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
 to jut upon a prince's right ?

t, is Lavinia then become so loose,
 assianus so degenerate,

for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
 out controlment, justice, or revenge ?

g lords, beware—an should the empress know
 discord's ground, the mnsic would not please.

I care not, I, knew she and all the world ;
 Lavinia more than all the world.

a. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
 choice :

dia is thine elder brother's hope.

u. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in Rome
 furious and impatient they be,
 cannot brook competitors in love ?

you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
 as device.

r. Aaron, a thousand deaths
 I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

To achieve her !—How ?

a. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?
 a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;

a woman, therefore may be won ;
 a Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

t, man ! more water glideth by the mill
 wots the miller of ; and easy it is
 cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :

gh Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 r than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

u. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
 [*Aside.*]

u. Then why should he despair, that knows
 to court it

words, fair looks, and liberality ?
 t, hast thou not fall often struck a doe,
 some her cleanly by the keeper's nose ?

r. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
 ld serve your turns.

Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

u. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

'Would you had hit it too ;
 should not we be tir'd with this ado.

hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
 ware for this ? Would it offend you thea
 both should speed ?

Chi.

Dem.

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends ; and join for that
 you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
 That you affect : and so must you resolve ;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :

The forest walks are wide and spacious ;
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy :

Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns :

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
 Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A forest near Rome. A lodge seen at a distance ;
 horns and a cry of hounds heard.*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c.
 MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MAR-
 TIUS.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the emperor's person carefully :

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TA-
 MORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON,
 DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
 Madam, to you as many and as good !—
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport :—Madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
 hound,
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A desert part of the forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree,

And never after to inherit it.
 Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villainy:
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
 [Hides the gold.]
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-run'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
 birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.
 Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
 Now question me no more, we are espied;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [Exit.]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her;
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
 Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
 And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments:
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
 'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.
 Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated

For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
 And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.
 Bas. The king, my brother, shall have notes of
 Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him
 long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!
 Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our
 cious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
 Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look
 These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
 A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and led
 O'ercome with moss, and haleful mistletoe.
 Here never shines the sun; here nothing breezes
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die sudden:
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me, they would bind me
 Unto the body of a dismal yew;
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs Bass.]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show
 strength.

[Stabbing him like]

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous
 mora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know
 boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the stub.

This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope braves your might,
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make
 sure—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou hear'st a woman's
 Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with
 Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
 Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your
 To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
 dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it me.
 The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to me.
 Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.—
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
 Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To C]

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove
 a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a
 Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
 The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
 To have his princely paws par'd all away.
 Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

ing so kind, but something pitiful!

I know not what it means; away with her.

O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

for his sake am I pitiless:—

Over, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

to your brother from the sacrifice;

For Andronicus would not relent:

Go away with her, and use her as you will;

Go to her, the better lov'd of me.

O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

With thine own hands kill me in this place:

It is not life that I have begg'd so long;

It was slain, when Bassianus died.

What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

This present death I beg; and one thing
more,

Womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

Keep me from their worse than killing lust,

Unbleed me into some loathsome pit;

Never man's eye may behold my body:

Be, and be a charitable murderer.

So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

Let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly
creature!

Set and enemy to our general name!

Go fall—

Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring
thou her husband; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*]

To the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her
sure:

Let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

That the Andronici be made away.

Will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

That my spleenful sons this trull devour. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Come on, my lords; the better foot before:

It will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

I spy'd the panther fast asleep.

My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

And mine, I promise you; were't not for
shame,

Could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Martius falls into the pit.*]

What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;

Whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

Whose morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

Whose fatal place it seems to me:—

Brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

O, brother, with the smallest object
under
my eye, with sight, made heart lament.

[*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
him here;

Which thereby may give a likely guess,

Whence were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*]

Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
of this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear:

My sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

And thou look down into this den,

Which a fearful sight of blood and death.

Aaron is gone; and my compassionate
heart

Doth permit mine eyes once to behold
whereat it trembles by surmise:

Let me know how it is; for ne'er till now

Did I, to fear I know not what.

Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,

As a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,

Which, like a taper in some monument,

Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:

So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,

When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—

As fearful hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as Cocythus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.

Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,

Upon the north side of this pleasant chace;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,

But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants: TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;

And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him hand-
somely,—*

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;

Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder tree,

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

O, this is the pit, and this the elder tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [To Tit.] fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou had'st hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wakeme!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought
to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the bottom

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomela

O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss

He would not then have touch'd them for his life

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant

What will whole months of tears thy father

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with

O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Rome. A street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;

For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;

And for these bitter tears, which now you see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!

For two and twenty sons I never wept,

Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the prisoners.*]

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful April shall with all his showers:

In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;

In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,

So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

And let me say, that never wept before,

My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune he

speaks.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they'd

They would not mark me; or, if they did

All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;

Who, though they cannot answer my distress

Yet in some sort they're better than the air

For that they will not intercept my tale:

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me

And, were they but attired in grave weeds

Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard

stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd

My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive

That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey

But me and mine: How happy art thou that

From these devourers to be banish'd?

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it

1. This was thy daughter.
 Why, Marcus, so she is.
 Ah me! this object kills me!
 Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
 my Lavinia, what accursed hand made thee handless in thy father's sight? Fool hath added water to the sea? ought a faggot to bright-burning Troy? grief was at the height before thou cam'st, now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.— me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too; they have nurs'd this woe, and all in vain; they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life; useless prayer have they been held up, they have serv'd me to effectless use:— all the service I require of them at the one will help to cut the other.— well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands; hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.
 Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
 O, that delightful engine of her thoughts, blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence, a from forth that pretty hollow cage; so, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung its varied notes, enchanting every ear!
 O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
 O, thus I found her, straying in the park, to hide herself; as doth the deer, hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
 It was my deer; and he, that wounded her, hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead: now I stand as one upon a rock, and with a wilderness of sea; marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave, rising ever when some envious surge in his brinish howels swallow him. way to death my wretched sons are gone; stands my other son, a banish'd man; here my brother, weeping at my woes; hat, which gives my soul the greatest spur, or Lavinia, dearer than my soul.— I but seen thy picture in this plight, could have madd'd me; What shall I do I behold thy lively body so? hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears; anque, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee: husband he is dead; and, for his death, brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:— Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her! a I did name her brothers, then fresh tears on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
 Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:
 nance, because she knows them innocent.
 If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful, use the law hath ta'en revenge on them.— so, they would not do so foul a deed; ess the sorrow that their sister makes.— te Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips; ask some sign how I may do thee ease: thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius, thou, and I, sit round about some fountain; ing all downwards, to behold our cheeks they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry; my slime left on them by a flood? In the fountain shall we gaze so long, the fresh taste be taken from that clearness, made a brine-pit with our bitter tears? Shall we cut away our hands, like thine? Shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows the remainder of our hateful days? Shall we do? let us, that have our tongues, some device of further misery, make us wonder'd at in time to come.
 Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
 Patience, dear niece!—good Titus, dry thine eyes.
 Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot, napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
 Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say That to her brother which I said to thee; His napkin, with his true tears all beswet, Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks. O, what a sympathy of woe is this! As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons, Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus, Or any one of you, chop off your hand, And send it to the king: he for the same, Will send thee hither both thy sons alive; And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron! Did ever raven sing so like a lark, That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise? With all my heart, I'll send the emperor My hand;

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine, That hath thrown down so many enemies, Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn: My youth can better spare my blood than you; And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? O, none of both but are of high desert: My hand hath been but idle; let it serve To ransom my two nephews from their death; Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along, For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go. *Tit.* Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care, Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand. *Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll receive them both; Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:— But I'll deceive you in another sort, And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand: Tell him, it was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers; bid him bury it; More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them As jewels purchas'd at an easy price; And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand, Look by and by to have thy sons with thee;— Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy *Aside.* Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it! Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace, Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven, And bow this feeble roin to the earth: If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me? Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim, And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes:

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in Sicily,

And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne!

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a

wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

That ever death should let life bear his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*Lavinia kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful sound have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;

Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;

Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;

Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:

Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes!

Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this

hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watry eyes,

And make them blind with tributary tears;

Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me;

And threaten me, I shall never come to bliss,

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,

Even in their throats that have committed them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.—

You heavy people, circle me about;

That I may turn me to each one of you,

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;

And in this hand the other will I bear:

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy

teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:

And, if you love me, as I think you do,

Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;

The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!

Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come ag

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;

O, 'would thou wert as thou 'fore hast be

But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,

But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;

And make proud Saturninus and his empres

Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen

Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power

To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

SCENE II.

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and

LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat n

Thou wilt preserve just so much strength in

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our

And cannot passionate our tenfold grief

With folded arms. This poor right hand of

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;

And when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in sig

[*To L*

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with gr

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,

And just against thy heart make thou a hole

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall

May run into that sink, and soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but

What violent hands can lay on her life

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of he

To bid *Eveas* tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miser

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;

Lest we remember still, that we have none

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat th

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—

She says, she drinks no other drink but tea

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her ch

Speechless complainer. I will learn thy ch

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And, by still practice, learn to know thy m

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter c

ments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing ta

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion me

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone:

I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a f

Tit. But how, if that thy had a father and a

How would he hang his slender gilded win

And buz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry; and thou has

him.

er. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
O, O, O,
pardon me for reprehending thee,
thou hast done a charitable deed.
me thy knife, I will insult on him;
tering myself, as if it were the Moor,
e higher purposely to poison me.—
e's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
sirrah!—
I do think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same. Before Titus's house.

TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

g. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
ows me every where, I know not why:—
d uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
y, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
er. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
t. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
y. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.
er. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
t. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she
mean:

Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
whither would she have thee go with her.
boy, Cornelia never with more care
d to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
et poetry, and Tully's Orator.
st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
y. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
ess some fit or frenzy do possess her:
I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
remity of griefs would make men mad;
I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
ough, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
es me as dear as e'er my mother did,
would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
ich made me down to throw my books, and fly;
eless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
y, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
ll most willingly attend your ladyship.
er. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius
has let fall.*]

t. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means
this?
e book there is that she desires to see:—
ich is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
e, and take choice of all my library,
so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
eal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
y lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
er. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

federate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

t. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
y. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
mother gave't me.

er. For love of her that's gone,
haps she cull'd it from among the rest.

t. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
p her:—
at would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
s is the tragick tale of Philomel,
treats of Terens' treason, and his rape;
rape, I fear, was root of thine annoyance.

er. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes
the leaves.
t. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
ish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
see!—
such a place there is, where we did hunt,
bad we never, never, hunted there!
ern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends, —

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides
it with his feet and mouth.*]

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*

Tam lentus audis sceleris? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:

The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these ssons, like Sibyl's leaves; abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-hondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.*]
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than fee-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verse writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the news?
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see:

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath
found their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest a while.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
o'er. [*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or wee betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwalling dost thou!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine!

Nur. O, that which I would hide from her
eye,

Our empress's shame, and stately Rome's disgra—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A
Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's
Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so
hne?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom,
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast u
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her leath'd c
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let us
but I,

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dep

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bow
[*Takes the child from the Nurse, and*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill yo
ther?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was g

He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and hei

I tell you, younglings, not Eneoladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's!

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hand

What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted

Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white

Although she love them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistres

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, n
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shan

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will dq
death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your heart
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with b

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you

And, from that womb, where you imprison
He is enfranchis'd and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

v. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

w. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done, we will all subscribe to thy advice; thou the child, so we may all be safe.

r. Then sit we down, and let us all consult. on and I will have the wind of you:

there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the ground.]

w. How many women saw this child of his?

r. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,

a lamb: but if you brave the Moor, shafed boar, the mountain lioness, ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

r. Cornelia the midwife, and myself, no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

v. The empress, the midwife, and yourself: may keep counsel, when the third's away: the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[Stabbing her.]

w. Wake!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit. a. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

r. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy: she live to betray this guilt of ours? g-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.

now be it known to you my full intent.

ar, one Multeius lives, my countryman,

arise but yesternight was brought to bed;

child is like to her, fair as you are:

suck with him, and give the mother gold,

sell them both the circumstance of all;

now by this their child shall be advanc'd,

be received for the emperor's heir,

substituted in the place of mine,

in this tempest whirling in the court;

at the emperor dandle him for his own.

ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her pby-

sick, [Pointing to the Nurse.]

you must needs bestow her funeral;

fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

come, see that you take no longer days,

and the midwife presently to me.

midwife, and the nurse, well made away,

let the ladies tattle what they please.

a. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air

secrets.

r. For this care of Tamora,

if, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt Dem. and Chi. hearing off the Nurse.]

Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow

flies;

to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

secretly to greet the empress' friends.—

on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;

is you that puts us to our shifts:

take you feed on berries, and on roots,

feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

abide in a cave: and bring you up

a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. A publick place.

TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—

r. now let me see your archery; ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Arctura reliquit:—

a. remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

like you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

and the ocean, and cast your nets;

ly you may find her in the sea;

ere's as little justice as at land:—

Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;

ou must dig with mattock, and with spade,

ere the inmost centre of the earth:

when you come to Pluto's region,

you, deliver him this petition:

im, it is for justice, and for aid;

but it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,

To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night to attend him carefully;

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths; and with revenged war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?

What,

Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you

word

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:

Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;

Yet wrong with wrongs, more than our backs can

bear:—

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,

We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,

To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[He gives them the arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, ad Apollinem:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself:—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine.—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the

court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, well

said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Pub-

lius shot,

The hull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;

And who should find them but the empress' villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not

choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lord-

ship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clow. Ho! the gibbet-maker! he says, that he

hath taken them down again, for the man must not

be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank

with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clow. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there:

God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven

in my young days. Why, I am going with my

pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter

of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor for you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tu. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, but give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tu. *Sirrah*, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—And when thou hast given it to the emperor, knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let's go:—*Publius*, follow me. [*Escunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and Others: SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Cloon.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be p-

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits t-

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, g-

ood den: I have brought you a letter, and of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads th*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang hi-

sently. [*Exit, g*]

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have bro-

a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, g*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device pro-

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous son

That died by law for murder of our brother

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfu-

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-

Sly frantick wretch, that help't to make m-

In hope thyself should govern Rome and n-

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome ne-

more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march again, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the G-

These tidings zip me; and I hang the heat

As flowers with frost, or grass beat dov-

storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he, the common people love so much;

Myself hath often over-heard them say,

(When I have walk'd like a private man,)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were t-

peror.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not y-

strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,

And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious,

name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby

Knowing, that with the shadow of his win

He can at pleasure stint their melody:

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou em-

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more da-

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep

When as the one is wounded with the bar-

The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he w-

For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear

With golden promises; that were his hear

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tou-

Go thou before, be our ambassador: [To *T*]

Say, that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meetin-

Even at his father's house, the old Andron-

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourab-

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please h-

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectual

[*Exit*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus

And temper him, with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike G

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*Plains near Rome.**LUCIUS, and Goths, with drum and colours.*

Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
How desirous of our sight they are.
Fore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Loyal, and impatient of your wrongs;
Wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
I can make treble satisfaction.

Alc. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Which saved Rome requites with foul contempt,
I'd in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Following bees in hottest summer's day,
To thy master to the flower'd fields,—
To avenge'd on cursed Tamora.

Alc. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.
I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
He comes here, led by a lusty Goth!

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in his arms.

Alc. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

And upon a ruinous monastery;
As I earnestly did fix mine eye
On the wasted building, suddenly

I saw a child cry underneath a wall:
I ran unto the noise; when soon I heard
A crying babe controll'd with this discourse:

Alc. *towny slave; half me, and half thy dam!*
Alc. *thy hue betray whose brat thou art,*
Alc. *stare lent thee but thy mother's look,*
Alc. *thy, thou mightst have been an emperor:*
Alc. *here the bull and cows are both milk-white,*
Alc. *never do beget a coal-black calf.*

Alc. *villain, peace!*—even thus he rates the babe,—
Alc. *must bear thee to a trusty Goth;*
Alc. *when he knows thou art the empress' babe,*
Alc. *odd thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*

Alc. This, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
And smote him suddenly; and brought him hither,
As you think needful of the man.

O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
Whom I'd Andronicus of his good hand:

Behold the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
Behold the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Call-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This rawing image of thy fiend-like face?

Do not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?

Or, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
To show his side his fruit of bastardy.

Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.
Too like the sire for ever being good.—
Hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
And vex the father's soul withal.

Alc. A ladder.

[A ladder brought, which Aaron is obliged to ascend.]

Lucius, save the child;
If I do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
Which might advantage thee to hear:

It will not, befall what may befall,
I can no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
I will shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

And if please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
Vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Of black night, abominable deeds,
Of plots of mischief, treason; villainies
Which I do hear, yet piteously perform'd:

Which shall all be buried by my death,
Which thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:

Yet,—for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies;

Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—

Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,

An idiot holds his hauble for a god,

And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—

To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that

trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and

trimm'd; and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that gulleful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never

blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse,)

Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die

So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Mar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my hither tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius; what's the news from Rome?
Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rome. Before Titus's house.

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS,
disguis'd.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfrics, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come!

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are the

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore call
Cause they take vengeance of such kind o

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress t
are!

And you, the empress! But we worldly
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee.
And, if one arm's embracement will conte

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus, for

Tam. This closing with him fits his lun
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fi

Do you uphold and maintain in your spee
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;

And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure
I'll find some cunning practice out of han

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my t

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful hous

Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome to
How like the empress and her sons you a

We'll are you fitted, had you but a Moor
Could not all hell afford you such a devi

For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen arig
It were convenient you had such a devil:

But welcome, as you are. What shall y
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, An

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal w
Chi. Show me a villain, that hath don

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets
And when thou find'st a man that's like

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer
Go thou with him; and when it is thy l

To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher

Go thou with them; and in the emperor
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;

Well mayst thou know her by thy own pi
For up and down she doth resemble thee

I pray thee, do on them some violent de
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lessen'd us; this al
But would it please thee, good Andronic

To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant so
Who leads towards Rome a band of war!

And bid him come and banquet at thy he
When he is here, even at thy solemn fea

I will bring in the empress and her sons
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and b
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry l

What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Ti

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Luot
Thou shalt inquire him out among the G

Bid him repair to me, and bring with hi
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they
Tell him, the emperor and the empress t

Feasts at my house; and he shall feast v
This do thou for my love; and so let him

As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return

ow. Now will I hence about thy business,
take my ministers along with me.
y. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
else I'll call my brother back again,
cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

us. What say you, boys? will you abide with
him,

les I go tell my lord the emperor,
I have govern'd our determin'd jest?

d to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
[Aside.

tarry with him, till I come again.

t. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
ir of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [Aside.

m. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

y. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
by a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit Tamora.

t. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

d. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

t. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
ius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

d. What's your will?

t. Know you these two?

sb. Th' empress' sons,
Chiron and Demetrius.

t. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:

therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
and Valentine, lay hands on them:

have you heard me wish for such an hour,
now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit Titus.—Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron
and Demetrius.

i. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

d. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.—

close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVI-
NIA; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.

t. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
bound;—

stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
llains, Chiron and Demetrius!

stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud;

goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
of her brothers were condemn'd to death:

hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
hands or tongue, her spoules chastity,
mean traitors, you constrain'd and fore'd.

it would you say, if I should let you speak?
sins, for shame you could not beg for grace,
t, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
let that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
basin, that receives your guilty blood.

know, your mother means to feast with me,
calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
t, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;

of the paste a coffin I will rear,
make two pasties of your shameful heads;
bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
to the earth, swallow her own increase.

is the feast that I have bid her to,
this banquet she shall surfeit on;
worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
now prepare your throats.—[He cuts their throats.

ive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
we go grind their bones to powder small,
with this hateful liquor temper it;
in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.

s, come, be every one officious
make this banquet; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exit, bearing the dead bodies.

SCENE III.

The same. A pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with
AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

I Goth. And ours with thine, befall what for-
tune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;

Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:

I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Exit Goths, with Aaron. Flourish.
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tri-
bunes, Senators, and Others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys sound. The company sit down
at table.

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled,
young LUCIUS, and Others. Titus places the
dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and defour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[He kills Lavinia.

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made
me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the
deed.

T. Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sot. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*Killing Tamora.*
Killing Titus.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed?

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. Marcus, Lucius, and their partisans ascend the steps before Titus's house.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be hane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To Lucius.*] as erst
our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compar of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i'the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and ploter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-
mans?
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remanoder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.
Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's
royal emperor!

Lucius, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an Attendant.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's
gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task:—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my
heart

'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

I Rom. You sad Andronici, have doze with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and fannish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*





L Stothard, R.A.

Ang Fox sc.

PERICLES.

Act 5. Sc. 1.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane 1825.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
 PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
 HELICANUS, { two lords of Tyre.
 ESCANES, {
 SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
 GLEON, governor of Tharsus.
 LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mitylene.
 CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
 THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
 PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.

LEONINE, servant to Dionyza. Marshall.
 A Pandar, and his Wife. BOULT, their servant.
 GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus. DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.

THAISA, daughter to Simonides.

MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina. DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

Scene,—dispersedly in various countries.

ACT THE FIRST.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales;
 And lords and ladies of their lives
 Have read it for restoratives;
 'Purpose to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
 This city then, Antioch the great
 Built up for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say)
 This king unto him took a pheere,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke:
 Bad father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be dour by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 That whose ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As you grim looks do testify.
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large
 receiv'd
 The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Music.*]
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the
 spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face, the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
 To taste the fruit of you celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 A countless glory, which desert must gain:
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
 pale,
 That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must:
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;

But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of Antiochus.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, mayst thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last: but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a hook of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind male
casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
wrong'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
for't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning:—
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince
of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do despise you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth best fit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt Antiochus, his Daughter, and Attendants.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.

If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasplings with your child
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father,
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though the
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for that
we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness
Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy
And for your faithfulness we will advance:
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is dead.

Ant. [Exit Messenger]
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your high

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead.
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

SCENE II.

Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this
thoughts?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can be
quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine
shun them.

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-deeds
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—The great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act

3. I think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
 boots it me to say, I honour him,
 I suspect I may dishonour him:
 I what may make him blush in being known,
 I'll stop the course by which it might be known;
 with hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 I with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 my men shall drive courage from the state;
 my men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
 my subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
 I'll care of them, not pity of myself,
 I'll be no more but as the tops of trees,
 which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
 them.)
 I'll care both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 I'll punish that before, that he would punish.
 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 careful and comfortable!
 Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
 tongue.
 I'll do abuse the king, that flatter him:
 flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
 thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
 which that breath gives heat and stronger
 glowing;
 I'll receive reproof, obedient, and in order,
 my kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 my signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 flatters you, makes war upon your life:
 I'll see, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
 I'll not be much lower than my knees.
 Hel. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
 at shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
 I'll then return to us. [Exit Lords.] Helicanus,
 I'll then
 I'll moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
 Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
 Hel. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
 I'll durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
 Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
 whence
 I'll have their nourishment?
 Hel. Thou know'st I have power
 I'll take thy life.
 Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself;
 I'll you but strike the blow.
 Hel. Rise, pry'thee rise;
 I'll down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
 I'll mak thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
 I'll if kings should let their ears hear their faults
 hid!
 I'll counsellor, and servant for a prince,
 I'll so by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
 I'll what wouldst thou have me do?
 Hel. With patience bear
 I'll thy griefs as you do lay upon yourself.
 Hel. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
 I'll so minister'st a potion unto me,
 I'll that thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
 I'll mak me then: I went to Antioch,
 I'll here, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
 I'll sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
 I'll on whence an issue I might propagate,
 I'll my arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
 I'll my face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
 I'll my heart (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest:
 I'll which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 I'll m'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st
 I'll this,
 I'll a time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
 I'll which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 I'll der the covering of a careful night,
 I'll so seem'd my good protector; and being here
 I'll thought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I'll new him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
 I'll crease not, but grow faster than their years:
 I'll I'd should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
 I'll that I should open to the listening air,
 I'll how many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 I'll how keep his bed of blackness unalaid ope,—
 I'll how I'd should that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
 I'll and make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
 I'll how he'll be all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
 I'll how I'll feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
 I'll how high love to all (of which thyself art one,

Who now reprov'st me for it)——
 Hel. Alas, sir!
 Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from
 my cheeks,
 Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.
 Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
 leave to speak,
 Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who either by publick war, or private treason,
 Will take away your life.
 Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
 Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
 But should he wrong my liberties in absence—
 Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
 From whence we had our being and our birth.
 Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
 Tharsus
 Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
 The care I had and have of subjects' good,
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
 [Exit.

SCENE III.

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
 Here must I kill Pericles; and if I do not, I
 am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—
 Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had
 good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would
 of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.
 Now do I see he had some reason for it: for
 if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound
 by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush,
 here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
 Further to question of your king's departure.
 His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
 Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. Hew! the king gone! [Aside.]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
 Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
 He would depart. I'll give some light unto you.
 Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch? [Aside.]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not),
 Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
 And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
 To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
 So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
 With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [Aside.]

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
 But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
 He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
 But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;
 But, since my landing, as I have understood
 Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
 My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
 Committed to our master, not to us:
 Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire.—
 As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
 [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest as here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have govern-

ment,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by;
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers, who, to nurse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbour
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,

That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,

Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
po,

To beat us down, the which are down already

And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the sembl
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to re
Who makes the fairest show, means most des
But bring they what they will, what need we
The ground's the low'st, and we are half
there.

Go tell their general, we attend him here,

To know for what he comes, and whence he o
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace cons
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you ar
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within
With bloody views, expecting overthrow.
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy br
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, r
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and m
Cle. The which when any shall not gratif
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their t
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast
while,

Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile.

ACT THE SECOND.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon,)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with
ON; all the Train with them. Enter at o
door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles
ricles shows the letter to Cleon; then gives the
senger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pe
Cleon, &c. severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at hor
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen had, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:

le knowing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
 For now the wind begins to blow;
 Hunder above, and deeps below;
 Take such unquiet, that the ship
 Would house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost:
 Will perish of man, of self;
 He ought escapen but himself;
 Will fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Brew him ashore, to give him glad:
 And here he comes: what shall he next,
 My lord old Gower; this long's the text.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

Antapolis. An open place by the sea side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
 No rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is a substance that must yield to you;
 As fits my nature, do obey you:
 The sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 And led me from shore to shore, and left me breath
 To think on, but ensuing death:
 Suffice the greatness of your powers,
 We bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
 Having thrown him from your watry grave,
 To have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1st. What, ho, Pilche!
 2nd. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.
 3rd. What, Patch-breech, I say!
 1st. What say you, master?
 2nd. Look how thou stirrest now! come away,
 fetch thee with a wannion.
 3rd. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
 that were cast away before us, even now.
 1st. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to
 what pitiful cries they made to us, to help
 when, well-a-day, we could scarce help
 res.
 2nd. Nay, master, said not I as much, when
 the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?
 say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague
 on, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd.
 1st. I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
 2nd. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones
 the little ones: I can compare our rich mi-
 nothing so fitly as a whale; 'a plays and
 us, driving the poor fry before him, and at
 vows them all at a mouthful. Such whales
 heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping,
 y've swallowed the whole parish, church,
 bells and all.
 1st. A pretty moral.
 2nd. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I
 have been that day in the belfry.
 3rd. Why, man?
 1st. Because he should have swallowed me
 and when I had been in his belly, I would
 kept such a jangling of the bells, that he
 never have left, till he cast bells, steeple,
 and parish, up again. But if the good
 imonides were of my mind—
 Simonides!
 2nd. We would purge the land of these drones,
 the bee of her honey.
 1st. How from the finny subject of the sea
 fishers tell the infirmities of men;
 from their watry empire recollect
 at may men approve, or men detect!
 be at your labour, honest fishermen.
 3rd. Honest! good fellow, what's that! if it
 lay fits you, scratch it out of the calendar,
 a body will look after it.
 1st. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your
 coast—
 2nd. What a drunken knave was the sea, to
 see in our way!
 1st. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
 the vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
 to play upon, entreats you pity him;

He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them
 in our country of Greece, gets more with begging,
 than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for
 here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou
 canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
 But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
 A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
 And have no more of life than may suffice
 To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
 Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
 For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a
 gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now,
 afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go
 home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for
 fasting-days, and more'er puddings and flap-jacks;
 and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could
 not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too,
 and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all
 your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better
 office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw
 up the net.

[Exit two of the fishermen.]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their
 labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pen-
 tapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd,
 for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects
 He gains the name of good, by his government.
 How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll
 tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow
 is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights
 come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney
 for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
 I'd wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O sir, things must be as they may; and
 what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—
 his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs
 in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill
 hardly come out. Ha! hots on't, 'tis come at last,
 and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
 Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
 Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
 And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
 Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
 With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,)
 Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
 'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)
 For that it sav'd me, keep it; to like necessity,
 Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
 Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again:
 I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
 Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
 For it was sometime target to a king;
 I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
 And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
 Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
 And if that ever my low fortunes better,
 I'll pay your boonties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.
1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.
 Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rupture of the sea, This jewel holds his hiding on my arm; Unto thy value will I mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.— Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will; This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A publick way, or platform, leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph? *1 Lord.* They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter, In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected. 'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself? *Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun; The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself? *Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady: The motto thus, in Spanish, *Fiu per dulciora que per fuerca.* [*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry: The word, *Me pompæ prorexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth? *Thai.* A burning torch, that's turned upside down; The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will, Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds; Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried: The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? *Thai.* He seems a stranger; but his present is A wither'd branch, that's only green at top; The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral; From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish
1 Lord. He had need mean better than his ward show

Can any way speak in his just commend: For, by his rusty outside, he appears To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the

2 Lord. He may well be a stranger, for he o To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour Until this day, to secur it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us ce The outward habit by the inward man. But stay, the knights are coming; we'll with Into the gallery. [*Ex*]

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean kn*

SCENE III.

The same. A hall of state.—A banquet prepar

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights, To say you are welcome, were superfluous. To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a title-page, your worth in arms Were more than you expect, or more than's fit. Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast. You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and To whom this wreath of victory I give, And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my *Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is y And here, I hope, is none that envies it. In framing artists, art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed; And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, quest feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your p Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace

Knights. We are honour'd much by goo monides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; homo love, For who hates honour, hates the gods above. *Marsh.* Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is m I Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gent That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights. *Sim.* Sit, sit, sit

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of the These eates resist me, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen Of marriage, all the viands that I eat Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat: Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but A country gentleman; He has done no more than other knights have Broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to gl *Per.* You king's to me, like to my father's p Which tells me, in that glory once he was; Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None, that beheld him, but like lesser lights Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;

Where now his son's a glow-worm in the ni The which hath fire in darkness, none in lig

Whereby I see that time's the king of men, For he's their parent, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they

Sim. What, are you merry, knights? I Knight. Who can be other, in this roy sense?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the (As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,) We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your *Sim.* Yet pause a while; You knight, methinks, doth sit too melanco As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show might countervail his worth

not you, Thaisa?

What is it

my father?

O, attend, my daughter;
 In this, should live like gods above,
 Reely give to every one that comes
 Your them: and princes, not doing so,
 e to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
 under'd at.
 re to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
 ink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
 Alas, my father, it befits not me
 A stranger knight to be so hold;
 My proffer take for an offence,
 Men take women's gifts for impudence.

How!

I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Now, by the gods, he could not please me
 better.

[*Aside.*]

And further tell him, we desire to know,
 Once he is, his name and parentage.

The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
 I thank him.

Wishing it so much blood unto your life,
 I thank both him and you, and pledge him
 Myself.

And further he desires to know of you,
 Once you are, your name and parentage.

A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
 My calling being in arts and arms;)—

Seeking for adventures in the world,
 On the rough seas left of ships and men,
 My shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

He thanks your grace; names himself Pe-
 ricles

A man of Tyre, who only by
 The use of the seas has been bereft

Of men, and cast upon this shore.
 Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
 Will awake him from his melancholy.

Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
 Let us rise, and seek for other revels.

Put on your armour, as you are address'd,
 For you will become a soldier's dance.

Do not have excuse, with saying, this
 Is too usick is too harsh for ladies' heads;

They love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

As was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
 I see

A lady that wants breathing too:
 She has often heard, you knights of Tyre
 Excellent in making ladies trip;

And their measures are as excellent.
 I wish those that practise them, they are, my lord.

O, that's as much, as you would be denied
 To see them.

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

A fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp,
 Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
 The best. [*To Pericles.*] Pages and lights,
 Conduct

Them unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
 I have given order to be next our own.

I am at your grace's pleasure.
 Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
 'Tis the mark I know you level at:

Let each one betake him to his rest;
 I will, now, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

O, no, my Escanes; know this of me,
 I am from incest liv'd not free;

Which, the most high gods not minding longer
 Hold the vengeance that they had in store,
 His heinous capital offence;

Which the height and pride of all his glory,
 He was seated, and his daughter with him,
 In riot of inestimable value,

From heaven came, and shrivell'd up
 In ashes, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
 Those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
 Now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my
 lords.

1 Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
 you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
 And he resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in
 our censure:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof),
 Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
 If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the sea,
 Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
 To forbear choice i' the absence of your king;

If in which time expir'd, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
 And, since lord Helicane joineth us,
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clas
 hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter; the Knights
 meet him.*

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
 know.

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
 tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.
 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take
 our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So
 They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's
 letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
 I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!
 Well, I commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you
 For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
 I do protest, were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
 sir, of
 My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
 Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
 And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.
Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
 'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*]
 O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,
 A stranger and distressed gentleman,
 'That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
 But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
 thou art
 A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
 Never did thought of mine levy offence;
 Nor never did my actions yet commence
 A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor! Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.
Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his

Per. My actions are as noble as my thought;
 That never relish'd of a base descent.
 I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
 And not to be a rebel to her state;
 And he that otherwise accounts of me,
 This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No!—
 Here comes my daughter, she can witness it

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair
 Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
 Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
 To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
 Who takes offence at that would make me
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory
 I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*]
 I tame you;

I'll bring you in subjection.—
 Will you, not having my consent, bestow
 Your love and your affections on a stranger
 (Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
 Or think, may be as great in blood as I.)
 Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to
 And you, sir, hear you.—Either he rul'd by
 Or I will make you—man and wife.—
 Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal
 And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes deal
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
 What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fost
Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'please your
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you
 Then, with what haste you can, get you to

ACT THE THIRD.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep ys-laked bath the rout;
 No din but snores, the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded:—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door,
 with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels,
 and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it to
 Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then
 enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida. Simonides
 shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and
 Pericles take leave of her Father, and depart.
 Then Simonides, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expence,
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenour these:
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:

The mutiny there he hastes 't appease;
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not, in twice six moons, home,
 He obedient to their doom,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps, 'gan sound,
 Our heir apparent, is a king:
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thi
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
 His queen with child, makes her desir
 (Which who shall cross?) along to go:
 (Omit we all their dole and woe:)
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neprune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's moo
 Varies again: the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-nea
 Doth fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey:
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost prince appears to speak.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebul
 surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and th
 hast

ie winds command, bind them in brass,
call'd them from the deep! O still thy
causing,
sadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
lphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
yes my queen!—Thou storm, thou! venom-
ously
ou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
whisper in the ears of death,
L.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
patroness, and midwife, gentle
that cry by night, convey thy deity
our dancing boat; make swift the panga
queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Here is a thing
ing for such a place, who if it had
would die as I am like to do.
your arms this piece of your dead queen.
How! how, Lychorida!
Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
all that is left living of your queen,—
daughter; for the sake of it,
ly, and take comfort.

O you gods!
o you make us love your goodly gifts,
uch them straight away? We, here below,
ot what we give, and therein may
our with yourselves.

Patience, good sir,
r this charge.
Now, mild may be thy life!
ore blust'rous birth had never babe:
od gentle thy conditions!
rt the rudest welcom'd to this world,
r was prince's child. Happy what follows!
st as chiding a nativity,
air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
ld thee from the womb: even at the first,
s is more than can thy portage quit,
l thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
heir best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

What courage, sir? God save you.
ourage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
your infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
it would be quiet.

Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not,
a? Blow, and split thyself.

But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
iss the moon, I care not.

Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
igh, the wind is loud, and will not lie till
be cleared of the dead.

That's your superstition.
Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still
e observed; and we are strong in earnest.
e briefly yield her; for she must overboard

Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
seen!

Here she lies, sir.
terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
e, no fire: the unfriendly elements
hee utterly; nor have I time
thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
st thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
for a monument upon thy bones,
-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
urning water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
with simple shells. Lychorida,
nor bring me spices, ink and paper,
et and my jewels; and bid Nicander
e the satin coffer: lay the babe
e pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
ly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.]

Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
and bitumed ready.
I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is
it?

We are near Tharsus.
Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou
reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons
who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call!
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as
this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [To Philemon.]

[Exit Philemon, Servant, and those who
had been shipwrecked.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.
2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?
1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple; pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.
1 *Gent.* But I much marvel of your lordship,
having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physick, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two Servants with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corpse!

1 Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-
treasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters!

[Unfolds a scroll.

Here I give to understand, [Reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king;
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too
rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.
Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The viol once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou
block!—

The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eye-lids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear
her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.

SCENE III.

Tharsus. A room in Cleon's house

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZ
CHORIDA, and MARINA.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! Th
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though th
you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had
her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes!
Per. We cannot b
The powers above us. Could I rage and
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd s
I charge your charity withal, and leave h
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she m
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lon
Your grace, that fed my country with you
(For which the people's prayers still fall up
Must in your child be thought on. If neg
Should therein make me vile, the common
By you reliev'd, would force me to my d
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me
Without your vows. Till she be married,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain
Though I show will n't. So I take my
Good madam, make me blessed in your c
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one resp
Who shall not be more dear to my resp
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to
o'the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will em
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose gr
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's hou

Enter CERIMON and THAISA

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certa
Lay with you in your coffer: which are r
At your command. Know you the charac
Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remem
Even on my yearning time; but whether
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Peri
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'hide until your date exp
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's a
Yet my good will is great, though the gif

ACT THE FOURTH.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
 Welcom'd, to his own desire,
 His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
 To Dian there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In musick, letters; who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place
 Of general wonder. But alack!
 That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 Oo daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
 High Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be:
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
 With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound
 The cambrick, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina; so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vis feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And curs'd Dionysa hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Frest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionysa does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Tharsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:
 but a blow, which never shall be known,
 canst not do a thing i'th' world so soon,
 yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
 come too nicely; nor let pity, which
 a woman have cast off, melt thee, but be
 soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.
Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
 spring she comes for her old nurse's death.
 a art resolv'd?
Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
 purple violets, and marigolds,
 As, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
 the summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
 in a tempest, when my mother died,
 a world to me is like a lasting storm,
 turning me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
 How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
 Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
 A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
 With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
 Give me your wretch of flowers, ere the sea mar it.
 Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
 Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come,—
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
 I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
 I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
 Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
 What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
 [Exit Dionysa.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
 But cry'd, *good seamen*, to the sailors, galling
 His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
 That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
 Wash'd off a canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one,
Will out! and, with a dropping industry,
 They skip from stem to stern: the boatwain whistles,
 The master calls, and trembles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?
Mar. It was, when I was born:
 Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
 I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
 To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
 Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life;
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
 To any living creature: believe me, la,
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
 I trod upon a worm against my will,
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
 My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
 Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
 You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
 Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
 And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
 And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.
 1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.]

2 *Pirate*. A prize! a prize!
3 *Pirate*. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Mitylene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pandar. Boul't.
Boul't. Sir.
Pandar. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.
Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.
Pandar. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.
Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven—
Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?
Bawd. What else, man! The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.
Pandar. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.
Boul't. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.
Pandar. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.
Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you! is it a shame to get when we are old?
Pandar. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.
Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.
Pandar. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade;—it's no calling;—but here comes Boul't.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT dragging in MARINA.

Boul't. Come your ways. [To Marina.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate*. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boul't. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities?

Boul't. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul't?

Boul't. I cannot be hated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pandar. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her; the

colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will have most, shall have her first*. Such a maidenhead is no cheap thing, if men were as they have.

Get this done as I command you.

Bawd. Performance shall follow. [*Exit B.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that

pirates,
(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard

Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their

you.
Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,

To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste of men of all fashions. You shall fare well; you all have the difference of all complexions. Why do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, as I

a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosing! I think I have something to do with you. Come, you young foolish sapling, and must be bowen would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't's return'd.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my

Bawd. And I pry'thee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially the younger sort?

Boul't. 'Faith, they listen'd to me, as they have hearken'd to their father's testament. It was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow his best ruff on.

Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, mistress,

know the French knight that covers i'th the

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boul't. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the

clamination; but he made a groan at it, and he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought

disease hither: here he does but repair it. I

he will come in our shadow, to scatter his

in the sun.

Boul't. Well, if we had of every nation

veller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while.

have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me,

must seem to do that fearfully, which you

willingly; to despise profit, where you have

gain. To weep that you live as you do, mak

in your lovers. Seldom, but that pity begets

good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul't. O, take her home, mistress, tal

home: these blushes of hers must be qu

with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they

for your bride goes to that with shame, w

her way to go with warrant.

Boul't. 'Faith some do, and some do not.

mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the sp

Boul't. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come you

I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul't. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be ch

yet.

ad. Bould, spend thou that in the town: report
a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by
n. When nature framed this piece, she meant
a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she
d thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.
th. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall
awake the beds of eels, as my giving out
easty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring
some to-night.
nd. Come your ways; follow me.
r. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
d I still my virgin knot will keep.
s, aid my purpose!
ad. What have we to do with Diana? Pray
will you go with us? [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A room in Cleon's house.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

n. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?
O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
an and moon ne'er look'd upon!
s. I think
I turn a child again.
Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
and any single crown o' the earth,
justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
in thou hast poison'd too!
n hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
ning well thy feat: what canst thou say,
o noble Pericles shall demand his child?
s. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
eter it, nor ever to preserve.
died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
s you play the impious innocent,
or an honest attribute, cry out,
led by foul play.

s. O, go to. Well, well,
I the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
be this worst.

s. Be one of those, that think
pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
open this to Pericles. I do shame
link of what a noble strain you are,
of how cow'd a spirit.

To such proceeding
ever but his approbation added,
gh not his pre-consent, he did not flow
honourable courses.

Be it so then:
one does know, but you, how she came dead,
none can know, Leonine being gone.
did disdain my child, and stood between
and her fortunes: None would look on her,
ast their gazes on Marina's face;
st ears was blurted at, and held a malkin,
worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
though you call my course unnatural,
set your child well loving, yet I find,
ness me, as an enterprise of kindness,
rmd'd to your sole daughter.

Heavens forgive it!
s. And as for Pericles,
t should he say? We wept after her hearse,
even yet we mourn: her monument
most finish'd, and her epitaphs
littering golden characters express
veral praise to her, and care in us
hese expence 'tis done.

Thou art like the harpy,
th, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
with an eagle's talons.

s. You are like one, that superstitiously
swear to the gods, that superstitiously
ret I know you'll do as I advise. [Exit.

GOWER, before the monument of Marina
at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short;
hail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
faking, (to take your imagination,)
from bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we oommit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late,
Advac'd in time to high and great estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
brought

This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like moats and shadows see them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES with his Train;
CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. Cleon
shows Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereat Pericles
makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a
mighty passion departs. Then Cleon and Dionyza
retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears
o'ershow'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He hears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.

The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint,)
Make raging battery upon shores of fint.

No visor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Mitylene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?
2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place
as this, she being oocce gone.
1 Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there! did
you ever dream of such a thing?
2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-
houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?
1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous;
but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth
of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation.
We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her.
When she should do for clients her fitment, and
do the kindness of our profession, she has me her

quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Bault. 'Faith I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Baud. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguis'd.

Bault. We should have both lord and low, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Bault. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Baud. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Baud. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Bault. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Bault. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Baud. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Baud. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Baud. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To Marina, whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Baud. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he governs the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Baud. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Baud. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Baud, Pandar, and Bault.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offeended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that set and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have something of my power, and so stand aloof serious wooing. But I protest to thee, prevent my authority shall not see thee, or else, look upon thee. Come, bring me to some private house.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it; if put upon you, make the judgment good. That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more sage.

Mar. For me, That am a maid, though most ungentele forth; Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome court. Where, since I came, diseases have been so dearer than physick,—O that the good gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place! Though they did change me to the meanest That flies i'the purer air!

Lys. I did not think Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er didst thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee. Persever still in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you the same. That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou from me, It shall be for thy good.

[*As Lysimachus is putting up his purse, enters.*]

Bault. I beseech your honour, one piece for you. Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!

house, But for this virgin that doth prop it up, Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit Lysimachus.*]
Bault. How's this? We must take another with you. If your peevish chastity, which worth a breakfast in the cheapest country the cope, shall undo a whole household, let gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Bault. I must have your maidenhead take or the common hangman shall execute it, your way. We'll have no more gentlemen away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Baud.

Baud. How now! what's the matter?
Bault. Worse and worse, mistress; she has spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Baud. O abominable!
Bault. She makes our profession as it were stink afore the face of the gods.

Baud. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Bault. The nobleman would have dealt with like a nobleman, and she sent him away as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Baud. Bault, take her away; use her pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, make the rest malleable.

Bault. An if she were a thornier piece of gold than she is, she shall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Baud. She conjures away with her. She had never come within my doors! Marry you! She's born to undo us. Will you not way of women-kind? Marry come up, my chastity with rosemary and bays!

[*Exit Bault.*]

Bault. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Bault. To take from you the jewel you have dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Bault. Come now, your one thing.

v. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
 ult. Why, I could wish him to be my master,
 ther, my mistress.
 v. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
 they do better thee in their command.
 ult. I had 'st a place, for which the pained 'st fiend
 all would not in reputation change:
 't the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel
 hither comes enquiring for his tib;
 's choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
 ble; thy very food is such
 'th been helch'd on by infected lungs.
 ult. What would you have me do? go to the
 would you? where a man may serve seven
 for the loss of a leg, and have not money
 in the end to buy him a wooden one?
 v. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
 receptacles, common sewers, of filth;
 ' by indenture to the common hangman;
 of these ways are better yet than this:
 hat which thou professes, a baboon,
 't he but speak, would own a name too dear.

O that the gods would safely from this place
 Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
 If that thy master would gain aught by me,
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from hoast;
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?
 Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the basest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee;
 if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
 them. But since my master and mistress have
 bought you, there's no going but by their consent;
 therefore I will make them acquainted with your
 purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them
 tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I
 can; come your ways. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brotbel 'scapes, and
 chances
 into an honest house, our story says.
 she sings like one immortal, and she dances
 as goddess-like to her admired lays:
 Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her need
 composes
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
 berry;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 the gives the curs'd bawd. Here we her place;
 and to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
 lost:
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 here where his daughter dwells; and on this
 coast
 suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
 to Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship spies,
 His hammers sable, trimm'd with rich expence;
 and to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 't he your supposing once more put your sight;
 't heavy Pericles think this the bark:
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
 't shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
 [Exit.]

SCENE I.

Pericles' ship, off Mitylene. A close pa-
 on a deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles
 kin it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying be-
 the Tyrian vessel.

two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel,
 other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

v. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can
 resolve you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.]
 he is.

There's a barge put off from Mitylene,
 in it is Lysimachus the governor,
 't craves to come aboard. What is your will?

l. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

v. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

l. Gent. Doth your lordship call?

l. Gentlemen,

there is some of worth would come aboard; I
 pray you,
 meet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
 and go on board the barge.]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS, and Lords;
 the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
 Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
 And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
 Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
 Seeing this godly vessel ride before us,
 I made it to, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
 A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
 To any one, nor taken sustenance,
 But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief of all springs from the loss
 Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel.

You may indeed, sir,
 But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
 To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [Pericles discovered.] this
 was a goodly person,

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
 Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
 Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

l. Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
 wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys.

'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony

And other choice attractions, would allure,

And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd:

She, all as happy as of all the fairest,

Is, with her fellow maidens, now within

The leafy shelter that abuts against
 The island's side.

[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.]

Exit Lord, in the barge of Lysimachus.

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,

That for our gold we may provision have,

Wherein we are not destitute for want,

But weary for the staleness.

Lys.

O, sir, a courtesy,

Which if we should deny, the most just God

For every graff would send a caterpillar,

And so inflict our province.—Yet once more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.
Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Lys. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lead ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on comet-like: she speaks
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[Aside.]
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you
live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st

Thou hadst been tосe'd from wrong to injure
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thought
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost loo

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.
Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am t
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, g
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle m
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's da
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would belie
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blo
Have you a working pulse? and are no fair
No motion?—Well; speak on. Where w
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mothe
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull slee
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well—
were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere bu
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me
How came you in these parts? where were yo

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsule
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good
Whither will you have me? Why do you

It may be,
You think me an impostor; no, good faith,
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be!

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracios

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsel
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou can
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep!

Hel. I know n
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd si
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Thar
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,

n on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
 under threatens us: This is Marina.—
 it was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
 truth can never be confirm'd enough,
 if doubts did ever sleep.

sr. First, sir, I pray,
 it is your title?

r. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
 in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,
 crown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of
 kingdoms,

another life to Pericles thy father.
sr. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
 ay, my mother's name was Thaisa?
 is was my mother, who did end,
 minute I began.

r. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
 me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
 dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
 savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
 en thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
 is thy very princess.—Who is this?

cl. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
 o, hearing of your melancholy state,
 come to see you.

sr. I embrace you, sir.
 e me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
 avens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?—
 Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
 point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
 sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?
cl. My lord, I hear none.

sr. None?
 musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.
rs. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
r. Rarest sounds!
 ye not hear?

rs. Musick? My lord, I hear—
sr. Most heavenly musick:
 lips me into list'ning, and thick slumber
 ops on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]
rs. A pillow for his head;

[*The curtain before the pavilion of Pericles is closed.*]
 leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
 his but answer to my just belief,
 well remember you.

[*Exeunt Lis. Hel. Mor. and attendant Lady.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

PERICLES on the deck asleep; DIANA appearing
 to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee
 thither,
 d do upon mine altar sacrifice.
 ere, when my maiden priests are met together,
 ve the people all,
 veal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
 mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
 d give them repetition to the life.
 orform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
 't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
 vake, and tell thy dream. [*Diana disappears.*]
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
 will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and
 MARINA.

Hel. Sir,
Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
 se inhospitable Cleon; but I am
 or other service first: toward Ephesus
 ran our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
 [*To Helicanus.*]

all we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
 nd give you gold for such provision
 s our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
 ashore,
 have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
 veze it to woo my daughter; for it seems
 on have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
 More a little, and then done.

This, as my last boon, give me,
 (For such kindness must relieve me,)
 That you aply will suppose
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,
 'Till he had done his sacrifice,
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company,
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*The temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing
 near the altar, as High Priestess; a number of Vir-
 gins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabit-
 ants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMA-
 CHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
 Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder: but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*]
Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,
 gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
 If you have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
 Early, one blin'string morn, this lady was
 Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd
 her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
 house,
 Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
 Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense head no licentious ear,
 But curb it, spite of seecing. O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
 Like him you are: Did you not name a temple,
 A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
 And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
 When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
 The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your pre-
 sent kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
 That on the touching of her lips I may
 Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried

A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to Thaisa.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus thea.

Per. Still confirmation;

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power;
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet thine,
my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,

To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you here
heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward;

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen

(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at

last.

In Helicanus may you well descry

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:

In reverend Cerimon there well appears,

The worth that learned charity eye wears.

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame

Had spread their oraed deed, and honour'd

name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turu;

That him and his they in his palace burn.

The gods for murder seemed so content

To punish them; although not done, but meant.

So, on your patience evermore attending,

New joy wait on you! Here our play has end-

ing.

[*Exit Gower.*]







T. Stothard RA.

Aug. Fox sc.

KING LEAR.

Act 3. Sc. 4.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane 1824.

KING LEAR.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

LEAR, king of Britain.
King of FRANCE.
Duke of BURGUNDY.
Duke of CORNWALL.
Duke of ALBANY.
Earl of KENT.
Earl of GLOSTER.
EDGAR, son to Gloster.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.
CURAN, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.

Physician.
Fool.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
GONERIL, } daughters to Lear.
REGAN, }
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene,—Britain.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A room of state in King Lear's palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of other's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some years older than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[Trumpets sound within.]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.]

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters, (Since now we will devest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,) Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter, Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour: As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found. A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find, she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short,—that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses; And find, I am alone felicitate In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [Aside.]

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's

More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, validity, and pleasure, Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy, Although the last, not least; to whose young love The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy, Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
 According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a
 little,
 Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you, all ? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
 carry
 Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart ?
Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender ?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dower :
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
 Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Pesce, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight !—
 [To Cordelia.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her !—Call France ;—Who
 stirs ?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly
 course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
 The name, and all the additions to a king ;
 The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you. [Giving the crown.]

Kent. Royal Lear,
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
 the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old
 man ?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
 When power to flattery bows ? To plainness hon-
 our's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom ;
 And, in thy best consideration, check
 This hideous rashness : answer my life my judg-
 ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;
 Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
 Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage against thine enemies ; nor fear to lose it,
 Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still
 The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo,
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal ! misc-

[Laying his hand on his

Ab. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow

Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;

Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throats

I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, rec-

On thine allegiance hear me !—

Since thou hast sought to make us break our

(Which we durst never yet,) and, with st-

pride,

To come betwix our sentence and our power

(Which nor our nature nor our place can be)

Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision

To shield thee from diseases of the world ;

And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day follow

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominion

The moment is thy death : Away ! By Jupit-

This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king : since thus the

appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is her

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, ma-

[To Co-

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly a-

And your large speeches may your deeds ex-

[To Regan and G-

That good effects may spring from words of :

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu ;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

Re-enter GLOSTER ; with FRANCE, B-

GUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my nob-

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with th-

Hath rival'd for our daughter : What, in th-

Will you require in present dower with h-

Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most royal m-

I crave no more than hath your highness off-

Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Bur-

When she was dear to us, we did hold her

But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she s-

If aught within that little, seeming substanc-

Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more, may fitly like your grac-

She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no a-

Lear. Sir,

Will you, with those infirmities she owes,

Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,

Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with ou-

Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon me, royal

Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the pow-

made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great k-

[To F-

I would not from your love make such a str-

To match you where I hate ; therefore besee-

To avert your liking a more worthy way,

Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd

Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most st

That she, that even but now was your best

The argument of your praise, balm of your

Most best, most dearest, should in this trice o-

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle

So many folds of favour ! Sure, her obno-

Must be of such unnatural degree,

That monsters it, or your fore-voch'd affect

Fall into taint : which to believe of her,

Must be a faith, that reason without miracle

Could never plant in me.

r. I yet beseech your majesty, as I want that glib and oily art, speak and purpose not; since what I well intend, do't before I speak, that you make known no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, unchaste action, or dishonour'd step, hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour: even for want of that, for which I am richer; ill-soliciting-eye, and such a tongue I am glad I have not, though, not to have it, a lost me in your liking.

sr. Better thou art not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

uac. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature, which often leaves the history unspoke, it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy, it say you to the lady! Love is not love, as it is mingled with respects, that stand off from the entire point. Will you have her? is herself a dowry.

r. Royal Lear, but that portion which yourself propos'd, here I take Cordelia by the hand, possess of Burgundy.

sr. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.
sr. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father, you must lose a husband.

r. Peace be with Burgundy! that respects of fortune are his love, all not be his wife.

uac. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;

choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd! and thy virtues here I seize upon: lawful, I take up what's cast away. O, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold neglect

love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance, seen of us, of ours, and our fair France: all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy I buy this unpris'd precious maid of me.—them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind: I losest here, a better where to find.

sr. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we do so such daughter, nor shall ever see face of hers again:—Therefore be gone, quit our grace, our love, our benison.—o, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants.

uac. Bid farewell to your sisters.
r. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes ella leaves you: I know you, what you are; like a sister, am most loath to call faults as they are nam'd. Use well our father: our professed bosoms I commit him: yet, alas! stood I within his grace, would prefer him to a better place. Well to you both.

w. Prescribe not us our duties.
g. Let your study to content your lord; who hath receiv'd your nature's alms.—You have obedience scanted, well are worth the want that you have wanted.
r. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides; discover faults, at last shame them derides.
sr. I may you prosper!

uac. Come, my fair Cordelia.
[Exeunt France and Cordelia.]

a. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of most nearly appertains to us both. I think, rather will hence to-night.

g. That's most certain, and with you; next I wish us.

a. You see how full of changes his age is; the reason we have made of it hath not been little: always loved our sister most; and with what judgment he hath now cast her off, appears woefully.

g. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath but slenderly known himself.

a. The best and soundest of his time hath but rash; then must we look to receive from

his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and eboleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th' heat.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A hall in the Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law My services are bound: Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom; and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted! And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power! Confin'd to exhibition! All this done Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what news?
Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.
Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find on idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph.—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue.—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in!—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain!—Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses of the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd: his offence, honesty!—Strangers! strange! [Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. *Edgar*—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi.*

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction read this other day, what should follow eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness betwixt the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces, maledictions against king and nobles; needful fidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of horts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear presence, till some little time hath qualified heat of his displeasure; which at this instant rageth in him, that with the mischief of your son it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a patient forbearance, till the speed of his rage be slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodgings, from whence I will fity bring you to hear my speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the end and horror of it: 'Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [Exit.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish horn
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

SCENE III.

A room in the Duke of Albany's palace

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; even he flashes into one gross crime or other, that sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it! His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids every trifle:—When he returns from his wars, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: If you come slack of former services, you shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [Horns.]

Gon. Put on that weary negligence you put on you and your fellows; I'd have it come to you: If he dislike it, let him to my sister, whose mind and mine, I know, in that are not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, that still would manage those authorities, that he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be used with checks, as flatteries,—when they are abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks than you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows: I would breed from hence occasions, and I will that I may speak:—I'll write straight to my brother, to hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*A hall in the same.**Enter KENT, disguised.*

ent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
 I can my speech diffuse, my good intent
 I carry through itself to that full issue
 which I read my likeness.—Now, banish'd
 Kent,
 how canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 may it come to thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 to find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

ear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get ready. [*Exit on Attendant.*] How now, what thou?

ent. A man, sir.

ear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou wish us?

ent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to eat, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

ear. What art thou?

ent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor the king.

ear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

ent. Service.*ear.* Who wouldst thou serve?*ent.* You.*ear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

ent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

ear. What's that?*ent.* Authority.*ear.* What services canst thou do?

ent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, march merrily in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

ear. How old art thou?

ent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for a pig; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: save years on my back forty-eight.

ear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

ear. What says the fellow there? Call the poll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the lord's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Stew. He says, my lord, your daughter is not here.

ear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Stew. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

ear. He would not!

Stew. My lord, I know not what the matter is; to my judgment, your highness is not enter'd with that ceremonious affection as you were at; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the court himself also, and your daughter.

ear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Stew. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I am mistaken; for your duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

ear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own reputation; I have perceived a most faint neglect at me; which I have rather blamed as mine own curious curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—Where's my fool? I have not seen him this many days.

Stew. Since my young lady's going into France, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Lear. Nor tripp'd neither; you have foot-ball player.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Lear. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [*Giving Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.*Lear.* Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, uncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.*Lear.* Do.*Fool.* Mark it, uncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeeling lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, uncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.*Fool.* That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:
 The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;
 The one in motley here,

The other fond out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou bestest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped, that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [*Singing.*]
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*]
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.
Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*To Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peaced. [*Pointing to Lear.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling:

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his dis-

cernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me what am I?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentleman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o'the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wiser.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth open
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir,
you come!
Is it your will? [*To Alb.*] Speak, sir.—Pray my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a cell
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Gon.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worship of their name.—O most small fiend!
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of man
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people!
Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may not be so, my lord.—Hear, noble heart;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof consist this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause:
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am a-sham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus

That these hot tears, which break from me per-

all make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!

untented woundings of a father's curse
ce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
weep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
I cast you, with the waters that you lose,
temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
o, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
as she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
'll resume the shape which thou dost think
re cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

as. Do you mark that, my lord?
B. I cannot be so partial, Generil,
the great love I bear you,—

as. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*To the Fool.*]

M. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [Exit.]

as. This man hath had good counsel:—A
hundred knights!
politick, and safe, to let him keep
point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
dream,

huz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
may engnard his dotage with their powers,
hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—
B. Well, you may fear too far.

as. Safer than trust:
me still take away the harms I fear,
fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
at he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
to sustain him and his hundred knights,
as I have show'd the unfitness,—How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

at, have you writ that letter to my sister?

as. Ay, madam.
as. Take you some company, and away to horse:
rn her full of my particular fear;
thereto add such reasons of your own,
may compact it more. Get you gone;
hasten your return. [Exit Stew.] No, no,
my lord,

milky gentleness, and course of yours,
ugh I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,
n prais'd for harmful mildness.

B. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
ving to better, oft we mar what's well.

as. Nay, then—
B. Well, well; the event. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you
know, than comes from her demand out of the letter:
If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there
before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have deli-
vered your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't
not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'y'thee, be merry; thy wit shall
not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does
to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands
i'the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his
nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may
spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail
has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it
away to his daughters, and leave his horns without
a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!
—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason
why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a
pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again, perforce!—Monster in-
gratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before
thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my
departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut
shorter. [Exit.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Court within the castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father;
given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall,
Regan his duchess, will be here with him
to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the
s abroad; I mean the whisper'd ones, for they
yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward,
at the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.
[Exit.]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better!
Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now i'the night, i'the haste,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you
well.

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit Edgar.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help!

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means
he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]

By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lord-
ship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond,
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
Aly very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural hoy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights,

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam.

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affe-
'Tis they have put him on the old man's seat
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such caution
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your face
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv-
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord,

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own pur-
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edm.,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much ne-
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank you.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit y-
Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several mess-
From hence attend despatch. Our good old f-
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, ma-
Your graces are right welcome. [R.]

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art
house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'll mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I
make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I
thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken
a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited
dred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a
liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson,
gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-
inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bar-
way of good service, and art nothing but the
position of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar,
the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one who
will beat into clamorous whining, if thou
the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art
thou to rail on one, that is neither known of
nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou
deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago,
I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before
king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be
the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moon
of you; Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-m-
draw. [Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with
against the king; and take vanity the pu-

against the royalty of her father: Draw, you
e, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw,
rascal; come your ways.

sw. Help, ho! murder! help!

mf. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand;
neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

sw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

ster EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN,
GLOSTER, and Servants.

lm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

mf. With you, Goodman boy, if you please;
I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

o. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

vn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

g. The messengers from our sister and the king.

rn. What is your difference? speak.

mf. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

mf. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your
ur. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in
; a tailor made thee.

rn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make
m?

mf. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a
ter, could not have made him so ill, though
had been but two hours at the trade.

vn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

sw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
spar'd,

ait of his grey beard,—

mf. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!
y lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread
unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall
jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you
all!

vn. Peace, sirrah!

heavily knave, know you no reverence?

mf. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

rn. Why art thou angry?

mf. That such a slave as this should wear a
sword,

wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
these,

rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
ch are too intrinsic t' unloose: smooth every
passion

in the natures of their lords rebels;
g oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

age, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
every gale and vary of their masters,

nowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
ague upon your epileptick visage!

le you my speeches, as I were a fool?
se, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

vn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
fo.

How fell you out?
that.

mf. No contraries hold more antipathy,
n I and such a knave.

vn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

mf. His countenance likes me not.

vn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or
hers.

mf. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
ve seen better faces in my time,
o stands on any shoulder that I see
oe me at this instant.

vn. This is some fellow,
o, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
uey roughness; and constrains the garb,
to from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

se kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
baur more craft, and more corrupter ends,
a twenty silly ducking observants,
t stretch their duties nicely.

mf. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
let the allowance of your grand aspect,
ose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
lickering Phœbus' front,—

vn. What mean'st by this?
mf. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-

commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
he that beguiled you in a plain accent, was a plain
knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though
I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Stew. Never any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:

You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks?
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—
[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my good lord; away.
[*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. 'Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill
taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good kings, that must approve the com-
mon saw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:—All weary and o'erwath'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.

A part of the heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am betought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Generil his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But for all this, thou shalt have as many dol
for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.
Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward
heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow.
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me.

Stay here.
Gent. Made you no more offence than what
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?
Fool. An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for
question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
thee there's no labouring in the winter. All
follow their noses are led by their eyes, but
men; and there's not a nose among twenty
can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy
when a great wheel runs down a hill, leat it
thy neck with following it; but the great one
goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. Now
a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me
again: I would have none but knaves follow
since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are

they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fe

The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo.

My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremoveable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd th

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand

man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall

dear father

Would with his daughter speak, command

service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath

blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, t

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not

selves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier wil

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! whe

[*Looking on*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hee

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!

down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did

eels, when she put them i'the paste alive:

yd'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd,
in, wantons, down: 'Twas her brother, that, in
 a kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and
Servants.

car. Good morrow to you both.

bra. Hail to your grace!
 [*Kent is set at liberty.*]

eg. I am glad to see your highness.
car. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
 we to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
 could divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
 such r'ing an adulthood.—O, are you free?

[*To Kent.*]
 Is other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
 thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
 thy tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—

[*Points to his heart.*]
 in scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
 how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

eg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
 I less know how to value her desert,
 in she to scant her duty.

car. Say, how is that?
eg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
 old fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
 I have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
 on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
 shears her from all blame.

car. My curses on her!

eg. O, sir, you are old;
 in you stands on the very verge
 thy confine: you should be rul'd, and led
 some discretion, that discerns your state
 more than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
 to our sister you do make return;
 if you have wrong'd her, sir.

car. Ask her forgiveness?
 thy daughter, I confess, that I am old;
 'tis unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*]
 if you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

eg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
 am you to my sister.

car. Never, Regan:
 hath abated me of half my train;
 I'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
 it serpent-like, upon the very heart—
 the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
 her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
 if taking airs, with lameness!

bra. Fie, fie, fie!
car. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
 flames
 on her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
 with fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
 fall and blast her pride!

eg. O the blest gods!
 will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

car. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
 tender-hefted nature shall not give
 a o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
 comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
 to grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
 I, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 against my coming in: thou better know'st
 the offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 ties of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
 and half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 wherein I thee endow'd.

eg. Good sir, to the purpose.
 [*Trumpets within.*]

car. Who put my man i'the stocks?
bra. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

eg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
 it she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
car. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
 fills in the sickle grace of her he follows:—
 a varlet, from my sight!

bra. What means your grace?
car. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
 good hope

Thou didst not know o't.—Who comes here? O
 heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
 Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!
 Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[*To Goneril.*]
 O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
 offend'd?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
 And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
 Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
 Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
 If, till the expiration of your month,
 You will return and sojourn with my sister,
 Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
 I am now from home, and out of that provision
 Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
 No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
 To wage against the enmity o'the air;
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
 Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
 To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
 To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
 I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
 Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yes, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
 tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to
 slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
 To bring but five and twenty; to no more
 Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number: What, must I come to you
 With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more
 with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
 favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
 Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[*To Goneril.*]

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[Exit Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.]
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
[Storm heard at a distance.]

Reg. This he
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his fall.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is
turn'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he gone?
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads
self.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your door,
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a
night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm.
[Exit.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curved waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white
hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, of
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, d
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no
to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than a
That, when we have found the king, (in which
pain
That way; I'll this); he, that first lights on
Holla the other. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Another part of the heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
der,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germs spill at
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry
is better than this rain-water out o'door.
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing;
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire!
rain!

Not rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daugh-
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness

er gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
owe me no subscription; then let fall
horrible pleasure: here I stand, your slave,
infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
yet I call you servile ministers,
have with two pernicious daughters join'd
high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!
He that has a house to put his head in,
good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

there was never yet fair woman, but she
mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

7. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I
say nothing.

8. Who's there?

9. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's
a man, and a fool.

10. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
night,

not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
w the very wanderers of the dark,
make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
ember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
affliction, nor the fear.

11. Let the great gods,
keep this dreadful power o'er our heads,
out their enemies noth. Tremble, thou wretch,
bust within thee undrugged crimes,
upp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
under covert and convenient seeming
practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
your concealing continents, and cry
dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
sinn'd against, than sinning.

12. Alack, bare-headed!
ous my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
see you there: while I to this hard house,
hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
sh even but now, demanding after you,
d me to come in,) return, and force
scanted courtesy.

13. My wits begin to turn.—
on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
old myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
at of our necessities is strange,
can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel,
fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
s sorry yet for thee.

14. He that has a little tiny wit,—

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

15. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to
this hovel. [Exeunt Lear and Kent.]

16. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
speak a prophecy ere I go:—

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
To hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
When every case in law is right;
To squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cuppurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
his time. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A room in Gloucester's castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this un-
natural dealing: When I desired their love that
I might pity him, they took from me the use of
mine own house; charged me, on pain of their per-
petual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat
for him, nor in any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division
between the dukes; and a worse matter than that:
I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous
to be spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet:
these injuries the king now bears will be revenged
home; there is part of a power already footed; we
must incline to the king. I will seek him, and
privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with
the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived:
If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I
die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my
old master must be relieved. There is some strange
thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A part of the heath, with a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; and good my lord,
enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Will break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this conten-
tious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filiial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.— Good my lord, enter here.

Kent. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[To the Fool.] You houseless
poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th' straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor!—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters! *Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, outparamour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us here sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock gives the web and the pin, squints the eye makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fo-

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the velt that in the fury of his heart, when the foul rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green man the standing pool; who is whipp'd from ty to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison who hath had three suits to his back, six sh his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear.

But mice, and rats, and such small deer

Have been Tom's food for seven long ye

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better com

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman. Mudo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot en

To obey in all your daughters' hard comma

Though their injunction be to bar my doors,

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,

And bring you where both fire and food is r

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;

Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same I

Theban:—

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill v

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private

Kent. Impertune him once more to go, my

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that lame

Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd r

Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tel

friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought m

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—

No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm cont*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a

this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee

Edg. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him ta

fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

No words, no words:

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A room in Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

1. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his

2. How, my lord, I may be censured, that thus gives way to loyalty, something fears think of.

3. I now perceive, it was not altogether your r's evil disposition made him seek his death; provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable is in himself.

4. How malicious is my fortune, that I must be just! This is the letter he spoke of, approves him an intelligent party to the adges of France. O heavens! that this treason out, or not I the detector!

5. Go with me to the duchess.

6. If the matter of this paper be certain, you mighty business in hand.

7. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of r. Seek out where thy father is, that he may fy for our apprehension.

[*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will perin my course of loyalty, though the conflict between that and my blood.

8. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

umber in a farm-house, adjoining the castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Here is better than the open air; take it ally: I will piece out the comfort with what a I can: I will not be long from you.

9. All the power of his wits has given way to patience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloucester.*]

10. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is ler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, ware the foul fiend.

11. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a mad-e a gentleman, or a yeoman?

12. A king, a king!

13. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his gentleman before him.

14. To have a thousand with red burning spits sizing in upon them:—

15. The foul fiend bites my back.

16. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's

17. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

18. sit thou here, most learned justicer.— [*To Edgar.*]

19. sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, you she foxes!—

20. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wanest res at trial, madam!

21. Come o'er the boarn, Bessy, to me:—

22. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak

23. Why she dares not come over to thee.

24. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's for two white herring. Croak not, black I have no food for thee.

25. How do you, sir? Stand you not scamaz'd: too lie down and rest upon the cushions?

26. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place:—

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To Edgar.*]
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To Kent.*]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shephér?d?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy miokin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Generil. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Generil?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;

Or hobtail tike, or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail;

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred: only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [*To Edgar.*]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i'th morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms; I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou shouldst daily half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloucester, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind ;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind ;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king
bow ;

He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away :
Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king !
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

A room in Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL,
EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ;
show him this letter :—the army of France is
landed :—Seek out the villain Gloucester.

[Exit some of the Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,
keep you our sister company ; the revenges we are
bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not
fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you
are going, to a most festinate preparation ; we are
bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and
intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister ;—
farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Steward.

How now ? Where's the king ?

Stew. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence :
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover ; where they boast
To have well-arm'd friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exit Goneril and Edmund.]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloucester.

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :

[Exit other Servants.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice ; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there ? The
traitor ?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces ?—Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests ; do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.]

Reg. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him :—Villain, thou
shalt find— [Regan plucks his beard.]Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee ; I am your host ;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours

You should not ruffie thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France ?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors,

Late footed in the kingdom ?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king ?

And not from one oppo's'd.

Corn.

Reg.

Corn.

Glo.

Reg.

To Dover ? Wast thou not charg'd at thy p
Corn. Wherefore to Dover ? Let him first
that.Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must str
course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel n
Pluck out his poor old eyes ; nor thy fierce
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have had
And quench'd the stelled fires : yet, poor old
He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern
Thou shouldst have said, Good porter, turn
All cruels else subscrib'd :—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children

Corn. See it shalt thou never :—Follow
the chair :—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[Gloucester is held down in his chair]

[Cornwall plucks out one of his
and sets his foot on it.]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be
Give me some help :—O cruel ! O ye gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; the ot

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, m

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child.

But better service have I never done you,

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg.

How now, you

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon you

I'd shake it on this quarrel : What do you

Corn. My villain ! [Draws, and runs

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the o

anger.

[Draws. They fight. Cornwall is

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[To another

A peasant stand up thus

[Snatches a sword, comes behind, and st

Serv. O, I am slain !—My lord, you have

left

To see some mischief on him :—O !

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it :—Out, v

Where is thy lustre now ?

[Tears out Gloucester's other eye, an

it on the ground.]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's

Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature

To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous

Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it wa

That made the overture of thy treasons to

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follis

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper h

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let h

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord

look you ?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me,

Turn out that eyeless villain :—throw this

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace

Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your

[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan ; servants

Gloucester, and lead him out.]

I Serv. I'll never care what wickedness

If this man comes to good.

2 Serv. If she live lon

And, in the end, meet the old course of de

Women will all turn monsters.

I Serv. Let's follow the old ead, and get the

To lead him where he would ; his roguish :

Allows itself to anything.

2 Serv. Go thou ; I'll fetch some flax, an

of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, hear

him ! [Exit s

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The heath.

Enter EDGAR.

g. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
I still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
as still in esperance, lives not in fear:
lamentable change is from the best;
worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Mad.

father, poorly led!—World, world, O world!
that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
would not yield to age.

d Man. O my good lord, I have been your
it, and your father's tenant, these fourscore

o. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
comforts can do me no good at all,
they may hurt.

d Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
unbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
mean secures us; and our mere defects
our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
food of thy abused father's wrath!

it I but live to see thee in my touch,
say, I had eyes again!

d Man. How now? Who's there?

g. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, I am
at the worst?

worse than e'er I was.

d Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

g. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The
worst is not,

ing as we can say, *This is the worst.*

d Man. Fellow, where goest?

g. Is it a beggar-man?

d Man. Madman and beggar too.

o. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

last night's storm I such a fellow saw;

ch made me think a man a worm; My son

e then into my mind; and yet my mind

then scarce friends with him: I have heard

more since:

lies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

r kill us for their sport.

g. How should this be?—

is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,

ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,
master!

o. Is that the naked fellow?

d Man. Ay, my lord.

o. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my
sake,

a wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

way to Dover, do it for ancient love;

bring some covering for this naked soul,
om I'll entreat to lead me.

d Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

o. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind:

as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;

we the rest, be gone.

d Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I
have,

se on't what will. [*Exit.*

g. Sirrah, naked fellow.

g. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it fur-

ther. [*Aside.*

o. Come hither, fellow.

g. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

o. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

g. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-

o. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good

o. Bless the good man from the foul fiend!

o. Friends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust,

as *Obidicut*; *Hobbidance*, prince of dumbness;
Mahu, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibber-*
tigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since pos-
sesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So,
bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the hea-
ven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough.—Dost thou know
Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep;

Bring me hut to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,

With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Before the Duke of Albany's palace.*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meet-
ing them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;

He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;

And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To Edmund.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the

way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,

A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit Edmund.*

O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool

Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit Steward.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:

That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;

She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filth's savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd'd.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'Twill come,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
 drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
 Attack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!
 Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing, for
 shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones.—How'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
 dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, threath enrag'd,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
 But not without that harmful stroke, which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
 You justicers, that these our nether crimes
 So speedily can vengeance!—But, O poor Gloucester!
 Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
 This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
 'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
 But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
 May all the building in my fancy pluck
 Upon my hateful life: Another way,
 The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
 eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
 against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
 ment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
 To thank thee for the love thou show'st the king,
 And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
 Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The French camp, near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
 gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
 Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
 Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,

That his personal return was most requir'd,
 And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general
Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to
 demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
 presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
 Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
 Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
 Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd
Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow:
 Who should express her goodliest. You have
 Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
 Were like a better day: Those happy smiles
 That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted th'
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, so
 Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
 Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal ques-
Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd
 name of father

Painting forth, as if it press'd her heart;
 Cried, Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sist-
Kent! father! sisters! What? 't the storm's
 night?

Let pity not be belien'd!—There she shook
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And clamour moisten'd: then away she star-
 To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
 The stars above us, govern our conditions;
 Else one self mate and mate could not beget
 Such different issues. You spoke not with her?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No.

Kent. Well, sir; The poor distress'd I
 i't the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remember
 What we are come about, and by no means
 Will yield to see his daughter.

Kent. Why, good

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his
 unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn
 To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
 To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things
 His mind so venomously, that burning shame
 Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentl

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powe
 heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our

Leav,

And leave you to attend him: some dear ca

Will in concealment wrap me up a while;

When I am known aright, you shall not gri

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you,

Along with me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Sold

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met ere

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;

Crown'd with rank fumiter, and tallow-wee

With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flow

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn.—A century seed fore

Search every acre in the high-grown field,

And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Offic*

What can man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He, that helps him, take all my outward we

Phys. There is means, madam:

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,

Are many simples operative, whose power

Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd s

an unpubl' d virtues of the earth,
 with my tears! he aidant, and remediate,
 good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
 his ungvorn'd rage dissolve the life
 wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

British powers are marching hitherward.
 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
 expectation of them.—O dear father,
 thy business that I go about;
 fore great France
 mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
 own ambition doth our arms incite,
 ore, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
 may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A room in Gloucester's castle.

Enter REGAN and Steward.

But are my brother's powers set forth?
 Ay, madam.
 Himself
 reason there?
 Madam, with much ado:
 sister is the better soldier.
 Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at
 home?
 No, madam.
 What might import my sister's letter to him?
 I know not, lady.
 Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
 s great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
 t him live; where he arrives, he moves
 earts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
 y of his misery, to despatch
 ighted life; moreover, to descry
 strength o' the enemy.
 I must needs avert him, madam, with my letter.
 Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
 ways are dangerous.

I may not, madam;
 ady charg'd my duty in this business.
 Why should she write to Edmund? Might
 not you
 port her purposes by word? Believe,
 thing—I know not that:—I'll love thee much,
 ne unseal the letter.

Madam, I had rather—
 I know, your lady does not love her husband;
 sure of that: and, at her late being here,
 ave strange oillads, and most speaking looks
 ble Edmund; I know, you are of her bosom.
 I, madam!

I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
 fore, I do advise you, take this note:
 ord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
 more convenient is he for my hand,
 for your lady's:—You may gather more.
 u do find him, pray you, give him this;
 when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 y, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 are you well.

u do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 rment falls on him that cuts him off.
 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would
 show
 a party I do follow.

Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a peasant.

When shall we come to the top of that same
 hill?

You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Methinks, the ground is even.

Horrible steep:
 do you hear the sea?

No, truly.
 Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
 your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
 Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
 In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
 chang'd,
 But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand
 still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
 The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
 Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within
 a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.
 Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
 Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
 Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!
 This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposelless wills,
 My snuff, and leathard part of nature, should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
 Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]
Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
 By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
 Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
 Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
 What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, fea-
 thers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
 breathe;
 Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
 sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
 Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
 bourn:

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
 Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
 To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
 And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
 Up!—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You
 stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
 Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
 Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyea
 Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
 Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea;
 It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I
am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like
a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look,
look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted
cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove
it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well
flown, bird!—i'the clout, i'the clout: hewgh!—Give
the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Generil!—with a white beard!—They
flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had white
hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.
To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—*Ay* and
so too was no good divinity. When the rain came
to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter;
when the thunder would not peace at my bidding;
there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go
to, they are not men o'their words: they told me I
was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. *Ay*, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—
Adultery.

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'twixen the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold you' sipping dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's dark-
ness,

there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an
ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my
imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortal-
ity.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;
I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but
the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the ease of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in
your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes
are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you
see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this
world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears:

see how you' justice rails upon you' simple t
Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, ha
dandy, which is the justice, which is the thie
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a begga
Glo. *Ay*, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? T
thou mightst behold the great image of autho
a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand;
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer ha
the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks
Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw doth pierce it
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pov
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes
And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, I
now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.
Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
We wawl, and cry: I will preach to thee; mark!

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
come

To this great stage of fools;—This a good blo
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-l
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him—
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a sur
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any t

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why this would make a man, a man of salt,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: W

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,

My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey yo

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an yo

it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,

[*Exit, running; Attendants fo*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wr

Past-speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daug

Who redeems nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your v

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle towa

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one l

that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your fav

How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main d

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's

Gent. Though that the queen on special c

is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath

me;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again,

To die before you please!

Well pray you, father.

Now, good sir, what are you?
A most poor man, made tams by fortune's
blows;
by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
acquaint to good pity. Give me your hand,
and you to some bidding.

Heartly thanks:
county and the benizon of heaven
at, and boot!

Enter Steward.

A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
se my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
thyself remember:—The sword is our
must destroy thee.

Now let thy friendly hand
strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*]

Wherefore, bold peasant,
thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
that the infection of his fortune take
sold on thee. Let go his arm.

Chill not let go, zir, without further 'casion.

Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of
e, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a
ght. Nay, come not near the old man; keep
he vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or
it be the harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

Out, dughill!

Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter
our foins.

[*They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*]
Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take
my purse;

or thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
 Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
the British party:—O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

I know thee well: A servicable villain;
steous to the vices of thy mistress,
idness would desire.

What, is he dead?

Sit you down, father; rest you.—
see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
ad no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
e, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
low our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
papers, is more lawful.

[*Let our reciprocal vices be remember'd,
have many opportunities to cut him off: if your
want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
is nothing done, if he return the conqueror:
am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from
with'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the
for your labour.*]

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your
affectionate servant,
Goneril.

distinguish'd space of woman's will!
ot upon her virtuous husband's life;
the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
I'll rake up, the post un sanctified
ouderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
h this ungracious paper strike the sight
h death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
t of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.*]

The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
ould my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Give me your hand:
off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
e, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*A tent in the French camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep;
Physician, Gentleman, and Others, attending.*

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worsor hours;
I pry'thee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does
the king? [*To the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Londer the mu-
sick there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a fae
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep dread-bolke thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?—Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fawn, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you
die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair
day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd

Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is; and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and fool
[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician,
Attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain,

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis t

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent

In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the king

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

Kent. My point and period will be thro' wrough't,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The camp of the British forces, near Doer.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bound'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—

Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I
will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I sit,
I can produce a champion, that will prove

What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forb

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook
paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your pe
Here is the guess of their true strength and
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I ta
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjo
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll u
His countenance for the battle; which being
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

SCENE II.

A field between the two camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and co

LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; an

count.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this
For your good host; pray that the right may th
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you,

[*Exit E*

Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter ED

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, a
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hit
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Ex*

SCENE III.

The British camp near Dover.

*in conquest, with drum and colours, ED-
WARD; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners;
Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

a. Some officers take them away: good guard;
their greater pleasures first be known
are to censure them.

b. We are not the first,
with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.
Thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
if could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Do not see these daughters, and these sisters?
c. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
two alone will sing like birds i'th' cage:
thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
at dead butterflies, and hear poor rogues
talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
lose, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
take upon us the mystery of things,
we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
ebb and flow by the moon.

m. Take them away.
n. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee?

That parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
goeys shall devour them, flesh and fell,
they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve
first.

[*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*
m. Come hither, captain; hark.
thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow
them to prison:

step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
it instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
oble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
is the time is: to be tender-minded
not become a sword:—Thy great employment
not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
or give by other means.

o. I'll do't, my lord.
I'll do't, and write happy, when thou
hast done.

p.—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
have set it down.

q. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

risk. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

s. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,
fortune led you well: You have the captives,
were the opposites of this day's strife:
do require them of you; so to use them,
we shall find their merits and our safety
equally determine.

tw. Sir, I thought it fit
to end the old and miserable king
some retention, and appointed guard;
his age has charms in it, whose title more,
luck the common bosom on his side,
turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
to do command them. With him I sent the
queen;
reason all the same; and they are ready
narrow, or at further space, to appear
are you shall hold your session. At this time,
sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

the best quarrels, in the heat, are cur'd
those that feel their sharpness:—
question of Cordelia, and her father,
sires a fitter place.

th. Sir, by your patience,
I'd you but a subject of this war,
as a brother.

ti. That's as we list to grace him.
hinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
you had spoke so far. He led our powers;

Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you.

reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

gon. Holla, holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

edm. Nor in thine, lord.

alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [*To Edmund.*]

alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest
thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to Gon.*]—for your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

gon. An interlude!

alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester:—Let the trumpet
sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll
prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

reg. Sick, O, sick!

gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*]

edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a
glove.*] what in the world he is,

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he, that dares approach,
On him, or you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

alb. A herald, ho!

edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy sol-
diers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*]

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

off. Sound, trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists
of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed
earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him
appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold
in his defence.*

Edm. Sound. [*1 trumpet.*]

Her. Again. [*2 trumpet.*]

Her. Again. [*3 trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.

her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnaw'd, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl
of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor.
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-bated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit Goneril.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have
I done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from death:
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a p
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, findi
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven: threw him on my path
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of li
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sound
And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was t
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who i
guise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him servie
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody kn

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of

Alb. Speak,

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it s

It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man?

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her

By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contract'd to them both; all

Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or d

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tr

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gent.*]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Ken

Alb. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and w

Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Reg*

brought in.]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was be

The one the other poison'd for my sake,

And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,

Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ

Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the

send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,

Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife ar

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and

To lay the blame upon her own despair,

she fordid herself.
[B. The gods defend her! Bear him hence a while. [Edmund is borne off.

LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Officer, and Others.

Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones; I I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so at heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for ever!

Now when one is dead, and when one lives; 's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass; but her breath will mist or stain the stone, yet, then she lives.

Is this the promis'd end?
Or image of that horror?

Fall, and cease!
This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so, a chance, that does redeem all sorrows at ever I have felt.

O my good master! [Kneeling. Pr'ythee, away.

'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all! I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!

Edelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha! What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft, mild, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—All'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Did I not, fellow? I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion I would have made them skip: I am old now, and these same crosses spoil me—Who are you? My eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you straight.

If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated, of them we behold.

This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

The same; your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that; all strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

No, my good lord; I am the very man;—I'll see that straight.

That, from your first of difference and decay, we follow'd your sad steps.

You are welcome hither.
Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves, And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is, That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter on Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent. What comfort to this great decay may come, Shall be applied: For us, we will resign, During the life of this old majesty, To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[To Edgar and Kent. With boot, and such addition as your honours Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste The wages of their virtue, and all foes The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, - And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,

Never, never, never, never!— Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.— Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,— Look there, look there!

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—
Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long: He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[To Kent and Edgar. Rule in this realm, and the god'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey; Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young, Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead march.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.
 PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
 MONTAGUE, { heads of two houses, at variance
 CAPULET, { with each other.
 An Old Man, uncle to Capulet.
 ROMEO, son to Montague.
 MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to
 Romeo.
 BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to
 Romeo.
 TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
 Friar LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
 Friar JOHN, of the same order.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.
 SAMPSON, { servants to Capulet.
 GREGORY, {
 ABRAM, servant to Montague.
 An Apothecary.
 Three Musicians.
 Chorus, Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.
 Lady MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
 Lady CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
 JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
 Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Scene,—during the greater part of the Play, in Verona; once in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows

Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A publick place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run!

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

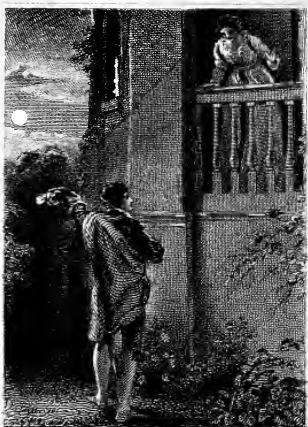
Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. *[Beats down their swords.]*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?



Th. Stothard del.

Aug. Fox sc.

ROMEO & JULIET.

Act. 2. Sc. 2.

Published by W. Pickering 57. Chancery Lane 1825



Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

Cl. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this!—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, and flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— Will they not hear?—what ho! ybu men, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground, And bear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets; And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cost by their grave beseeching ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate: Never you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?— Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: I drew to part them; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;

Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds, When, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;

Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore, That westward roothed from the city's side,— So early walking did I see your son: Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood: I, measuring his affections by my own,—

That most are busied when they are most alone,— Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the furthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

Away from light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself; Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, And makes himself an artificial night:

Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor, Is to himself—I will not say, how true—

But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm, Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow, We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still, Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O hawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this. Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair
I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unarm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and *Servant.*

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said be-
fore:

My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inheret at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper.*]
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written

here? It is written—that the shoemaker sho
meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his li
the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with
nets; but I am sent to find those persons, wh
names are here writ, and can never find w
names the writing person hath here writ. I m
to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns not another
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languor
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken eh

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a m

man is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, g
fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you re

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without bo

But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the langu

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Re

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daught
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The
widow of Vitrutio; Signior Placentio, and his li
nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; A
uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair
Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valerio, and his co
Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the note.*] Wh
should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that be
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking:
master is the great rich Capulet; and if you b
of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and
a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [E

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turns tears to
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never d
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world be

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being
Herself put'st with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be show
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [E

SCENE III.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady CAPULET and *Nurse.*

Ld. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? cal
forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at t
year old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bi
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

urse.

Your mother.

at is your will?
Madam, I am here.

Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave a while,

must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again; re remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.

I know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

urse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Cap. She's not fourteen.

urse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,— is not fourteen: How long is it now Lammas-tide?

Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

urse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,

is Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.

in and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

re of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;

was too good for me: But, as I said,

Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

t shall she, marry; I remember it well.

since the earthquake now eleven years;

'she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

all the days of the year, upon that day:

I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

ing in the sun under the dove-house wall,

lord and you were then at Mantua:—

r, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,

en it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.

ke, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,

bid me trudge.

I since that time it is eleven years:

then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

could have run and waddled all about.

even the day before, she broke her brow:

I then my husband—God be with his soul!

was a merry man;—took up the child:

'quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?

ou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;

if thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,

a pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay;*

see now, how a jest shall come about!

narrant, an I should live a thousand years,

never should forget it; *Wilt thou not Jule?*

quoth he:

d, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy

peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,

think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*

d yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.

'quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*

ou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;

ilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to

his grace!

on wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

I might live to see thee married once,

save my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme

same to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

ow stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour, that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,

d say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger

than you,

ere in Verona, ladies of esteem,

re made already mothers: by my count,

was your mother match upon these years

hat you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—

be valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,

s all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the

gentleman?

his night you shall behold him at our feast:

read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament,

And see how one another lends content;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'

love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served

up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse

curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity.

I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such proximity:

We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have a dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,

With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore pierc'd with his shaft,

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—

Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a mask.*]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own

word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer.

Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer.

And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer.

That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths 'ave fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,

That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.

This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;

Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer.

True, I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take
away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a
foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save
me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me,

let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell
Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are look'd for, and call'd for, as
for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too
cheerily, boys; be brisk a while, and the lion
liver take all. [They retire behind.]

*Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and
the Maskers.*

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that h
their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dais
she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you no

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the d

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone,

gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicie
play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musicke plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knives; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis no
much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mas

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder,
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich
hand.

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bri

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of sta

And, touching hers, make happy my rude han

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight

For I ne'er saw truer beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montagu

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the s

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To leer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore s
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Rom

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns

As ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd;

What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go t

Am I the master here, or you? go to.

notfendure him!—God shall mend my soul—
make a mutiny among my guests!
will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Go to, go to,
re a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed!—
rick may chance to scath you;—I know what
oust contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:—
iet, or—More light, more light, for shame!
ake you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.
Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
my flesh tremble in their different greeting,
withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
 seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]
1. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[*To Juliet.*]
his holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
gs, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
o smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
aints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
and palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

e. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
hey pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

1. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]
Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

e. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
me my sin again.

You kiss by the book.
e. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

1. What is her mother?
e. Marry, bachelor,

mother is the lady of the house,
a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
e'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
I Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be yong Petruccio?
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague:
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

In open place, adjoining Capulet's garden.

Enter ROMEO.

e. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

1. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
e. He is wise;

on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
1. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
good Mercutio.

e. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
so! humours! madman! passion! lover!
er thou in the likeness of a sigh,
e but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
ut—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
k to my gossip Venus one fair word,
ickname for her purblind son and heir,
g Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
a king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
areth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;
ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
jure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
er high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
er fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
er demesnes that there adjacent lie,
in thy likeness thou appear to us.

e. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

e. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Capulet's garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[*Juliet appears alone, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she;
Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those

stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!
Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lacy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague! it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that tide—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore, wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek;
For that which thou hast heard, me speak to-night,
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fide deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment:
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay;
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess;
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night:
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breeze,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what
pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.
Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.
Jul. By and by, I come.
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night!
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to wear
light.—

re goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

ul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
lure this tassel-gentle back again!
savage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
e would I tear the cave where echo lies,
I make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
th repetition of my Romeo's name.
lom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
e silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
e softest musick to attending ears!

ul. Romeo!

lom. My sweet!

ul. At what o'clock to-morrow
ll I send to thee?

lom. At the hour of nine.

ul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
ave forgot why I did call thee back.

lom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

ul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
nemb'ring how I love thy company.

lom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
getting any other home but this.

ul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
I yet no further than a wanton's bird;
ho lets it hop a little from her hand,
e a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
I with a silk thread plucks it hack again,
loving-jealous of his liberty.
lom. I would, I were thy bird.

ul. Sweet, so would I:
I should kill thee with much cherishing.
d night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
t I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

lom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast—

ould I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
nee will I to my ghostly father's cell;
help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

ul. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,
ckering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
d flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
mforth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
ere the sun advance his burning eye,
e day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
ust up-fill this osier cage of ours,
idh baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
e earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
hat is her burying grave, that is her womb:
d from her womb children of divers kind
e sucking on her natural bosom find;
ny fur many virtues excellent,
ne but for some, and yet all different.
mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
berbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
r nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
t to the earth some special good doth give;
e nought so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
volts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
ae itself turns vice, being misapplied;
d vice sometime's by action dignified.
ithin the infant rind of this small flower
son hath residence, and med'cine power:
r this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
ing tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
o such opposed foes encamp them still
man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
d, where the wurser is predominant,
ll sooa the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

lom. Good morrow, father!

ul. Benedicite!
hat early tongue so sweet salueth me?—
ung son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed?
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou
been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence
then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And had'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not; she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run
fast. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spake with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,

that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lipping, affecting fantastiques; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring!—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: *Diao*, a dowdy; *Cleopatra*, a gipsy; *Helen* and *Hero*, hindalls and harlots; *Thisbe*, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—*Signior Romeo, bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his haubt in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale longer.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have it short: for I was come to the whole depth of tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For self to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo was older when you have found him, than he was you sought him: I am the youngest of that for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yes, is the worst well? very well if faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some dence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A hawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be

An old hare bear,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady. [*Exeunt Mercutio and Ben*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, saucy merchant was this, that was so full of ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear self talk; and will speak more in a minute, he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me take him down an 'a were lustier than he is twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And must stand by too, and suffer every knave to me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure had, my weapon should quickly have been a warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the like my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my lady bade me inquire you out; what she bid say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as say, it were a very good kind of behaviour, as say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, if the if you should deal double with her, truly, it an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and tress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her such: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.
om. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; oh, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.
om. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift; afternoon;

there she shall at friar Laurence's cell shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

om. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be so.
om. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

which to the high top-gallant of my joy

it be my convoy in the secret night.

swell!—He trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

swell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

om. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear

say—

he may keep counsel, putting one away?

om. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest

—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating

girl.—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris,

would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good

girl, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see

me. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that

she is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,

no I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in

varsal world. Both not rosemary and Romeo

in both with a letter?

om. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R

is the dog's name. No; I know it begins with some

other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious

of you and rosemary, that it would do you

to hear it.

om. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

et. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Capulet's garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

half an hour she promis'd to return.

Chance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

He is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

wing back shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

and therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Why is the sun upon the highest hill

when this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

three long hours,—yet she is not come.

She affections, and warm youthful blood,

'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

words would bandy her to my sweet love,

and his to me:

Old folks, many feign as they were dead;

young folks, some sulk, and some do lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Nurse. Good, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?

What thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why

look'st thou sad?

Why sighs news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

and good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while;—

how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay a while?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast

breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;

you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,

not he; though his face be better than any man's,

yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and

a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked

on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower

of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a

lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God!—What,

have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head

have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o't'other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my

love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultrie for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says

Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. His to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,

Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey,

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

A lover may bestride the gossamers

That idle in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
 Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Coccit, more rich in matter than in wo
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament;
 They are but beggars that can count their wort
 But my true love is grown to such excess,
 I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will n
 short work;
 For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
 Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exe*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A publick place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
 The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
 And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
 when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
 his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me
 no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second
 cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there
 is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
 mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be
 moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
 have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
 Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that
 hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than
 thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
 cracking nuts, having no other reason but because
 thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye,
 would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full
 of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy
 head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quar-
 relling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for
 coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd
 thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst
 thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new
 doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his
 new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt
 tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,
 any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for
 an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
 —Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple
 it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir,
 if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
 giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minst-
 rels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear
 nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's
 that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
 Either withdraw into some private place,
 Or reason coldly of your grievances,
 Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
 gaze:

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes
 my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship, in that sense, may call him—
Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
 No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
 Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Fore, this shall not excuse the injuries
 That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
 But love thee better than thou canst devise,
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
 And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
 As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away.—
 Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of
 nine lives; that I mean to take bold withal,
 as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the re-
 the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of
 its pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be
 your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for sl
 Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandy in
 In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mer
 [*Exeunt Tybalt and his Party*

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o'both the houses!—I am sped:—
 Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou in?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry
 enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surg
 [*Exit.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be m

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so
 as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve
 for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a
 man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world.
 A plague o'both your houses!—'Zounds, a d
 rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death;
 braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the
 of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you
 tween us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
 Or I shall faint.—A plague o'both your houses
 They have made worms' meat of me;
 I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Ben*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near all;
 My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
 With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
 Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's d
 That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days
 depend;
 This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

en. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
om. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio's slain!
ry to heaven, respective lenity,
fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
y, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
at a little way above our heads,
ring for thine to keep him company;
er thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
ob. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
it with him hence.

This shall determine that.

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

en. Romeo, away, be gone!
citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
ad not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
hou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!
om. O! I am fortune's fool!
en.

Why dost thou stay?

[Exit Romeo.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
alt, that murderer, which way ran he?
en. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
arge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and Others.

rin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
en. O noble prince, I can discover all
e unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
ere lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
at slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

a. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
happy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
onsin, cousin!

rin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
en. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

meo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
e nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
ur high displeasure:—All this—uttered
ith gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,—

uld not take truce with the unruly spleen
Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
ith piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
ho, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
d, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
ld death aside, and with the other sends
back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
torts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
ld, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
tongue,

a agile arm beats down their fatal points,
d 'twixt them rushes: underneath whose arm
t envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
at by and by comes back to Romeo,
ho had but newly entertain'd revenge,
d to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
uld draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
d, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
is is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
fection makes him false, he speaks not true:
me twenty of them fought in this black strife,
d all those twenty could but kill one life:
beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
omeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

rin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
ho now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;
is fault concludes but, what the law should ead,
e life of Tybalt.

rin. And, for that offence,
mediately we do exile him hence:
have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
y blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseem!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou bring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it!—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more:
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shent, that make thee answer, I.
If he be slain, say—/; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!
Bespiced substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;

That—banished, that one word—*banished,*
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needily will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—*Tybalt's dead,*
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished,*—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe
sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguill'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knave,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fea-
ring man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prin-
cipal doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company;

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prin-
cipal doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lip,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—dea-
th for exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: 'do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona wall,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And death's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment.

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind pri-
nce Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.

This is death mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished;
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground kni-
ve, No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so meet:
But—banished—to kill me; banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a wo-
rd.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that wo-
rd.
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banish'd—hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see, that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou do-
st not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou try
thy hair,

fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 as the measure of an unmade grave.

f. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

g. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
 like, unfold me from the search of eyes.

h. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
 Romeo, arise;

i. wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
 it wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
 your will?

nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
 know my errand;
 as from lady Juliet.

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,

is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

l. There on the ground, with his own tears

made drunk.

nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,

in her case!

l. O woeful sympathy!

what predicament!

nurse. Even so lies she,

heaving and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—

l. up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:

Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

should you fall into so deep an O?

m. Nurse!

nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end

of all.

m. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

she not think me an old murderer,

I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

a blood remov'd but little from her own?

is she? and how doth she? and what says

oncecall'd lady to our cancell'd love?

nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and

weeps;

now falls on her bed; and then starts up,

Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,

then down falls again.

m. As if that name,

from the deadly level of a gun,

murder her; as that name's curs'd hand

leav'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,

what vile part of this anatomy

my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

l. Hold thy desperate hand:

thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;

tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

unreasonable fury of a beast:

emly woman, in a seeming man!

l. beseeming beast, in seeming both!

hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,

ought thy disposition better temper'd.

thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

slay thy lady too that lives in thee,

being damn'd hate upon thyself?

l. rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

the birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.

l. fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;

as, like an usurer, abound'st in all,

usest none in that true use indeed

which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

l. noble shape is but a form of wax,

creasing from the valour of a mau;

dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,

eng that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:

wit, that ornament to shape and love,

shapen in the conduct of them both,

powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,

set on fire by thine own ignorance,

thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

l. rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,

whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

o art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy

too:

The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;

Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,

Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed.

Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;

But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the

night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all

your state:—

Either begone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you, that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joyous part calls out on me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:

Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,

That we have had no time to move our daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:

Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-

morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—

But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is

too soon,

O'Thursday let it be;—O'Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl:—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-

morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O'Thursday be it

then:—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Juliet's chamber.**Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, his hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and leathard do change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

*Enter Nurse.**Nurse.* Madam!*Jul.* Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*Romeo descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit Romeo.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renew'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore have done: Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so for his death,

As that the villain lives, which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder:
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murders lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death.

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua
Where that same banish'd runaway doth live:
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful
child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is't?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to w.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I sw
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell
yourself.

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in te
Evermore showering? in one little body
Thou counterfeist a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sig
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with t
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she
you thanks.

ould, the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
 Will she not give us thanks?
 He not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
 worthy as she is, that we have wrought
 worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
 have:

And can I never be of what I hate;
 Thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What
 is this?

And,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
 I yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you,
 Ask me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 I'll settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
 I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 O, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
 A tallow face!

a. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 be me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
 wretch!

Get thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
 never after look me in the face:
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
 if God had sent us but this only child;
 now I see this one is one too much,
 I that we have a curse in having her:
 Out on her, bilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
 I dare to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
 and prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!
Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
 Her gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
 is here we need it not.

a. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day,
 night, late, early,

home, abroad, alone, in company,
 waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 having her match'd: and having now provided
 gentleman of princely parentage,
 fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 well (as they say,) with honourable parts,
 proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,
 I then to have a wretched puling fool,
 whining marmet, in her fortune's tender,
 answer—'I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
 I'm too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
 no, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Swear where you will, you shall not house with me;
 Ask not, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
 word;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-
 vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. From my soul too;
 Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!
Nurse. To what?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
 much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
 Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
 To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
 [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
 Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue,
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
 So many thousand times?—Go, go, councillor;
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
 and I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's
 mind:

Seven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 and therefore have I little talk'd of love;
 or Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
 that she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
 and in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
 to stop the inundation of her tears;
 which, too much minded by herself alone,
 is by put from her by society:
 do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
 Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell. [*Aside.*

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
 next.
Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
 For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth; And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you;

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit Paris.*]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so, Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give me help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;

Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;

Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;

Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off:

When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep

His natural progress, but surcease to beat:

No warmth, no-breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,

Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then (as the manner of our country is),

in thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake, Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift; And hither shall he come; and he and I Will watch thy waking, and that very night Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua. And this shall free thee from this present shame If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear, Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear!

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength a help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exit*]

SCENE II.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit Serv*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll

if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that can

lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot

his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit Serv*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shift & merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of th

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's ce

And gave him what became love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad o't; this is well

stand up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my cl

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time eno

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to ch

to-morrow. [*Exit Juliet and Nu*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, w

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, h

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself

To county Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous lig

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exit*]

SCENE III.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, g

nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisgns

move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 ich, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

1. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?
*1. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
 as are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
 please you, let me now be left alone,
 let the nurse this night sit up with you;
 I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 his so sudden business.*

2. Cap. Good night!
 thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.]
*1. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet
 again.*

1. A faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 that almost freezes up the heat of life:
 I call them back again to comfort me;
 —Nurse!—What should she do here?
 O dismal scene! needs must act alone.—
 O, phial,—
 at if this mixture do not work at all?
 if I of force be married to the county?—
 no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[Laying down a dagger.]

1. That if it be a poison, which the friar
 hath minister'd to have me dead;
 and in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 because he married me before to Romeo?
 O, it is so; and yet, methinks, it should not,
 because he hath still been tried a holy man:
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
 O, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 cometh to redeem me! there's a fearful point!
 O, if I not then be stifled in the vault,
 to whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 and there die strangled ere my Romeo comes!
 O, if I live, is it not very like,
 a horrible conceit of death and night,
 together with the terror of the place,—
 in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 where, for these many hundred years,
 the bones of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 here bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 is fast'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 some hours in the night spirits resort;—
 O, wick, alack; is it not like, that I,
 early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
 and shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 that living mortals hearing them, run mad;—
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 environed with all these hideous fears?
 and madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 and pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 O, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 O, Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV.

Capulet's hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
 crow'd,
 the curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
 look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
 spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
 get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 on this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd
 ere now

all night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
 your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,
 fellow,
 What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1. Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
 what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. *[Exit 1 Serv.]*—
 Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
 and never trouble Peter for the matter. *[Exit.]*

Cap. 'Muss, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
 Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
 The county will be here with musick straight,
[Musick within.]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
 Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
 I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
 Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
 Make haste, I say! *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

Juliet's chamber; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast,
 I warrant her, she:—
 Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
 Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
 bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
 now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
 The county Paris hath set up his rest,
 That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
 (Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
 He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
 What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
 Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
 come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
 the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
 she's dead.

Nurse. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
 Life and these lips have long been separated;
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Accurs'd time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
 me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with
 Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day
 Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies,
 Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Far. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Far. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives
not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;

But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corpse; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high wit
[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, P
and Friar.*

I Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit N

I Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amen
Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, he
ease*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's*

I Mus. Why *heart's ease*?
Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself y
—*My heart is full of woe*: O, play me some m
dump, to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play;
Pet. You will not then?
Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
I Mus. What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith; but the glee:
will give you the minstrel.

I Mus. Then will I give you the serving—creat
Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's da
on your pate. I will carry no crochets: I'll re
I'll ja you; Do you note me?

I Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us:
2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and
out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my
dagger:—Answer me like men:

*When gripping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then musick with her silver sound;*

Why, silver sound? why, musick with her s
sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?
I Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a s
sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
2 Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because musick
sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James So
post?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.
Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singe
will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver so*
because such fellows as you have seldom gold
sounding:—

*Then musick with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[Exit, sing
I Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same
2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in h
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exe

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Mantua. A street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to
think.)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be i
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: Get thee g

I hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

all, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 's see for means :—O, mischief ! thou art swift
 enter in the thoughts of desperate men !
 lo remember an apothecary,—
 d hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
 tatter'd weeds, with overarching brows,
 lling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
 arp misery had worn him to the bones :
 d in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves
 beggarly account of empty boxes,
 een earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 mnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 ere thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
 ting this penury, to myself I said—
 if a man did need a poison now,
 hose sale is present death in Mantua,
 re lives a catif wretch would sell it him.
 this same thought did but fore-run my need ;
 d this same needy man must sell it me.
 I remember, this should be the house :
 ing holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
 hat, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor ;
 ld, there is forty ducats : let me have
 dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear
 will disperse itself through all the veins,
 at the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
 d that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 th hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
 death, to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so hure, and full of wretchedness,
 d fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
 ed and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
 on thy back hangs ragged misery,
 e world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
 e world affords no law to make thee rich ;
 en be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 d drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
 twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's
 souls,
 ing more murders in this loathsome world,
 an these poor compounds that thou mayst not
 sell :
 sell these poison, thou hast sold me none.
 urrell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
 me, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
 Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
 'lcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
 r, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
 ce of our order, to associate me,
 ere in this city visiting the sick,
 d finding him, the searchers of the town,
 specting that we both were in a house
 here the infectious pestilence did reign,
 ald up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
 d that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
 or get a messenger to bring it thee,
 or fearful were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
 he letter was not nice, but full of charge,
 d dear import ; and the neglecting it

May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
 Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring 't thee. [Exit.]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone ;
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
 She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
 Hath had no notice of these accidents :
 But I will write again to Mantua,
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !
 [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A church-yard ; in it, a monument belonging to
 the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and
 a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand
 aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
 Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
 So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
 But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
 Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy
 bridal bed :

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
 The perfect model of eternity ;
 Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
 Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[The Boy whistles.]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?
 What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch,
 mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
 iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take
 thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
 His locks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Garg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument:]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
 That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which
 grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—

[Advances:]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I
 hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
 Heep not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
 boy. *[They fight.]*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the
 watch. *[Exit Page.]*

Par. O, I am slain! *[Falls.]*—If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

Rom. In faith, I will!—Let me peruse this face;—
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
 He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
 A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]
 How oft, when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O, how may I
 Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again; here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
 last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary hark!
 Here's to my love!—*[Drinks.]* O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. *[Dies.]*

*Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar
 LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*
Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's
 there?
 Who is it, that consorts, so late, the dead?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
 you well.
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Fri. Bless be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him
 the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince
 come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, si
 and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him
 As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; stay the friar?
Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not,

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;

And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes
 me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
 I dreamt my master and another fought,
 And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo?—*[Advanc*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the monum

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris?
 And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
 The lady stirs. *[Juliet wakes and s*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
 I do remember well where I should be,
 And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[Noise with

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
 A greater Power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
 And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
 Come, go, good Juliet,—*[Noise again.]* I dare
 no longer. *[A*

Jal. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—

O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop
 To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. *[Kisses*

Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. *[Within.]* Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O he
 dagger! *[Snatching Romeo's dag*

This is thy sheath;—*[Stabs herself.]* there rust,
 let me die. *[Falls on Romeo's body, and*

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the
 doth burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search
 the church-yard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[Exeunt 3

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
 Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
 Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;

[Exeunt other Watch

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him
 the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince
 come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, si
 and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him
 As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; stay the friar?
Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest?

er CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo, is—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run, in open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;

Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, arm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;

the instruments upon them, fit to open these dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

A dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house empty on the back of Montague,—

It mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, it warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up, see thy son and heir more early down.

Mont. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:

What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mont. O thou nuntaught! what manners is in this, press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while, till we can clear these ambiguities,

I know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes, and lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,

I let mischance be slave to patience.—

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Mont. I am the greatest, able to do least,

Most suspected, as the time and place

Doth make against me, of this direful murder;

I here I stand, both to impeach and purge

Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Mont. I will be brief, for my short date of breath out so long as is a tedious tale.

My meo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet; and she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife

Married them; and their stolen marriage-day was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Wish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city; for whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

As to remove that siege of grief from her,—

That he should hither come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, friar John,

Was staid by accident; and yesternight

Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But, when I came, (some minute ere the time

Of her awakening,) here untimely lay

The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,

And bear this work of heaven with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,

Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua,

To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father;

And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did;

Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes—that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more

Can I demand.

Mont. But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;

That, while Verona by that name is known,

There shall no figure at such rate be set,

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;

Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.]



HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.
 HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.
 POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.
 HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.
 LAERTES, son to Polonius.
 VOLTIMAND,
 CORNELIUS,
 ROSENCRANTZ,
 GUILDENSTERN, } courtiers.
 OSRIC, a courtier.
 Another Courtier.
 A Priest.

MARCELLUS,
 BERNARDO, } officers.
 FRANCISCO, a soldier.
 REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
 A Captain.
 An Ambassador.
 Ghost of Hamlet's father.
 FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.
 GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.
 OPHELIA, daughter of Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene,—Elsinore.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

FRANCISCO *on his post. Enter to him*
 BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
 If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
 Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
 Give you good night. *[Exit Francisco.]*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
 And will not let belief take hold of him,
 Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
 Therefore I have entreated him along,
 With us to watch the minutes of this night;
 That, if again this apparition come,
 He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while;
 And let us once again assail your ears,
 That are so fortified against our story,
 What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
 And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
 When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
 Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
 Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
 The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
 Together with that fair and warlike form
 In which the majesty of buried Denmark
 Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,
 speak.

Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. *[Exit Ghost.]*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
 What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
 Without the sensible and true avouch
 Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
 Such was the very armour he had on,
 When he the ambitious Norway combated;
 So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
 He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
 'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,



R. Westall P.A.

Ang Fox sc

HAMLET.

Act. 4. Sc. 7.

Published by W. Pickering 57 Chancery Lane. 1825.



With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch So mightily toils the subject of the land; And why such daily cast of brazen cannon, And foreign mart for implements of war; Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task Does not divide the Sunday from the week: What might be toward, that this sweaty haste Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day; Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I; At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king, Whose image even but now appear'd to us, Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway, Thareto prick'd on by a most emulate pride, Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet (For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,) Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact, Well ratified by law, and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands, Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror: Against the which, a moiety competent Was gaged by our king; which had return'd To the inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart, And carriage of the article design'd, His fall to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras, Of unimprov'd mettle hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shark'd up a list of landless resolute, For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't: which is no other (As it doth well appear unto our state,) But to recover of us, by strong hand, And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands So by his father lost: And this, I take it, Is the main motive of our preparations; The source of this our watch; and the chief head Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so: Well may it sort, that this portentous figure Comes armed through our watch; so like the king That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye. In the most high and palmy state of Rome, A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood, Dimsters in the sun; and the moist star, Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands, Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse. And even the like precursor of fierce events,— As harbingers preceding still the fates, And prologue to the omen coming on,— Have heaven and earth together demonstrated Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

Let, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again! I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion! If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me: If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me: If thou art privy to thy country's fate, Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak! Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life Exorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic, To offer it the show of violence; For it is, as the air, invulnerable, And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat Awake the god of day; and, at his warning, Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, The extravagant and erring spirit hies To his confine: and of the truth herein This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock. Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, This bird of dawning singeth all night long: And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad; The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it. But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill: Break we our watch up; and, by my advice, Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him: Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know, Where we shall find him most convenient.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A room of state in the same.

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom To be contracted in one brow of woe; Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature, That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial jointress of this warlike state, Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,— With one auspicious, and one dropping eye; With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole,— Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,— Holding a weak supposal of our worth; Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death, Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, Colleague'd with this dream of his advantage, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all hands of law, To our most valiant brother.—So much for him. Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.

Thus much the business is: We have here writ To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,— Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress His further gait herein; in that the levies, The lists, and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject:—and we here despatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand, For bearers of this greeting to old Norway; Giving to you no further personal power To business with the king, more than the scope Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell. [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow
leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'th' sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not
seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your na-
ture, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unshool'd:

For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit
A Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.
[*Exit King, Queen, Lords, &c. Polonius, and Laertes.*]

Ham. O, that this too solid flesh would
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross
nature,

Possesses it merely. That it should come to this
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not betem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth
Must I remember? why, she would hang on to
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is
man!

A little month; or ere these shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's bow,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you and
Horatio,—or do I forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—
Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it trustful of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student.
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Who?
My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw I! who?

Fr. My lord, the king your father.
Am. The king my father!
Fr. Season your admiration for a while
 In an attent ear; till I may deliver,
 As the witness of these gentlemen,
 A marvel to you.

Am. For God's love, let me hear.
Fr. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 Cellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 A dead waist and middle of the night,
 A thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
 Seated at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
 Aars before them, and, with solemn march,
 A slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
 Their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Behin his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
 In sweat, to jelly with the act of fear,
 And dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 A fearful secrecy impart they did;
 I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
 Ere, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 And of the thing, each word made true and good,
 Apparition comes: I knew your father;
 And these hands are not more like.

Am. But where was this?
Fr. My lord, upon the platform where we
 Watch'd.

Am. Did you not speak to it?
Fr. My lord, I did;
 My answer made it none: yet once, methought,
 He lifted up his head, and did address
 His words to motion, like as it would speak:
 Even then, the morning cock crew loud;
 As if the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Am. 'Tis very strange.
Fr. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 Let us know of it.

Am. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Did you the watch to-night?

Fr. We do, my lord.
Am. Arm'd, say you?

Fr. Arm'd, my lord.
Am. From top to toe?

Fr. My lord, from head to foot.
Am. Then saw you not
 His face?

Fr. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Am. What, look'd he frowningly?

Fr. A countenance more
 Sorrow than in anger.
Am. Pale, or red?

Fr. Nay, very pale.
Am. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Fr. Most constantly.
Am. I would, I had been there.
Fr. It would have much amaz'd you.

Am. Very like,
 As you like: Stay'd it long?
Fr. While one with moderate haste might tell
 A hundred.

Fr. Ber. Longer, longer.
Fr. Not when I saw it.

Am. His beard was grizzl'd? no?
Fr. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.

Am. I will watch to-night;
 And chance, 'twill walk again.

Fr. I warrant, it will.
Am. If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 You have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 And it be tenable in your silence still;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 And to it an understanding, but no tongue;
 Will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 Visit you.

Am. Our duty to your honour.
Am. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exit Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*
 My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
 Doubt some foul play: 'twould, the night were
 Come!

Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
 [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A room in Polonius' house.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
 And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
 But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
 No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
 For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
 And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
 The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
 For he himself is subject to his birth:
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
 The safety and the health of the whole state;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs;
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
 As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.

I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are staid far: There,—my blessing with
 you; [Laying his hand on Laertes' head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, nor gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !
Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit Laertes.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord

Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl,
Unsuited in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go, to go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young ;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you : In few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows : for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you ; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Iodeed ? I heard it not ; it then draws near
the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off,*

within.]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring r
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish do
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach, than the observ

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations

They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish pi
Soil our addition ; and, indeed it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at he
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilt
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaso

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners ;—that these mo

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—

Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)

Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base

Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend !

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts

hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Ha
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :

Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulch
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again ! What may this mean
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete ste

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of natur

So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our sou

Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we
do ?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous
It waves you to a more removed ground :

But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the

I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again ;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood
lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ?

And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reas

And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries

And makes each petty artery in this body

hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—
 till am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
 heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
 say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Ghost beckons.]
[Breaking from them.]
[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]
 Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
 Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
 Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?
 Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
 Hor. Heaven will direct it.
 Mar. Nay, let's follow him.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A more remote part of the platform.

Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.
 Ham. I will.
 Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
 Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 to what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
 Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
 hear.

Ham. What?
 Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;

Joom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
 And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;

But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
 If thou dost ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!
 Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?
 Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings
 as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick soul! my uncle!
 Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
 (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
 O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the row

I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mios;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.
 Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What
 else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my
 heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven,
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
[Writing.]
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
 I have sworn't.
 Hor. *[Within.]* My lord, my lord,—
 Mar. *[Within.]* Lord Hamlet,—
 Hor. *[Within.]* Heaven secure him!
 Ham. So be it!
 Mar. *[Within.]* Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
 Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.
 Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
 Hor. What news, my lord?
 Ham. O, wonderful!
 Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
 Ham. No;
 You will reveal it.
 Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
 Mar. Nor I, my lord.
 Ham. How say you then; would heart of man
 once think it!—
 But you'll be secret,—
 Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
 Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all
 Denmark,
 But he's an arrant knave.
 Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
 the grave,
 To tell us this.
 Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
 3 P

You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is;—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one peer request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,
true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword :
Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i'
earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friend
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it
come.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I hear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know;—or, We could, an if*

would;—or, If we list to speak;—or, There be,

if they might;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know ought of me:—This do you swear

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen

With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exit*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and ad who, what means, and where they
keep,

What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*

And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him;—but, you may say, not
well:*

*But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him*

*What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;*

*But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known*

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling,
Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;

That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so
quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty:

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;

A savageness in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence;

Good sir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this?—He does—

What was I about to say?—By the mass, I
about to say something:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry

He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman*

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,

*Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse*

There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

(Videlicet, a brothel), or so forth.—

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaeces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Pol. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Pol. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Pol. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Pol. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, my brother Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd; hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd, garter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle; pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; and with a look so piteous in purport, if he had been loosed out of hell, to speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Pol. My lord, I do not know; truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Pol. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard; and goes he to the length of all his arm;

and, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

he falls to such perusal of my face,

as he would draw it. Long staid he so;

last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

and thrice his head thus waving up and down,—

rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

as it did seem to shatter all his bulk,

and end his being: That done, he lets me go;

and, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

and out o'doors he went without their helps,

and, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.

Pol. His is the very ecstasy of love;

whose violent property foredoes itself,

and leads the will to desperate undertakings,

as oft as any passion under heaven,

that does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

but, have you given him any hard words of late?

Pol. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,

he did repel his letters, and denied

access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

Pol. Am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,

had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,

and meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

seems, it is as proper to our age

to cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,

as it is common for the younger sort

to lack discretion. Come, go we to the king;

his must be known; which, being kept close,

might move

more grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Pol. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

forever that we much did long to see you, he need, we have to use you, did provoke to hasty sending. Something have you heard of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it, since not the exterior nor the inward man resembles that it was: What it should be, more than his father's death, that thus hath put him so much from the understanding of himself, cannot dream of: I entreat you both, that,—being of so young days brought up with him, and, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—that you vouchsafe your rest here in our court some little time: so by your companies to draw him on to pleasures; and to gather, so much as from occasion you may glean, whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus: that, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living, to whom he more adheres. If it will please you to show us so much gentry, and good will, as to expend your time with us a while, for the supply and profit of our hope, your visitation shall receive such thanks as fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties might, by the sovereign power you have of us, put your dread pleasures more into command than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey; and here give up ourselves, in the full bent, to lay our service freely at your feet, to be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit my too much changed son.—Go, some of you, and bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices, pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Ros. Guil. and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,

both to my God, and to my gracious king:

And I do think, (or else this brain of mine

hunts not the trail of policy so sure

as it hath us'd to do,) that I have found

the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; and do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;

my news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found

the head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;

his father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Pol. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

his nephew's levies; which to him appear'd

to be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;

but, better look'd into, he truly found

it was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—

that so his sickness, age, and impotence,

was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests

on Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;

receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,

makes vow before his uncle, never more

to give the assay of arms against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;

and his commission, to employ those soldiers,

so levied as before, against the Polack:

with an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Gives a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass

through your dominions for this enterprise;

on such regards of safety, and allowance,

as therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;

and, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,

answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:

go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:

most welcome home! [*Exeunt Pol. and Cor.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.
—To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a
vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faith-
ful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire;

Doubt, that the sun doth move:

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

[*Reads.*]

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have
not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best,
O most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you
think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*]

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
together,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to his
Be you and I behind an arras than;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretches
comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Exit King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes

is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dog,

being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you
daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception

a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive

friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harp

on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first;

said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone

and, truly, in my youth I suffered much extremity

for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.

—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says

here, that old men have grey beards; that their

faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber

and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful

lack of wit, together with most weak hams;

which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently

believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it said

to set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as

an arm, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method

in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air,
lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How pregnant

sometimes his replies are! a happiness that o-

madness hits on, which reason and sanity could

so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him

and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between

him and my daughter.—My honourable lord

will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing

that I will more willingly part withal; except

life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir!

[*To Poloni.*]

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou

Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, do ye

both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not very happy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the

middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Iam. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown oost.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news not true. Let me question more in particular: hat have you, my good friends, deserved at the ods of fortune, that she sends you to prison her?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many fines, wards, and dungeous; Denmark being of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is thing either good or bad, but thinking makes it: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; s too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, d count myself a king of infinite space; were it t that I have had dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for a very substance of the ambitious is merely the adow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and ht a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our onarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' adows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, cannot reason.

Ros. *Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with e rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an mest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, the beaten way of friendship, what make you : Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; t I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks e too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? : it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? ome, come; deal justly with me: come, come; y, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were nt for; and there is a kind of confession in your oks, which your modesties have not craft enough : colour: I know, the good king and queen have nt for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conre you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the nsonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ee-preserved love, and by what more dear a better eposer could charge you withal, be even and diet with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. What say you? [*To Guildenstern.*]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside.*]

if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticiation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to e king and queen moult no feather. I have of te, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my irth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, e goes so heavily with my disposition, that this oodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril prosonatory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look u, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majesical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears o other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is an! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, ow like a god! the beauty of the world! the paagon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this antience of dust? man delights not me,—nor sman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem e say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humourous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sio, to tarre them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for arguement, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys cawry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my exteot to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o'Moodyay morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome.—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass, —

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,—One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I am a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot*, and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*.—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll 'e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might incite the author of affection: but call'd it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas *Aeneas' tale to Dido*; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—
The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with congregate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks:—So proceed you.*

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

I Play. *Anon he finds him*

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i'the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,*

Did nothing.

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armour, Jorg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you g
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellyes from her wheel,
And bow the round nave down the hill of h
ven,*

As low as to the fends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.
Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale
bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hea!

I Play. *But who, ah woe! had seen the mo
queen—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; good queen is good.

I Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'n
the flames*

*With hisson rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teened loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in vacuum steep,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have
nounc'd:*

*But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus naked multicolour sport
In mingling with his sword her husband's limb:
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made mitch the burning eyes of hea
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his col
and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the
of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see
players well bestowed? Do you hear, let her
well used; for they are the abstract, and
chronicles, of the time: After your death you
better have a bad epitaph, than their ill re
while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to
desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: every man after his desert, and who shall 's whipping? Use them after your own honour dignity: The less they deserve, the more mer in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit Polonius, with some of the Pla*
Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a pla
morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can
play the murder of Gonzago?

I Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You co
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or six
lines, which I would set down, and insert it
could you not?

I Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and
you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My
friends, [*To Ros. and Guild.*] I'll leave you
night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenst*
Ham. Ay, so, God be wi'you:—Now I am al
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he

d be the motive and the cue for passion,
at I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
d cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
he mad the guilty, and appal the free,
sfound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
a variety of eyes and ears.

I,
lull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
ce John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
d can say nothing; no, not for a king,
on whose property, and most dear life,
I am'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
he calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
eaks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
eeps as to the lungs? Who does me this?

ay, I should take it: for it cannot be,
t I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
ould have fatted all the region kites
ith this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
orseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
hy, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
at I, the son of a dear father murder'd,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brains! Humph! I
have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A room in the castle.

ter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference
at from him, why he puts on this confusion;
rating so harshly all his days of quiet
with turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
at from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sound'd;
at, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
f his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
ost free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
o any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
Ve o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him;
nd there did seem in him a kind of joy
b hear of it: They are about the court;
nd, as I think, they have already order
his night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
nd he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
o hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much
content me

o hear him so inclin'd.
ood gentlemen, give him a further edge,
nd drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
or we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
hat he, as 'twere by accident, may here
sfront Ophelia:

ter father, and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
nd gather by him, as he is behav'd,
Ft be the affliction of his love, or no,
hat thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
nd, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
hat your good beauties be the happy cause
f Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
fo both your honours.

Pol. Madam, I wish it may.
[Exit Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—G:acious, so please
you,

We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;
[To Ophelia.

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exit King and Polonius.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The clings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them:—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die:—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Ham. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
 I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
 you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind,
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you should
 admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
 merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
 sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
 than the force of honesty can translate beauty into
 his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now
 the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for
 virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we
 shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why wouldst
 thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself in-
 different honest; but yet I could accuse me of such
 things, that it were better, my mother had not
 born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious;
 with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts
 to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or
 time to act them in: What should such fellows as
 I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are
 arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy
 ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he
 may play the fool no where but in's own house.
 Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this
 plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as
 pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get
 thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt
 needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know
 well enough, what monsters you make of them.
 To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well
 enough; God hath given you one face, and you
 make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and
 you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make
 your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no
 more of 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will
 have no more marriages: those that are married
 already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep
 as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
 sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
 That match'd form and feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There's something in his
 soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
 Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,

I have, in quick determination,
 Thus set it down; He shall with speed to Engle
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something-settled matter in his heart;
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet I do believe,
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophel
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To show his grief; let her be round with him;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference: if she find him not,
 To England send him; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A hall in the same.

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
 pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but
 you must think it as you would say it, and your
 mouth it, as many of our players do, I have
 lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do
 saw the air too much with your hand, thus;
 use all gently: for in the very torrent, tem-
 pest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion,
 must acquire and beget a temperance, that
 give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the
 to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow
 passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ear
 the groundlings; who, for the most part, are
 pable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows,
 noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd
 o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: I
 you, avoid it.

I Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your
 discretion be your tutor: suit the action to
 word, the word to the action; with this spe-
 observance, that you o'erstep not the modest
 nature: for any thing so overdone is from the
 puse of playing, whose end, both at the first,
 now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mir-
 up to nature; to show virtue her own feet
 scorn her own image, and the very age and
 of the time, his form and pressure. Now 't
 overdone, or come tardy off, though it make
 unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judic-
 grieve; the censure of which one, must, in y
 allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.
 there be players, that I have seen play,—and he
 others praise, and that highly,—not to spea-
 profanely, that, neither having the accent of ch-
 tians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor n
 have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have tho-
 some of nature's journey-men had made men,
 not made them well, they imitated humanit-
 abominably.

I Play. I hope, we have reform'd that in-
 ferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let th
 that play your clowns, speak no more than is
 down for them; for there be of them, that
 themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of ba-
 spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean t-
 some necessary question of the play be then
 considered: that's villainous; and shows a n-
 pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, y
 you ready.— [*Exeunt Play.*]

*Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and
 GUILDENSTERN.*

How now, my lord? will the king hear this p-
 of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit.*]
 Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]
Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
 e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
 that advancement may I hope from thee,
 at no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
 feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
 flatter'd?

Let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
 I crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 were thrift may follow fawning. Dust thou hear?
 as my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 I could of men distinguish her election,
 I hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
 one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 at ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
 whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 at they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 at is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 ere is a play to-night before the king;
 a scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 which I have told thee of my father's death.

By thee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 go with the very comment of thy soul
 serve my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 do not itself unkenneled in one speech,
 is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 and my imaginations are as foul

Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
 for I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 and after, we will both our judgments join
 in censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
 he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
 I scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
 do you a place.

March. A flourish. Enter King, Queen,
 POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
 GUILDENSTERN, and Others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish:
 at the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot feed
 on so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
 we words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you play'd
 e'e in the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a
 good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the
 Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so cal-
 lous a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more at-
 tractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
 [*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids'
 heads.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a
 man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheer-

fully my mother looks, and my father died within
 these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black,
 for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two
 months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's
 hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life
 half a year: But, by-'r-lady, he must build churches
 then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with
 the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O,*
the hobby-horse is forgot.

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen
 embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes
 show of protestation unto him. He takes her up,
 and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down
 upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves
 him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown,
 kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and
 exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead,
 and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with
 some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming
 to lament with her. The dead body is carried away.
 The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems
 loath and unwilling a while, but, in the end, accepts
 his love. [*Exeunt.*]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho; it means
 mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of
 the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players
 cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him:
 Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not chame to
 tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark
 the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
 Here stooping to your clemency,
 We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart
 gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellur's orb'd ground;
 And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen;
 About the world have times twelve thirties been;
 Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
 Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
 Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
 So far from cheer, and from your former state,
 That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
 Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
 For women fear too much, even as they love;
 And women's fear and love hold quantity;
 In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
 And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
 Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and
 shuttly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do:
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honour'd, below'd; and haply, one as kind
 For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
 In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage
 move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;

But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.
P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blinks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me, lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest;
no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Typically. 'This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—

—The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*]
Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his ear.
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant,
written in very choice Italian: You shall see a how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light!—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,
the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,
two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me
fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's
for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some musick; come
recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word
you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis-

pered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself
richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for
put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, pluck
him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into
frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is
the right breed. If it shall please you to make
a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's
commandment: if not, your pardon, and my
relief shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my
diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can
you shall command; or, rather, as you say,
mother: therefore no more, but to the matter:
mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour
struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish
mother!—But is there no sequel at the heel
this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her
chamber; ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times
mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and
stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause
distemper? you do, surely, bar the door

own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your
d.
am. Sir, I lack advancement.
os. How can that be, when you have the voice
he king himself for your succession in Den-
k I
am. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the
verb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with recorders.

the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw
a you:—Why do you go about to recover the
d of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?
uil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my
is too unmannerly.

am. I do not well understand that. Will you
r upon this pipe?

uil. My lord, I cannot.

am. I pray you.

uil. Believe me, I cannot.

am. I do beseech you.

uil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

am. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ven-
es with your fingers and thumb, give it breath
d your mouth, and it will discourse most elo-
at musick. Look you, these are the stops.

uil. But these cannot I command to any utter-
e of harmony; I have not the skill.

am. Why, look you now, how unworthy a
g you make of me? You would play upon me;
d would seem to know my stops; you would
ck out the heart of my mystery; you would
ad me from my lowest note to the top of my
spass: and there is much musick, excellent voice,
his little organ; yet cannot you make it speak.
ood, do you think, I am easier to be play'd on
a pipe? Call me what instrument you will,
ugh you can fret me, you cannot play upon

Enter POLONIUS.

d bless you, sir!

ol. My lord, the queen would speak with you,
I presently.

am. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in
pe of a camel?

ol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

am. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

ol. It is back'd like a weasel.

am. Or, like a whale?

ol. Very like a whale.

am. Then will I come to my mother by and
—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will
be by and by.

ol. I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*]

am. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.
[*Exit Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*]

is now the very witching time of night;
hen churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
ntagion to this world: Now could I drink hot
blood,

id do such business as the bitter day
ould quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—

heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

se soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

me be cruel, not unnatural:

will speak daggers to her, but use none;

y tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

ow in my words soever she be shent,

give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A room in the same.

ter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
STERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
your commission will forthwith despatch,
ad he to England shall along with you:
he terms of our estate may not endure
ward so near us, as doth hourly grow
as of his lunas.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:

ost holy and religious fear it is,

keep those many many bodies safe,

That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a mossy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil.

We will haste us.

[*Exit Ros. and Guil.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my stroug intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above;

There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?

Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!

Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!—
All may be well!

[*Retires, and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—And so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,

When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;

Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;

At gaming, swearing; or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in't:

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;

And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:

This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

The King rises, and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:

Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Another room in the same.

Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;

Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?

[*Draws.*]

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*Hamlet makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

[*Falls, and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth Polonius.*]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*To Polonius.*]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag

thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index!

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband.—Look you now,

follows:

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eye

You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble

And waits upon the judgment; And what judg-

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure

have,

Else, could you not have motion: But, sure

sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What devil w

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans al

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious h

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire: proclaim no sharr

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;

And there I see such black and grained spot

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to li

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;

Stew'd in corruption; honeying and making

Over the nasty styte;—

Queen. O, speak to me no

These words like daggers enter in mine ears

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a vi

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe

Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king

Of shreds and patches:—

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings:

You heavenly guards!—What would your gr

figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by

The important acting of your dread command

O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation

Is but to what thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:

O, step between her and her fighting soul;

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;

Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you,

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

at you do bend your eye on vacancy,
 d with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
 with at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
 d, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 or bedded hair, like life in excrescements,
 arts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
 on the heat and flame of thy distemper
 rinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale
 he glares!

is form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 ould make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
 st, with this piteous action, you convert
 y stern effects: then what I have to do
 ill want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals
 away!

y father, in his habit as he liv'd!
 ook, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain!
 his bodiless creation ecstasy
 y cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

ly pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 nd makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
 hat I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 nd I the matter will re-word; which madness
 ould gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 ay not that flattering unctio to your soul,
 hat not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
 t will but ski and film the ulcerous place;
 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
 nfects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
 lepent what's past; avoid what is to come;
 nd do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 o make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
 for in the fatness of these pursy times,
 irtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
 fea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in
 twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
 and live the purer with the other half.

Food night: but go not to my uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock, or livery,

That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either curb the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—

To punish me with this, and this with me,

That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—

But one word more, good lady.

Queen.

What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I hid you do:

Let the hoat king tempt you again to bed;

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or padding in your neck with his damn'd floggers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,

And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,

I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-

fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.—

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—

Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these pro-
 found heaves

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:

Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To Ros. and Guil. who go out.*]

Ab. my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both

contend

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,

Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! u rat!*

And, in his brainish apprehension, kills

The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd!

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad young man: but, so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,

Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure; he works for what is doer.

King. O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slender,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O; come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another room in the same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. — Safely stow'd,— [*Ros. &c. within.*
Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft,—what noise?
who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it
thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what
replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's counte-
nance, his rewards, his authorities. But such offi-
cers do the king best service in the end: He keeps
them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first
mouth'd, to be last swallow'd: When he needs
what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you,
and, spunge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is
not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox,
and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another room in the same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten:
a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at
him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet:
we eat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat
ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean
beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to
one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that he
eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed
that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may
go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your
messenger find him not there, seek him i'the old
place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him
within this month, you shall nose him as you
up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendant.*

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself:
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Ths associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Go.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.—
Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—
Come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is not
and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so,
mother. Come, for England.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with
spice

abroad;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught;
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us), thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king.
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir?

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. What's the business, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir?
Or some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,

anker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Oph. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

If not debate the question of this straw:
s is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
it inward breaks, and shows no cause without
yet the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Oph. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ham. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exit Ros. and Guil.*]

On all occasions do inform against me,
and spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
his chief good, and market of his time,
but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.

He, that made us with such large discourse,
making before, and after, gave us not
at capability and godlike reason
to fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
oblivion, or some craven scruple
of thinking too precisely on the event,—
thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

and ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
by yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*

but I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
to do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:

Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
led by a delicate and tender prince;
whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
makes mouths at the invisible event;

proposing what is mortal, and unsure,
all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
to do for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
is not to stir without great argument;
and greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
when honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
that have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
excitements of my reason, and my blood,
to let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
the imminent death of twenty thousand men,
that, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
which is not tomb enough, and continent,
to hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
my thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen and HORATIO.

Queen.—I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is impertunate; indeed, distract;
her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she
hears,

her father's tricks i'the world; and hems, and beats her
heart;

perns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
that carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
but the unshaped use of it doth move

the hearers to collection; they aim at it,
and botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
though nothing were, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for
she may strew

dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*]

Go my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;

so full of artless jealousy is guilt,
it spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon. [*Singing.*]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
[*Sings.*]

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield you! They say, the owl
was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we
are, but know not what we may be. God be at
your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but
when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,

And dupp'd the chamber door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end
on't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed:

[*He answers.*]

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient:
but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they
should lay him i'the cold ground: My brother
shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good
counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies;
good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night.

[*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I
pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddled,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts, and
whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
greenly,

In hoggish-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's death;

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*]
Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.
Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we! Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all
without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile
king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims
me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Whythou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws
and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with woe,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wit
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier,
They no monny, noney hey noney;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per-
revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you
him a-down-a.* O; how the wheel becomes it
the false steward, that stole his master's daughter!

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansy,
that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbin—
there's rue for you; and here's some for me
may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays:—you
wear your rue with a difference.—There's a
—I would give you some violets; but they with-
all, when my father died:—They say, he
good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. G
wi'you! [*Exit Op*]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find as touch'd, we will our kingdom g
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his b
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to ear
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall.
And, where the offence is, let the great axe f
I pray you, go with me. [*Ex*]

SCENE VI.

Another room in the same.

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with
Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit*]
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

For. Let him bless thee too.

(Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador it was bound for England; if your name be Helio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads.] *Horatio, when thou shalt have ordered this, give these fellows some means to the king; y have letters for him. Ere we were two days old sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us notice: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on compell'd valour; and in the grapple I boarded him: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I became their prisoner. They have dealt with like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they do; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king see the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet they are much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

me, I will give you way for these your letters; and do't the speedier, that you may direct me to him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Another room in the same.

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

and you must put me in your heart for friend; that you have heard, and with a knowing ear, that he, which hath your noble father slain, accus'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me, why you proceeded not against these feats, so criminal and so capital in nature, that by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else, so mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons; which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsnew'd, at yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother, lives almost by his looks; and for myself, by virtue, or my plague, be it either which, is so conjunctive to my life and soul, that, as the star moves not but in his sphere, could not but by her. The other motive, why to a publick count I might not go, is the great love the general gender bear him; who, dipping all his faults in their affection, forsake like the spring that turneth wood to stone, convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, so slightly timber'd for so loud a wind, would have reverted to my bow again, and not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost; a sister driven into desperate terms; whose worth, if praises may go back again, good challenger on mount of all the age or her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,

that we are made of stuff so flat and dull, that we can let our beard be shook with danger, and think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more: lov'd your father, and we love ourself; and that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—how now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: his to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not; they were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them from him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

[Reads.] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow I shall beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first*

asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and most strange return. Hamlet.

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back? Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. Naked,—And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone*: Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come; it warms the very sickness in my heart, that I shall live and tell him to his teeth, *Thus diddest thou.*

King. If it be so, Laertes,—As how should it so!—how otherwise!—Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord; So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it,—I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under the which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe; But even his mother shall unchange the practice, And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd; The rather, if you could devise it so, That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right. You have been talk'd of since your travel much, And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts Did not together pluck such envy from him, As did that one; and that, in my regard, Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears, Than settled age his sables, and his weeds, Importing health and graveness.—Two mantles since, Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French, And they can well on horseback: but this gallant Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat; And to such wondrous doing brought his horse, As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought, That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed, And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you; And gave you such a masterly report, For art and exercise in your defence, And for your rapier most especial, That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed, If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation, He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye, If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy, That he could nothing do, but wish and beg Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you. Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;

But that I know, love is begun by time; And that I see, in passages of proof, Time qualifies the spark and fire of it. There lives within the very flame of love A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it; And nothing is at a like goodness still; For goodness, growing to a plurisy, Dies in his own too-much: That we would do, We should do when we would; for this would change,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* be like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murdersanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,
together,

And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning, —
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,

(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's he
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laert
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream
Therewith fantastick garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purpl
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call ther
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophel
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gor
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [E

King. Let's follow, Gertru
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [Exe

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her
grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and
finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drown'd her-
self in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else.
For here lies the point: If I drown myself witi-
ngly, it argues an act: and an act hath three
branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:
Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good: here stands the man; good: If the man go
to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he,
nil he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water
come to him, and drown him, he drowns not him-
self: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own
death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st: And the more
pity; that great folks should have countenance in
this world to hang or drown themselves, more
than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There
is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers,
and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profes-
sion.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou
understand the Scripture? The Scripture saith
Adam digg'd; Could he dig without arms?
put another question to thee: if thou answer
me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame o'
lives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith;
gallows does well: But how does it well? it d
well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill
say, the gallows is built stronger than the chur
argal, the gallows may do well to thee. T
again; Come.

2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason,
shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and uoyage!

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To't.

2 Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it;
your dull ass will not mend his pace with beatin
and, when you are ask'd this question next, say
grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last
doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fe
me a stoup of liquor. [Exit *2 Clo.*

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought, it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behave
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busine-
he sings at grave-making.

1. Custom hath made it in him a property of
ness.
am. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment
the daintier sense.

Cl^o. But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.
[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could
speak: How the knave jowls it to the ground,
if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first
murder! This might be the pate of a politician,
which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would
smother the God, might it not?

For. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-
morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?*
Is might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my
lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it;
might it not?

For. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's;
pless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a
toe's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had
trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more
breeding, but to play at loggats with them?
no ache to think 'on't.

1 Cl^o. A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be
the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits
and his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his
socks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to
kick him about the sconce with a dirty shovel,
and will not tell him of his action of battery?
O' my! This fellow might be in's time a great
tyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances,
his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is
this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his
coveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?
Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his pur-
chases, and double ones too, than the length and
breadth of a pair of indentures? The very con-
veyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box;
and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

For. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

For. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek
out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:
—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Cl^o Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.

Ham I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 Cl^o. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not
yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is
thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; there-
fore thou liest.

1 Cl^o. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again,
from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Cl^o. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 Cl^o. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Cl^o. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest
her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak
by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the
lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note
of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of
the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier,
he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a
grave-maker?

1 Cl^o. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that
day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Cl^o. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell
that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was
born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent to England?
1 Cl^o. Why, because he was mad: he shall re-
cover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great
matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Cl^o. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the
men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Cl^o. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Cl^o. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Cl^o. Why, here in Denmark; I have been
sixteen here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

1 Cl^o. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,
(as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that
will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you
some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last
you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Cl^o. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his
trade, that he will keep out water a great while;
and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson
dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain i'th' earth
three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Cl^o. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose
do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Cl^o. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he
pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This
same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

[Takes the skull.

1 Cl^o. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio;
a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he
hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and
now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my
gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I
have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your
gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes
of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a
roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning?
quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's
chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick,
to this favour she must come; make her laugh at
that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

For. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o'this
fashion i'th' earth?

For. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [Throws down the skull.

For. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio!
Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of
Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

For. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider
so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him
thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead
it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was bur-
ied, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth;
of earth we make loam: And why of that loam,
whereto he was converted, might they not stop a
beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead, and torn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft! aside;—Here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of
OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners follow-
ing it; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corpse they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Conch we a while, and mark. [Retiring with Hor.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham.

That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

I Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'erways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her: Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

I Priest. No more be done! We should profane the service of the dead, To sing a requiem, and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;— And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring!—I tell thee, churchward, priest, A ministring angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife; I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead; Till of this flat a mountain you have made, To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I, Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pray thee, take thy fingers from my throat; For, though I am not splenetic and rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous, Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Hana. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme, Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers Could not, with all their quantity of love Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do: Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us; till our ground, Singeing his pate against the burning zone, Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[*Exit Horatio.*]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's sleep

[*To Laer.*]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you

the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fight

That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly

And prais'd he rashness for it.—Let us know,

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,

When our deep plots do pall: and that should

teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain

Ham. Up from my cabin,

My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark

Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;

Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew

To mine own room again: making so hold,

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal

Their grand commission; where I found, Hora

A royal knavery: an exact command,—

Larded with many several sorts of reasons,

Importing Denmark's health, and England's too

With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—

That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,

No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,

My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at

leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus beheaded round with villainy

Or I could make a prologue to my brains,

They had begun the play:—I sat me down;

Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:

I once did hold it, as our statistes do,

A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much

How to forget that learning; but, sir, now

It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know

The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—

As England was his faithful tributary;

As love between them like the palm might flourish

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,

And stand a comma 'tween their amities;

And many such like as's of great charge,—

That, on the view and knowing of these content

Without debatement further, more, or less,

He should the bearers put to sudden death,

Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd

I had my father's signet in my purse,

Which was the model of that Danish seal:

Folded the writ up in form of the other;

Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safe

The changeling never known: Now, the next day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent

Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to't

employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat

Does by their own insinuation grow:

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mothe

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;

own out his angle for my proper life,
I with such cosenage; is't not perfect conscience,
quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
let this canker of our nature come
further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England,

that is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;

and a man's life's no more than to say, one.

I am very sorry, good Horatio,

that to Laertes I forgot myself;

and by the image of my cause, I see

a portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:

and, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me

on a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this
ster-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a
privilege to know him: He hath much land, and fertile:

like a beast he lord of beasts, and his crib shall
stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough; but, as I
feel, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Os. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,

should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
wit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the
ad.

Os. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind
northerly.

Os. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and
hot; or my complexion—

Os. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—
'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his mas-
tery bade me signify to you, that he has laid a
great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Os. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good
faith, Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes:

believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most ex-
cellent differences, of very soft society, and great
showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is
a card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find
him the continent of what part a gentleman would
be.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in
you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially,
and dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet
at raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But,
in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul
of great article; and his infusion of such dearth
and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his
semblance is his mirror; and, who else would trace
him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Os. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap
our gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Os. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another
language? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this
gentleman?

Os. Of Laertes?

Hor.—His purse is empty already; all his golden
words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Os. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you
did, it would not much approve me:—Well, sir.

Os. You are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should com-
pare with him in excellence; but, to know a man
well, were to know himself.

Os. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the im-
putation laid on him by them, in his meed he's un-
allow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Os. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Os. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six
Barbary horses: against the which he has im-
pawn'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poni-
ards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so:

Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to
fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate
carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Os. I knew, you must be edified by the margent,
ere you had done.

Os. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the
matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides;

I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on:

Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their
assigns, and three liberal-conceit carriages; that's
the French bet against the Danish: Why is this
impar'd, as you call it?

Os. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen
passes between yourself and him, he shall not ex-
ceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for
nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your
lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Os. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your
person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it
please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day
with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman
willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win
for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but
my shame, and the odd hits.

Os. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your
nature will.

Os. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend
it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on
his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before 'he
sneak'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the
same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,)
only got the tune of the time, and outward habit
of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which
carries them through and through the most fond
and winnow'd opinions; and do but blow them to
their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to
you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that
you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if
your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that
you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow
the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is
ready; now, or wheosoever, provided I be so able
as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming
down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle
entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France,
I have been in continual practice; I shall win at
the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill
all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of
gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I
will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are
not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a
special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be
now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will
be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the
readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves,
knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with foils. &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of Laer. into that of Ham.]
Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done, That might your nature, honour, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils; come on. Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir. King. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.— Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager? Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side. King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:—

But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds. Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length? [They prepare to play.]

Osrick. Ay, my good lord. King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire; The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw, Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups; And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;— And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir. Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.]

Ham. One. Laer. No. Ham. Judgment.

Osrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup. [Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while. Come.—Another hit: What say you? [They play.]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess. King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.— Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows: The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,— King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now. King. I do not think.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [As]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence; I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [They play.]

Osrick. Nothing neither way. Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

King. Part them, they are incen-

Ham. Nay, come again. [The Queen falls.]

Osrick. Look to the queen there, Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, lord?

Osrick. How is't, Laertes? Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own spring;

Osrick; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen? King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [Laertes falls.]

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd: Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls.]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain! No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life; The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd; I can no more:—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work. [Stabs the King.]

Osrick & Lords. Treason! treason! King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damn'd Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is the union here? Follow my mother. [King falls.]

Laer. He is justly serv'd; It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet: Mine and my father's death come not upon the

Nor thine on me! [D] Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee!

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu! You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act, Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,— But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it; I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left. Ham. As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it! O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind it! If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while, And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.— [March afar off, and shot with]

Osrick. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
 I do prophesy, the election lights
 Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
 all him, with the occurments, more and less,
 which have solicited,—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]
For. Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night,
 sweet prince;
 Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
 Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English ambassadors,
 and Others.*

For. Where is this sight?
For. What is it, you would see?
 Sight of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
For. This quarry cries on havoc!—O proud death!
 Hast thou not feast in thine eternal cell,
 when thou so many princes, at a shot,
 bloody hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal;
 And our affairs from England come too late:
 These ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
 to tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
 that Rosenerantz and Guildenstern are dead:
 here should we have our thanks?

For. Not from his mouth,
 who had the ability of life to thank you;
 he never gave commandment for their death.
 Since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 you from the Polack wars, and you from England,
 are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view;
 And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
 How these things came about: So shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
 Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

For. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
 more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
 Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-
 chance,

On plots, and errors, happen.

For. Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
 The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
 Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*]

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after
 which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]



OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Duke of VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a senator.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, the Moor:
CASSIO, his lieutenant;
IAGO, his ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.
Herald.

DESEDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.
EMILIA, wife to Iago.
BIANCA, a courtesan, mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

Scene,—for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Venice. A street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion, consents
My mediators; for, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick,
Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of
service:

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have
lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire
yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio,
ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

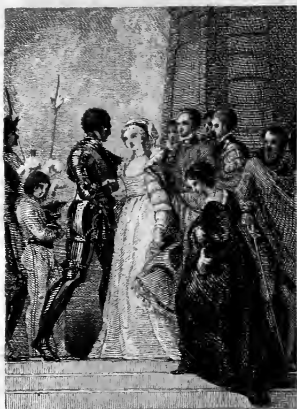
BRABANTIO, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?



T. Stothard R.A.

Aug. Fox sc.

OTHELLO.

Act 2. Sc. 1.

Published by W. Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane, 1825.



Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame,
put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because
we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians:
You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary
horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you:
you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for
germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast
with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
Roderigo.

Iago. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I be-
seech you,

If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gouldolier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—

If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you hold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on'the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—

This accident is not unlike my dream,

Belief of it oppresses me already:—

Light, I say! light! [*Exit, from above.*]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall),

Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—

However this may gall him with some check,—

Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have not,

To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely

find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a
father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou de-
ceiv'st me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more
tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think
you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason
of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had
her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,
To do me contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the
ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forhear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico is much believ'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what constraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that hoasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbought, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come
yonder?

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers
with torches.*

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news ?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general; And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance, Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine; It is a business of some heat: the galleys Have sent a dozen sequent messengers This very night, at one another's heels; And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met, Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found, The senate hath sent about three several quests, To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you. I will but spend a word here in the house, And go with you. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?
Jago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Jago. He's married. To who ?
Cas.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Jago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night, with torches and weapons.

Jago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd; He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief! [*They draw on both sides.*]

Jago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years, Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That waken motion:—I'll have it disputed on:

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison; till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied;

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state,

To bring me to him ?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,

The duke's in council; and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!

In this time of the night!—Bring him away:

Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:

For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

The same. A council-chamber.

The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd:
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 Sen. And mine, two hundred

But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,

'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment,
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now! the business:
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state,

By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

1 Sen. This cannot be

By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider

The impotency of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,

That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,

For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought
this,

We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first;

Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you
guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-sten
Their backward course, bearing with frauk apper-
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,

With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesi, is he not in town ?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post-haste
despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To Brabantio.*]
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me:
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the genera-
care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,

and it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me; he is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted with spells and medicines bought of mountebanks: for nature so preposterously to err, being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense, as witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding, hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself, and you of her, the bloody book of law you shall yourself read in the bitter letter, under your own sense; yea, though our proper son be good in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. He is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems, you have special mandate, for the state affairs, to send hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To Othello.*]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors, my very noble and approv'd good masters,—that I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, is most true; true, I have married her; and very head and front of my offending against this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech, and little bless'd with the set phrase of peace; for since these arms of mine had seven years' pith, till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd their dearest action in the tented field; and little of this great world can I speak, more than pertains to feats of broil and battle; and therefore little shall I grace my cause, speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,

will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

what conjuration, and what mighty magic, or such proceeding I am charg'd withal, I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion lush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature, five years, of country, credit, every thing,—is fall in love with what she fear'd to look on? This is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect, that will confess—perfection so could err against all rules of nature; and must be driven to find out practices of cunning hell, why this should be. I therefore vouch again, that with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood, or with some dram conjur'd to this effect, he wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof; without more certain and more overt test, than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak;—did you by indirect and forced courses abduct and poison this young maid's affections? or came it by request, and such fair question a soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you, send for the lady to the Sagittary, and let her speak of me before her father: if you do find me foul in her report, the trust, the office, I do hold of you, I will not take away, but let your sentence even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. *Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven do confess the vices of my blood. So justly to your grave ears I'll present how I did thrive in this fair lady's love, and she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me; still question'd me the story of my life, from year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days, to the very moment that he bade me tell it. Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents, by flood, and field; of hair-breadth scapes; the imminent deadly breach; of being taken by the insolent foe, and sold to slavery; of my redemption thence, and portance in my travels' history; wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle, Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process; And of the Cannibals that each other eat, The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline: But still the house affairs would draw her thence; Which ever as she could with haste despatch, She'd come again, and with a greedy ear Devour up my discourse: Which I observing, Took once a pliant hour; and found good means To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart, That I would all my pilgrimage dilate, Whereof by parcels she had something heard, But not intently: I did consent; And often did beguile her of her tears, When I did speak of some distressful stroke, That my youth suffer'd. My story being done, She gave me for my pains a world of sighs: She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful: She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her, I should but teach him how to tell my story, And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake: She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd; And I lov'd her, that she did pity them. This only is the witchcraft I have us'd; Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—

Good Brabantio, Take up this mangled matter at the best: Men do their broken weapons rather use, Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak; If she confess, that she was half the wooer, Destruction on my head, if my bad blame Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress; Do you perceive in all this noble company, Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father, I do perceive here a divided duty:

To you I am bound for life, and education; My life, and education, both do learn me How to respect you; you are the lord of duty, I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband; And so much duty as my mother show'd To you, preferring you before her father, So much I challenge that I may profess Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;

I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart, Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel, I am glad at soul I have no other child; For thy escape would teach me tyranny, To hang clops on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grave, or step, may help these lovers Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended, By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended. To mourn a mischief that is past and gone, Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the
place is best known to you: And though we have
there a substitute of most allow'd sufficiency, yet
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a
more safer voice on you: you must therefore be
content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedi-
tion.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disorders corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;

With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancients
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[To *Brabantio*]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.
I Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.
Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to her.
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &*
Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pry'thee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters add direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona*]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a
torture: and then have we a prescription to die, with
death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world
for four times seven years: and since I could dis-
tinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I ne-
ver found a man that knew how to love himself.
I would say, I would drown myself for the love
of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity
for a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is
shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue
amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that
are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens;
the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if
we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop,
or weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of
herb, or distract it with many; either to have it
stink with idleness, or manured with industry; why,
power and corrigible authority of this lies in
our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one
scale of reason to poize another of sensuality, the
blood and baseness of our natures would conduct
us most preposterous conclusions: But we have
reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings,
our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call
love, to be a seer, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a
mission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thy-
self? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have
possess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to
his deserving with cables of perdurable toughness;
could never better stand thee than now. Put mo-
ney in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy fav-
our with an usurped beard; I say, put money in
thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should
love to continue her love to the Moor,—put money
in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent con-
temptment, and thou shalt see an answerable
questerment;—put but money in thy purse.—The
Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy
purse with money: the food, that to him now is as
luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter
as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when
she is sated with his body, she will find the error
of her choice.—She must have change, she must
therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou
wilt damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than
drowning. Make all the money thou canst:
sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring ba-
barian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too ha-
ppy for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt
enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drow-

ag thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou
 either to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than
 to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend
 on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:
 —I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again
 od again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted;
 sine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in
 our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him,
 thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There
 are many events in the womb of time, which will
 be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money.
 We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in
 our purse. [Exit Roderigo.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: I let me see now:
 To get his place, and to plume up my will;
 A double knavery.—How? how!—Let me see:—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [Exit.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A sea-port town in Cyprus. A platform.

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
 cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Jesury a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 a fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
 if it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:

for do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
 main,

seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 and quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:

never did like molestation view
 In th' enchauf'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
 be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
 'tis impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done;

the desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
 that their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice

hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 on most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,

Veronest; Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,

is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
 and is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak
 of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
 and prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
 With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
 Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in,
 As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;

Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
 An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;

For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 that so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens

Give him defence against the elements,

For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;

Therefore my hopes, not surfeit'd to death,
 Stand in bold cure.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governour.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
 [Guns heard.]

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
 And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [Exit.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid

That paragon description, and wild fame;

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 And in the essential vesture of creation,

Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has
 put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—

Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
 As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A se'night's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,

And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO,
 RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
 Before, behind thee, and on every haud,

Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.*]

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel; This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago, That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips, As of her tongue she oft bestows on me, You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much; I find it still, when I have list to sleep: Marry, before your ladyship, I grant, She puts her tongue a little in her heart, And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens, Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour!

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.— Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize, It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours, And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit, The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit, She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair; For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fund paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserably praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so fual, and foolish thereunto, But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself!

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud; Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud; Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay; Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may;* She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh, Bade her wrong staff, and her displeasure fly; She that in wisdom never was so frail, To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail; She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind, See suitors following, and not look behind; She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!— Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: A well said, whisper: with as little a web as th will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, such upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own couch. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such trick as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it has been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to put the sir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your finger to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes, to your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor,—I know trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello! It gives me wonder great as my content To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death! And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas, Olympus-high; and duck again as low As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute, That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknowna fate.

Des. The heavens forbid, But that our loves and comforts should increase Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content, It stops me here; it is too much of joy: And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd no But I'll set down the pegs that make this music As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.— News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?— Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus, I have found great love amongst them. O my sw I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts.—I pry'thee, good Iago, Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers: Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Oth. Des. and Attendants.*]
Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility their natures more than is native to them,—me. The lieutenant-to-night watches on the coast of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.
Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul instructed. Mark me with what violence she loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling fantastical lies: And will she love him still praing? let not thy discreet heart think it. I eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is thus dull with the act of sport, there should be,—ag to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, I delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, it is a most pregnant and unforced position, w stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no furti

reasonable, than in putting on the mere form of
fil and humane seeming, for the better compass-
ing of his salt and most hidden loose affection?
by, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle
saw; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye
in stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true
(vantage never present itself: A devilish knave!
sides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath
l those requisites in him, that folly and green
inds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and
e woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of
ost bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is
ade of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would
ever have loved the Moor: Bless'd pudding!
hidst thou not see her paddle with the palm of
is hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and
bscure prologue to the history of lust and foul
houghts. They met so near with their lips,
bat their breaths embraced together. Villainous
houghts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so
oarsal the way, hard at hand comes the master
and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion:
ish!—But, sir, he you ruled by me: I have
wrought you from Venice. Watch you to-night;
or the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio
crows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do
you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by
speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or
rom what other course you please, which the time
shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler;
and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you:
Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that,
will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qual-
ification shall come into no true taste again, but
by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a
shorter journey to your desires, by the means I
shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment
most profitably removed, without the which
there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any op-
portunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the
citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Fare-
well.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and va-

lian general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived,
importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet,
every man put himself into triumph; some to what
dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what
sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, be-
sides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of
his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be
proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full
liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five,
till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the
isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*A hall in the castle.**

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO,
and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-
night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To Desdemona.*

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Oth. Des. and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten
o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the
love of his Desdemona: whom let us not therefore
blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night
with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate
creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds
a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right
modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm
to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come,
lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here with-
out are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain
have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor
and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well
wish courtesy would invent some other custom of
entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll
drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that
was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what in-
novation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the
infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any
more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the
gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,

Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out-
ward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Stings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

[*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.
Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?
Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Alman; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,

The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils? Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Asks*

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Roderigo*

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise
[*Cry within,—Help! help!*

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant! [*Striking Roderigo*

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk

Cas. Drunk!

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny

[*Aside to Rod. who goes on*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lientenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed

[*Bell ring*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—

Oth. Hold, hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir, Montano,

gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, f

shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence arise

this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!

He, that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful ball, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee,

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even

now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,

(As if some planet had unwitted men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody: I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would in action glorious I had lost

These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,

That you unlance your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now offend

me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,

By me that's said or done amiss this night;

less self-charity be sometime a vice ;
 id to defend ourselves it be a sin,
 then violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 y blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
 id passion, having my best judgment collied,
 says to lead the way : If I once stir,
 r do but lift this arm, the best of you
 all sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 ow this foul root began, who set it on ;
 id he that is approv'd in this offence,
 ough he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
 all lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
 et wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 manage private and domestick quarrel,
 ight, and on the court and guard of safety !
 is monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?
Mon. If partially affi'd, or leagu'd in office,
 ou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 ou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
 had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
 an it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 et, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 hall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
 Iontano and myself being in speech,
 here comes a fellow, crying out for help ;
 nd Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
 o execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman
 eps in to Cassin, and entreats his pause ;
 yself the crying fellow did pursue,
 est, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
 he town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
 utran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather
 or that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 nd Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,
 ne'er might say before : When I came back,
 For this was brief, I found them close together,
 it blow, and thrust ; even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them.
 fore of this matter can I not report :—
 ut men are men ; the best sometimes forget :—
 ough Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 is men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 et, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
 rom him that fled, some strange indignity,
 hich patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 hy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 faking it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;
 ut never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

ook, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—
 'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear ?
Oth. All's well now, sweeting ; Come away to bed.
 ir, for your hurts,
 yself will be your surgeon : Lead him off.

[*To Montano, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town ;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
 Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldiers' life,
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I
 have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal
 part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—
 My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you
 had received some bodily wound ; there is more
 offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is
 an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without
 merit, and lost without deserving : You have lost
 no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such
 a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover
 the general again : You are but now cast in his
 mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice ;
 even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to
 affright an imperious lion : sue to him again, and
 he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to de-
 ceive so good a commander, with so slight, so

drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk ? and
 speak parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and
 discourse fustian with one's own shadow ?—O thou
 invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be
 known by, let us call thee—devil !

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your
 sword ? What had he done to you ?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible ?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing
 distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O,
 that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
 to steal away their brains ! that we should, with joy,
 revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves
 into beasts !

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough ; How
 came you thus recover'd ?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to
 give place to the devil, wrath : one imperfectness
 shows me another, to make me frankly despise
 myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist : As
 the time, the place, and the condition of this country
 stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen ;
 but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again ; he
 shall tell me, I am a drunkard ! Had I as many
 mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them
 all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool,
 and presently a beast ! O strange !—Every inordi-
 nate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a
 devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar
 creature, if it be well used ; exclaim no more against
 it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love
 you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at
 some time, man. I'll tell you 'what you shall do.
 Our general's wife is now the general ;—I may say
 so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and
 given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and
 denotement of her parts and graces :—confess your-
 self freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to
 put you in your place again : she is of so free, so
 kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds
 it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is
 requested : This broken joint, between you and her
 husband, entreat her to splinter ; and, my fortunes
 against any lay worth naming, this crack of your
 love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and hon-
 est kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morn-
 ing, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to un-
 dertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if
 they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieuten-
 ant ; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the
 villain !

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
 Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course
 To win the Moor again ? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit ; she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetted to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good ? Divinity of hell !
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now : For, while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust ;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio. Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod*] Two things a to be done,—My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on; Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find. Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way; Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Before the castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general. [*Musick.*]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus?

I Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments?

I Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

I Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

I Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

I Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exit Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman, that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife: My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morning, good lieutenant: I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies, That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,

He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, I loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,

To take the safest occasion by the front,

To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—

If you think fit, or that it may be done,—

Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;

And, by him, do my duties to the state:

That done, I will be walking on the works,

Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do'

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see'

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Before the castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do

All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves me

husband,

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt

Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,

Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,

He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord

You have known him long; and be you well assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no further off

Than in a politic distance.

Cas.

Emil. Ay, but, lady,

That policy may either last so long,

Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,

Or breed itself so out of circumstance,

That, I being absent, and my place supplied,

My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,

I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it

To the last article: my lord shall never rest;

I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;

I'll intermingle every thing he does

With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;

For thy solicitor shall rather die,

Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes

your lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,

and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,

and sit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,

at your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,

as he would steal away so guilty-like,

and sing you coming.

Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

Iago. I have been talking with a suitor here,

and man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,

I have any grace, or power to move you,

and is present reconciliation take;

and, if he be not one that truly loves you,

and errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,

and have no judgment in an honest case:

and pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,

and that he hath left part of his grief with me;

and suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other

time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

and meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday

morning;

or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—

pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not

exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

and yet his trespass, in our common reason,

and have that, they say, the wars must make examples

of their best,) is not almost a fault

to incur a private check: When shall he come?

Oth. All me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

and what you could ask me, that I should deny,

and stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,

and had came a wooing with you; and many a time,

and when I have spoke of you disparagingly,

and hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

and to bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he

will;

and will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

and 'tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

and feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;

and sue to you to do peculiar profit

to your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,

and wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

and shall be full of poize and difficulty,

and am fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:

and whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

and leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;

and whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit with Emilia.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

and let me do love thee! and, when I love thee not,

and haos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou

ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;

and no further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted

with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught

in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

and as if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-

thing:

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'd'st not that,

and when Cassio left my wife; What didst not like?

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

in my whole course of wooing, thou cry'd'st, Indeed?

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

and as if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,

and show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost;

and,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,

and weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them

breath,—

Therefore these steps of thine fright me the more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

and are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,

and they are close denotements, working from the heart,

and that passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare he sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;

and Or, those that he not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,

and I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

and I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

and as thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of

thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;

and Though I am bound to every act of duty,

and I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and

false,—

and as where's that palace, whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,

and But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful?

Oth. Then dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

and if thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—

and Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,

and As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

and To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,

and From one that so imperfectly conceits,

and You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble

and Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—

and It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

and Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,

and To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my

lord,

and Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

and Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,

and nothing;

and 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

and But he, that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are mere virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-honour, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best
conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are
mov'd:—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at: Cassio's my worthy
friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think, but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold
with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:

Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most ranc'
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recolling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Exit]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfold
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her baggard
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be toad
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you
well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill av'
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[He puts the handkerchief from him, &
it drops.

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Oth. and D

Emil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en o'
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
 For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?
Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence;
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
 Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with it, that you have
 been so earnest

To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what's that to you?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
 When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
 Go, leave me. *[Exit Emila.]*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison:—
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,
 Which thou ow'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
 To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
 rack:—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
 Than to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
 saw I, not, thought I not, it harm'd not me:

I slept to the next night well, was free and merry;
 I found no Cassio's kisses on her lips:
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Taking him by the throat.]
 Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?
Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate:
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
 God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
 I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
 I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
 I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
 I do repent me, that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.
Iago. And may: But, how? how satisfied, my
 lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
 Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own! What then? how then?
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
 Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
 I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
 That in their sleeps will utter their affairs;
 One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say,—*Swears Desdemona,
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!*

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
 Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
 That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
 Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
 Cry'd,—*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
 That do demonstrate thine.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
 She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
 Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
 (I am sure it was your wife's), did I to-day
 See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
 It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
 Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
 All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:
 'Tis gone.—
 Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
 Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
 To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
 For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.
Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
 change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall he in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Cl. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Cl. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier
lies, is stabb'ing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Cl. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Cl. I know not where he lodges; and for me to
devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies
there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by
report?

Cl. I will catechize the world for him; that is,
make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him,
I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all
will be well.

Cl. To do this, is within the compass of man's
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[Exit.
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was
born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[Aside.] O, hard-
ness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist,
my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hand
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now you
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offend me
Lead me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should but
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never
seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of thy
way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it!

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-
gives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief.—

Des. I pray, talk to me of Cassio

Oth. The handkerchief.

Des. A man that, all his time

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth,

You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit Othello

Emil. Is not this man jealous

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all hut stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungrily, and when they are full,

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the new
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you, that, by your virtuous means, I may again exist, and be a member of his love, Whom I, with all the duty of my heart, Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd: If my offence be of such mortal kind, That neither service past, nor present sorrows, Nor purg'd merit in futurity, Can ransom me into his love again, But to know so must be my benefit; So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, And shut myself up in some other course, To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio, My advocacy is not now in tune; My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him, Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd. So help me, every spirit sanctified, As I have spoken for you all my best; And stood within the blank of his displeasure, For my free speech! You must a while be patient: What I can do, I will; and more I will, Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now, And, certainly, in strange unquietness. *Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon, When it hath blown his ranks into the air; And, like the devil, from his very arm Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry? Something of moment, then: I will go meet him; There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pry'thee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,— [*Exit Iago.*]

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice, Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,— Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases, Men's natures wrangle with inferior things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so; For let our finger ache, and it induces Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods; Nor of them look for such observances As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia, I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,) Arraigning his unkindness with my soul; But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness, And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. 'Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think; And no conception, nor no jealous toy, Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause. *Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so; They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster, Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout: If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit, And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio! *Cas.* What make you from home? How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio. What! keep a week away? seven days and nights? Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours? More tedious than the dial eight score times? O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca; I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd; But I shall, in a more continuant time, Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca, [*Giving Desdemona's handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this? This is some token from a newer friend. To the felt absence now I feel a cause: Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to! Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth, From whence you have them. You are jealous now, That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it? *Cas.* I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber. I like the work well; ere it be demanded, (As, like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied: Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general; And think it no addition, nor my wish, To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me. I pray you, bring me on the way a little; And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you, For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthor'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,

An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,

No more than he'll unsweat.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on

her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hang'd for his labour.—First, to be hang'd, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Fish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—
[Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work; Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach,—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's bot yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those improper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but enavee yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smite, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[Speaking low]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitif

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, 'faith, she loves me

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out [Aside]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he impertunes hi

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [Aside]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry he

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph [Aside]

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pry'thee
bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so
wholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [Aside]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall mar

her. Pr'y'thee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: si
is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own lo
and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the stor [Aside]

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me i
every place. I was, the other day, talking on t
tea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither com
the bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about r
neck!—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: h
gesture imports it. [Aside]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me
so haies, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to r
chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not th
dog I shall throw it to. [Aside]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Fis such another fitchew! marry, a pe
fumed one.—What do you mean by this haunti
of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you
What did you mean by that same handkerchie
you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to ta
it. I must take out the whole work!—A likel
piece of work, that you should find it in yo
chamber, and not know who left it there! This i
some minx's token, and I must take out the wor
There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever yo
had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now
how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchie [Aside]

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, yo
may: an you will not, come when you are nex
prepared for. [Exit]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I woul
very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'y'thee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at hi
vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he
prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it
him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and he damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—
Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, *Iago*!—O, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight.

[A trumpet within.]

Oth. Excellent good!—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter **LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.**

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a packet.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the packet, and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will—

[Reads.]

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil!

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her

turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—

I am commanded home:—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice:—Hence, away!—

[Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and

monkeys! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full

senate

Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature,

Whom passion could not shake! whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my

censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—

I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would

I knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe

him;

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech: Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A room in the castle.

Enter **OTHELLO and EMILIA.**

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor

nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[Exit Emilia.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:

And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter **EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.**

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
 Look in my face.
Des. What horrible façs's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress;

[*To Emilia.*
 Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
 Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
 Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit Emilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
 And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
 Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
 Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect,
 An instrument of this your calling back,
 Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
 Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
 To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
 All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
 I should have found in some part of my soul
 A drop of patience; but (alas!) to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
 O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;
 The fountain, from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
 To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubio;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord, esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou hadst
 ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly hook,
 Made to write whore upon? What committed!
 Committed!—O thou publick commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it: What committed!—
 impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
 If to preserve this vessel for my lord
 From any other foul unlawful touch,
 Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, net a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.
Oth. Is it possible?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
 I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
 We have done our course; there's money for you
 pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
 How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with your lord?

Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia.
 I cannot weep; nor answer for I none,
 But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
 Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;
 And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed.
Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet
 How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
 The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How
 it with you?
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach you
 babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
 He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
 I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewor'd
 his Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
 As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady.
Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in a
 drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!
Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches
 Her father, and her country, and her friends,
 To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for it!
 How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,
 Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
 Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his
 bones!

Why should he call her, whore? who keeps his
 company?
 What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave;
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:
 O, heaven, that such companions thould unfold;
 And put in every honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascal naked through the world,
 Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was
 That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. O good Iago,
 What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act, that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now), keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this haad, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why now I see thee's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this might show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his zhode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honour-

able fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.
Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it is done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent; He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightgown, and adieu: We must not now displeasure him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara; She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your nightgown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, [*Singing.*]

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
 Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress;

[*To Emilia.*
 Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
 Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
 Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit Emilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
 And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
 selves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
 damn'd,
 Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as
 hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am
 I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
 Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you-my father do suspect,
 An instrument of this your calling back,
 Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
 Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
 To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
 All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
 I should have found in some part of my soul.

A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
 O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
 But there, where I have garner'd up my life;
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain, from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord, esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou hadst
 ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly hook,
 Made to write whore upon? What committed!
 Committed!—O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it: What committed!—
 Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Aie not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
 If to preserve this vessel for my lord
 From any other foul unlawful touch,
 Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.
Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
 I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
 We have done our course; there's money for your
 pains;
 I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit*
Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive!
 How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady!

Des. Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my
 lord?

Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam
Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
 I cannot weep; nor answer have I none.
 But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
 Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
 And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed
 [*Exit*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
 How have I been behav'd, that he might stick.
 The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is
 it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
 babes,
 Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks;
 He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
 I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her
 Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
 As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady
Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his
 drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day
Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
 Her father, and her country, and her friends,
 To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep

Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for it
 How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,
 Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
 Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his
 bones!

Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her
 company?
 What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
 hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
 O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
 And put in every honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascal naked through the world,
 Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door
Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he doer
 That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. O good Iago,
 What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act, that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.
Des. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device,
Iago. and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all convenience, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.
Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right, He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honour-

able fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightgown, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me

In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara; She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your nightgown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

[*Singing.*

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her

moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Pr'ythee, bid thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjurer! woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great re-
venge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to
my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. *(He smother's her.)*

Emil. *[Within.]* My lord, my lord! what ho!

My lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead: not yet
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. *[Within.]* What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. *[Within.]* O, good my lord, I would speak
a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's
dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't
good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. *[Within.]* I do beseech you I may speak
with you,

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee
now?

[Unlocks the door.]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

And makes me mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out
tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is this

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath do

This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who know

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a dev

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to s

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cass

Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I sa

thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks wi

love!—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman?

I say, thy husband; Dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were bes

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do n

harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho

help!

The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general.

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done wel

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man

He says, thou didst him that his wife was false

I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told n

more

Than what he found himself to be apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false

Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
 Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
 She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your
 tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
 to speak:
 My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.
All. O heavens forefend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
 I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't!—O villainy!
 I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
 O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get
 you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
 Perchance, IAGO, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! O! [*Hang'g over his wife.*]
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
 That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*]
 I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
 Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
 stopp'd:

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
 dead;
 Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
 Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
 This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
 Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
 And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
 A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
 And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love,
 Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
 It was a handkerchief, so antique token
 My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace,
 sir? no:
 No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
 Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
 All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]
Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
 speak'st of,
 I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
 For often, with a solemn earnestness,
 (More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
 He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
 And I did give't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
 O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
 Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out.*]
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
 But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his
 wife.
Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this
 weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
 Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
 But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain,
 For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
 But every puffy whipster gets my sword:—
 But why should honour outlive honesty?
 Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
 Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
 And die in music;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
 Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
 So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
 So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*]
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
 It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
 O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost
 thee dear;
 Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
 Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
 A better never did itself sustain
 Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments,
 Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
 Who can control his fate! 'tis not so now.—
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lust fear;
 Man but a rash against Othello's breast,
 And he retires:—Where should Othello go?—
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity.—
 O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
 Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
 man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that's a
 fable:

If that thou he'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
 [*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
 For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
 Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
 An honourable murderer, if you will;
 For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
 Why he hath thus ensur'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know,
 you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
 Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
 And here, another: the one of them imports
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!

GLOSSARY.

ABATE, to depress, sink, subdue.
ABC-book, a catechism.
Abjects, servile persons.
Able, to qualify or uphold.
Abortive, issuing before its time.
Absolute, highly accomplished, perfect.
Abused, deceived.
Aby, to pay dear for.
Abysm, abyss.
Accuse, accusation.
Achieve, to obtain.
Acquittance, requital.
Action, direction by mute signs, charge or accusation.
Action-taking, litigious.
Additions, titles or descriptions.
Address, to make ready.
Addressed, or addrest, ready.
Advance, to prefer, to raise to honour.
Adversity, contrariety.
Advertisement, admonition.
Advertising, attentive.
Advice, consideration, discretion, thought.
Advise, to consider, recollect.
Advised, not precipitant, cool, cautious.
Afear'd, afraid.
Affect, love.
Affection, affection, imagination, disposition, quality.
Affectioned, affected.
Affections, passions, inordinate desires.
Affeer'd, confirmed.
Affied, betrothed.
Affined, joined by affinity.
Affront, to meet or face.
Affy, to betroth in marriage.
Aglet-baby, a diminutive being.
Agnize, acknowledge, confess.
A-good, in good earnest.
Aiery, the nest of an eagle or hawk.
Aim, guess, encouragement, suspicion.
Alder-lifest, beloved above all things.
Ale, a merry meeting.
Allow, to approve.
Allowance, approbation.
Amaze, to perplex or confuse.
Ames-ace, the lowest chance of the dice.
Amort, sunk and dispirited.
An, as if.
Anchor, anchor.
Ancient, an ensign.
Anight, in the night.
Answer, retaliation.
Anthropophaginian, a cannibal.
Antick, the fool of the old farces.
Antiquity, old age.
Antres, caves and dens.
Apparent, seeming, not real, heir apparent, or next claimant.
Appeal, to accuse.
Appeared, rendered apparent.
Apply, to attend to consider.
Appointment, preparation.
Apprehension, opinion.
Apprehensive, quick to understand.
Approbation, entry on probation.
Approof, proof, approbation.
Approve, to justify, to make good, to establish, to recommend to approbation.
Approved, felt, experienced, convicted by proof.
Approvers, persons who try.
Aqua-vitæ, strong waters.
Arbitrate, to determine.
Arch, chief.
Argentine, silver.
Argier, Algiers.
Argosies, ships of great burthen, galleons.

Argument, subject for conversation, evidence, proof.
Arm, to take up in the arms.
Arcint, avaunt, be gone.
A-row, successively, one after another.
Art, practice as distinguished from theory, theory.
Articulate, to enter into articles.
Articulated, exhibited in articles.
Artificial, ingenious, artful.
As, as if.
Aspect, countenance.
Aspersion, sprinkling.
Assay, test.
Assinego, a he-ass.
Assurance, conveyance or deed.
Assured, affianced.
Astringer, a falconer.
Ates, instigation from Ate, the mischievous goddess that incites bloodshed.
Atomies, minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room, atoms.
Atone, to reconcile.
Attasked, reprehended, corrected.
Attended, waited for.
Attent, attentive.
Attorney, deputation.
Attorneyship, the discretionary agency of another.
Attorneyed, supplied by substitution of embassies.
Attributive, that which attributes or gives.
Avaunt, contemptuous dismissal.
Averring, confirming.
Audacious, spirited, animated.
Audrey, a corruption of Etheldreda.
Augurs, auguries or prognostications.
Aukward, adverse.
Authentic, an epithet applied to the learned.
Awful, reverend, worshipful.
Awless, not producing awe.

B.

Baccare, stand back, give place.
Bale, misery, calamity.
Baleful, baneful.
Balked, bathed or piled up.
Balm, the oil of consecration.
Band, bond.
Bandog, village dog or mastiff.
Bank, to sail along the banks.
Banning, cursing.
Banquet, a slight refecton, a desert.
Bans, curses.
Bar, barrier.
Barbed, caparisoned in a warlike manner.
Barful, full of impediments.
Barm, yeast.
Barn, or bairn, a child.
Barnacle, a kind of shell-fish.
Base, dishonoured.
Base, a rustic game, called prison-base.
Bases, a kind of dress used by knights on horseback.
Basilisk, a species of cannon.
Basta, Italian, 'tis enough.
Bastard, raisin wine.
Bat, a club or staff.
Bate, strife, contention.
Bate, to flutter as a hawk.
Batlet, an instrument used by washers of clothes.
Batten, to grow fat.
Battle, army.
Bavin, brushwood.
Bawcock, a jolly cock.
Bay, the space between the main beams of a roof.
Bay-window, bow-window, one in a recess.
Beak, the forecastle, or the bul'sprit.
Beard, to oppose in a hostile manner, to set at defiance.
Bearing, carriage, demeanour.

- Bearing-cloth, a mantle used at christenings.
 Beat, in falconry, to flutter.
 Beating, hammering, dwelling upon.
 Beaver, helmet in general.
 Beck, a salutation made with the head.
 Became, becoming.
 Beetle, to hang over the base.
 Being, abode.
 Belongings, endowments.
 Be-mete, be-measure.
 Be-moiled, be-draggled, be-mired.
 Bending, unequal to the weight.
 Benefit, beneficiary.
 Bent, the utmost degree of any passion.
 Numbred, inflexible, immovable.
 Beshrew, ill befall.
 Best, bravest.
 Bestowed, left, stowed, or lodged.
 Bestraught, distraught or distracted.
 Beteem, to give, to pour out, to permit or suffer.
 Bewray, betray, discover.
 Bezonian, a term of reproach.
 Bid, to invite, to pray.
 Biding, place, abiding.
 Bigging, a kind of cap.
 Bilberry, the whortleberry.
 Bilbo, a Spanish blade of peculiar excellence.
 Bilboes, a species of fetters.
 Bill, a weapon carried by watchmen, a label, or advertisement, articles of accusation.
 Bird-bolt, a species of arrow.
 Bisson, blind.
 Blank, the white mark at which an arrow is shot.
 Blast, burst.
 Blear, to deceive.
 Blench, to start off.
 Blent, blended, mixed.
 Blind-worm, the slow-worm.
 Blistered, puffed out like blisters.
 Bloat, puffed, swelled.
 Blood, ancestry, high spirits, true metal, passions, natural propensities.
 Blood-boltered, stained with blood.
 Blown, puffed or swollen.
 Blows, swells.
 Blunt, stupid, insensible.
 Board, to accost, to address.
 Bobb, to trick, to make a fool of.
 Boded, boggled, made bungling work.
 Bodkin, a small dagger.
 Bold, confident, to embolden.
 Boldness, confidence.
 Bolted, sifted, refined.
 Bolting-hutch, the receptacle in which the meal is bolted.
 Bombard, a sort of cannon, a barrel.
 Bombast, the stuffing of clothes.
 Bona-robas, strumpets.
 Bond, bounden duty.
 Bony, or honny, handsome, good-looking.
 Book, paper of conditions.
 Boot, profit, advantage, something over and above.
 Bore, demeaned.
 Bore, the caliber of a gun, the capacity of the barrel.
 Bores, stabs or wounds.
 Bosky, woody.
 Bosom, wish, heart's desire.
 Bots, worms in the stomach of a horse.
 Bourn, boundary, rivulet.
 Bow, yoke.
 Brace, armour for the arm, state of defence.
 Brach, a species of hound.
 Braid, crafty or deceitful.
 Brake, a thicket, furze-bush.
 Brave, to make fine or splendid.
 Bravery, showy dress.
 Brawl, a kind of dance.
 Breach, of the sea, breaking of the sea.
 Breast, voice, surface.
 Breath, breathing, voice.
 Breathe, to utter.
 Breathed, inured by constant practice.
 Breathing, complimentary.
 Breeched, sheathed.
 Breaching, liable to school-boy punishment.
 Bridal, the nuptial feast.
 Brief, a short account, letter, or enumeration.
 Bring, to attend or accompany.
 Brize, the gad, or horse-fly.
 Broached, spitted, transfixed.
 Brock, a badger.
 Broke, to act as a pander.
 Broken, toothless.
 Broker, a matchmaker, a procurer or pimp.
 Brooch, an ornamental buckle.
 Brooched, adorned as with a brooch.
 Brotherhoods, confraternities or corporations.
 Brow, height.
 Brownist, the name of a sect.
 Bruit, noise, report.
 Bruited, reported with clamour.
 Brush, detrition, decay.
 Buckle, to bend, to yield to pressura.
 Bugs, bugbears, terrors.
 Bulk, the body.
 Bumbard. See Bombard.
 Bunting, a bird outwardly like a skylark.
 Burgonet, a kind of helmet.
 Burst, broken.
 Bury, to conceal, to keep secret.
 Bush, the sign of a public-house.
 Busky. See Bosky.
 But, otherwise than, unless, except.
 Butt-shaft, an arrow to shoot at butts with.
 Buxom, obedient, under good command.
 By, according to, by means of.
 By'rakin, by our ladykin or little lady.
- C.
- Caddis, a narrow worsted galloon.
 Cade, a barrel.
 Cadent, falling.
 Cage, a prison.
 Cain-coloured, yellow, red.
 Caitiff, a prisoner, a slave, a scoundrel.
 Calculate, to foretell or prophesy.
 Caliver, a species of musket.
 Call, to visit.
 Callet, a lewd woman.
 Calling, appellation.
 Calm, quaim.
 Canary, a sprightly nimble dance.
 Candle-wasters, those who sit up all night to drink.
 Canker, the dog-rose.
 Canstick, candlestick.
 Cantel, or Cantle, a corner or piece of any thing.
 Cantons, cantos.
 Canvas, to sift.
 Canvas-climber, a sailor who climbs to adjust the sails.
 Cap, the top, the principal.
 Cap, to salute by taking off the cap.
 Capable, perceptible, intelligent, quick of apprehension, ample, capacious.
 Capitulate, to make head.
 Capon, metaphor for a letter.
 Capricious, lascivious.
 Captious, capacious or recipient.
 Carack, a ship of great bulk.
 Carbonadoed, scotched like meat for the gridiron.
 Card, perhaps a sea-chart.
 Care, to make provision, to take care.
 Care, inclination.
 Careires, the motion of a horse.
 Carkanet, necklace or chain.
 Carl, clown or husbandman.
 Carlot, peasant.
 Carrer, a critic.
 Carpet-consideration, on a carpet, a festivity.
 Carriage, import.
 Carried, conducted or managed.
 Carry, to prevail over.
 Cart, a chariot.
 Case, contemptuously for skin, outside-garb.
 Case, to strip naked.
 Casques, helmets.
 Cassock, a horseman's great-coat.
 Cast, to empty as a pond, to dismiss or reject.
 Cast, cast up, reckoned.
 Castilian, an opprobrious term.
 Castiliano vulgo, a cant term of contempt.
 Cataian, some kind of sharper.

- Catling, a small lute-string made of cat-gut.
 Cavaliers, airy, gay fellows.
 Caviare, a delicacy made of the roe of sturgeon.
 Cautelous, insidious, cautious.
 Cease, de cease, to die, to stop.
 Censure, judgment, opinion.
 Censure, to judge.
 Censured, sentenced, estimated.
 Centuries, companies of an hundred men each.
 Ceremonies, honorary ornaments, tokens of respect.
 Ceremonious, superstitious.
 Certes, certainly, in truth.
 Cess, measure.
 Chace, a term at tennis.
 Chair, throne.
 Chamber, ancient name for London.
 Chamber, a species of great gun.
 Chamberers, men of intrigue.
 Champain, an open country.
 Chance, fortune.
 Changeling, a child changed.
 Channel, a kennel.
 Character, description, hand-writing.
 Character, to write, to infix strongly.
 Character, the matter with which letters are made.
 Chares, task-work.
 Charge, to put to expense.
 Charge, commission, employment.
 Charge-house, the free-school.
 Chariest, most cautious.
 Chariness, caution.
 Charitable, dear, endearing.
 Charles's-wain, the constellation called the Bear.
 Charneco, a sort of sweet wine.
 Charter, a privilege.
 Chaudron, entrails.
 Cheater, escheator, an officer in the exchequer, a gamester.
 Check, command, control.
 Check, to object to, to rebuke.
 Checks, probably for ethics.
 Cheer, countenance.
 Cherry-pit, a play with cherry-stones.
 Cheveril, soft or kid leather.
 Chew, to ruminate, to consider.
 Chewet, a noisy chattering bird.
 Chide, to respond, to echo, to scold, to be clamorous.
 Chiding, sound.
 Chiding, noisy.
 Child, a female infant.
 Childing, unseasonably pregnant.
 Chopin, a high shoe or clog.
 Cbough, a bird of the daw kind.
 Christom, a white cloth put on a new baptized child.
 Crystals, eyes.
 Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment.
 Chuff, rich, avaricious.
 Cicatrice, the scar of a wound.
 Circumstance, detail of an argument, a circumlocution.
 Cital, recital.
 Cite, to incite, to show, to prove.
 Civil, grave or solemn.
 Civil, human creature, any thing human.
 Clack-dish, a beggar's dish.
 Claw, to flatter.
 Clear, pure, blameless, innocent, quite, fully, perfectly.
 Clearest, purest, freest from evil.
 Clear-story, a species of windows in a church.
 Cleave, to unite with closely.
 Clerkly, like a scholar.
 Cliff, a key in music.
 Cling, to shrink or shrivel up.
 Clinguant, glittering, shining.
 Clip, to embrace, to infold.
 Closely, secretly, privately.
 Clout, the white mark at which archers take aim.
 Clown, a licensed jester in families.
 Clubs, a popular cry on a street quarrel.
 Clutched, grasped.
 Coach-fellow, one who draws with a confederate.
 Coasting, conciliatory, inviting.
 Cobloaf, a crusty, uneven loaf.
 Cock, cock-boat.
 Cockle, a weed.
 Cockled, inshelled like a cockle.
 Cock-shut-time, twilight.
 Codling, anciently an immature apple.
 Coffin, the cavity of a raised pie.
 Cog, to falsify, to lie, to defraud.
 Cognizance, the badge or token.
 Coigne, corner.
 Coil, hustle, stir.
 Cold, naked.
 Collect, to assemble, to gain by observation.
 Collection, corollary, consequence.
 Collied, black, smutted with coal.
 Collier, formerly a term of the highest reproach.
 Colour, pretence.
 Colourable, specious.
 Colours, appearances, deceits.
 Colt, to fool, to trick.
 Co-mart, a joint bargain.
 Combine, betrothed.
 Combine, to bind.
 Combined, bound by agreement.
 Comforting, aiding.
 Commence, to give a beginning.
 Commended, committed.
 Commission, authority, power.
 Commodity, interest, profit.
 Comonly, a comedy.
 Compact, made up of.
 Compassion, fellow.
 Company, companion.
 Comparative, a dealer in comparisons.
 Compare, comparison.
 Compassed, round.
 Compassionate, plaintive.
 Competitors, confederates or associates.
 Complements, accomplishments.
 Complexion, humour.
 Comply, to compliment.
 Compose, to come to a composition.
 Composition, contract or bargain, consistency, concordancy.
 Composture, composition, compost.
 Comptible, submissive.
 Con, to know.
 Conceit, fanciful conception, thought.
 Conect, connected harmony in general.
 Conclusion, determination, resolution.
 Conclussions, experiments.
 Concupy, concupiscence.
 Condition, temper, character, qualities, vocations, or inclinations.
 Condolement, sorrow.
 Conduct, conductor.
 Coney-catched, deceived cheated.
 Coney-catcher, a cheat or sharper.
 Confession, profession.
 Conject, conjecture.
 Conjecture, suspicion.
 Confound, to destroy, to expend, to consume.
 Confounded, worn or wasted.
 Consent, to agree.
 Consent, conspiracy, will, assent, united voice.
 Consigned, sealed.
 Consist, to stand upon.
 Consort, company.
 Consort, to keep company with.
 Constancy, consistency, stability.
 Constant, firm, determined.
 Constantly, certainly, without fluctuation.
 Contemptible, contemptuous.
 Continent, the thing which contains.
 Continents, banks of rivers.
 Continuate, uninterrupted.
 Contraction, marriage contract.
 Contrarious, different.
 Contrive, to spend and wear out.
 Control, to confute.
 Convent, to serve or agree.
 Convented, cited, summoned.
 Conversation, familiar intercourse, conduct, behaviour.
 Converse, interchange.
 Conversion, change of condition.
 Covertite, covert.
 Convey, to perform slight of hand, to manage artfully.
 Conveyance, theft, fraud.

Convince, to overpower, subdue, convict.
 Convicted, overpowered, baffled.
 Convide, to feast.
 Cope, to encounter, to engage.
 Cope, covering.
 Copped, rising to a eop or head.
 Copy, theme.
 Coragio, an exclamation of encouragement.
 Corinthian, a wench.
 Corky, dry, withered, husky.
 Corners, by-places.
 Corollary, surplus.
 Coronet, a crown.
 Corrigible, corrected.
 Costard, the head.
 Coster-monger, meanly mercenary.
 Cote, to overtake.
 Coted, quoted, observed, or regarded.
 Cotsale, Cotswood in Gloucestershire.
 Covered, hollow.
 Count, to make account, to reckon upon.
 Count Confect, a specious nobleman.
 Countenance, false appearance, hypocrisy.
 Counterfeit, a likeness, a portrait.
 Counterpoints, counterpanes.
 County, count, earl.
 Cow, to sink by bending the hams.
 Cowl-staff, a staff for carrying a large tub.
 Coy, to soothe or stroke.
 Coyed, descended unwillingly.
 Coystril, a coward cock, a mean or drunken fellow.
 Cozier, a tailor or butcher.
 Crab, a wild apple.
 Crack, dissolution.
 Crack, a boy or child, a boy-child.
 Cranks, windings.
 Crants, garlands.
 Crare, a small trading vessel.
 Craven, a degenerate, dispirited cock.
 Craven, mean, cowardly, to make cowardly.
 Create, compounded, made up.
 Credent, creditable, credible.
 Credit, account, information, credulity.
 Credit, a great light set upon a beacon.
 Crescive, increasing.
 Crest, the top, the height.
 Crestless, those who have no right to arms.
 Crisp, curling, winding, curled, bent, hollow.
 Critic, cynic.
 Critical, censorious.
 Crone, an old worn-out woman.
 Crosses, money stamped with a cross.
 Crow, to exult over.
 Crow-keeper, a scarecrow.
 Crown, to conclude.
 Crowned, dignified, adorned.
 Crownnet, last purpose.
 Cry, a troop or pack.
 Cue, in stage cant, the last words of the preceding speech.
 Cuisses, armour for the thighs.
 Cullion, a despicable fellow.
 Cunning, sagacity, knowledge.
 Gurb, to bend or truckle.
 Curiosity, finical delicacy, scrupulousness or capriciousness.
 Curious, scrupulous.
 Curled, ostentatiously dressed.
 Currents, occurrences.
 Cursed, under the influence of a malediction.
 Curst, petulant, crabbed, shrewdsh or mischievous, severe, harsh, vehemently angry.
 Curstness, ill humour.
 Curtail, a cur of little value.
 Curtal, a docked horse.
 Curtle-ax, or cutlase, a broad-sword.
 Custard-coffin, the crust of a custard or pie.
 Customer, a common woman.
 Cut, a horse.
 Cyprus, a transparent stuff.

D.

Daff or doff, to do off, to put aside.
 Dally, to play or trifle.
 Damn, condemna.
 Danger, reach or control.

Dank, wet, rotten.
 Daskers, natives of Denmark.
 Dare, to challenge or incite.
 Dark-house, a house made gloomy by discontent.
 Darkling, in the dark.
 Darraign, to arrange, put in order.
 Daub, to disguise.
 Daubery, falsehood and imposition.
 Day-bed, a couch.
 Day-light, broad day.
 Day-woman, dairy-maid.
 Dear, best, important, dire.
 Dearn, lonely, solitary.
 Death-tokens, spots appearing on those infected by the plague.
 Deboshed, debauched.
 Decay, misfortunes.
 Deceivable, deceptive.
 Deck, to cover, a pack.
 Decline, to run through from first to last.
 Declined, the fallen.
 Deem, opinion, surmise.
 Defeat, destruction.
 Defeatures, features, change of features for the worse.
 Defence, art of fencing.
 Defend, to forbid.
 Defensible, furnishing the means of defence.
 Deffiance, refusal.
 Deformed, deforming.
 Deftly, dexterously, with adroitness.
 Defy, to refuse, to disdain.
 Degrees, steps.
 Delay, to let slip.
 Demerits, merits.
 Demise, to grant.
 Demurely, solemnly.
 Densy, denial.
 Denied, disbelieved or contemned.
 Denier, the twelfth part of a French sou.
 Denotements, indications or discoveries.
 Deny, to refuse.
 Depart, to part.
 Departing, separation.
 Depend, to be in service.
 Deprive, to disinherit.
 Deracinate, to force up by the roots.
 Derogate, degraded, blasted.
 Descant, a term in musick.
 Desert, merit.
 Deserved, deserving.
 Design, to mark out.
 Despatched, bereft.
 Desperate, bold, adventurous.
 Detected, charged or guilty.
 Determined, ended.
 Dibble, an instrument used by gardeners.
 Dich, dit, or do it.
 Dickon, familiarly for Richard.
 Die, gaming.
 Diet, regimen.
 Diet, to oblige to fast.
 Diffused, extravagant, irregular.
 Digress, to deviate from the right.
 Digression, transgression.
 Dint, impression.
 Direction, judgment, skill.
 Disable, to undervalue.
 Disappointed, unprepared.
 Disclose, to hatch.
 Discontenting, discontented.
 Discontents, malcontents.
 Discourse, reason.
 Disdained, disdainful.
 Disease, uneasiness, discontent.
 Diseases, sayings.
 Disgrace, hardship, injury.
 Dislimns, unpaints, obliterates.
 Dispark, to destroy a park.
 Disponge, discharge as a sponge.
 Dispose, to make terms, to settle matters.
 Disposition, frame.
 Disputable, disputatious.
 Dispute, to talk over.
 Dissemble, to gloss over.
 Dissembling, putting dissimilar things together.
 Distaste, to corrupt, to change to a worse state.

Distemper, intoxication.
 Distemperature, perturbation.
 Distempered, ruffled, out of humour.
 Distractions, detachments, separate bodies.
 Distracted, distracted.
 Diverted, turned out of the course of nature.
 Dividable, divided.
 Division, the pauses or parts of musical composition.
 Divulged, spoken of.
 Doctrine, skill.
 Doff. See Daff.
 Dole, lot, allowance.
 Dolphin, the Dauphin of France.
 Don, to do on, to put on.
 Done, expended, consumed.
 Dotant, dotard.
 Double, full of duplicity.
 Doubt, to fear.
 Dout, to do out, extinguish.
 Dowle, a feather.
 Down-gyved, hanging down like what confines the fetters round the ancles.
 Drab, a strumpet.
 Draught, the jakes.
 Drawn, embowelled, exenterated.
 Dread, epithet applied to kings.
 Drew, assembled.
 Dribbling, a term of contempt.
 Drive, to fly with impetuosity.
 Drollery a show performed by puppets.
 Drugs, drudges.
 Drumble, to act lazily and stupidly.
 Dry, thirsty.
 Ducdame, duc ad me, bring him to me.
 Dudgeon, the handle of a dagger.
 Due, to endue, to deck, to grace.
 Dull, melancholy, gentle, soothing.
 Dull, to render callous, insensible.
 Dullard, a person stupidly unconcerned.
 Dump, a mournful elegy.
 Dup, to do up, to lift up.

E.

Eager, sour, sharp, harsh.
 Banlings, lambs just dropt.
 Ear, to plough.
 Easy, slight, inconsiderable.
 Eche, to eke out.
 Ecstasy, alienation of mind, madness.
 Effects, affects or affections, actions, deeds effected.
 Effest, deftest, readiest.
 Egypt, a gypsy.
 Eld, old time or persons.
 Element, initiation, previous practice.
 Embossed, enclosed, swollen, puffy.
 Embowelled, exhausted.
 Embraced, indulged in.
 Eminence, high honours.
 Empery, dominion, sovereign command.
 Emulation, rivalry, envy, factious contention.
 Emulous, jealousy of higher authority.
 Encave, to hide.
 Encloff, to invest with possession.
 Engine, instrument of war, military machine, the rack.
 Engross, to fatten, to pamper.
 Engrossments, accumulations.
 Enkindle, to stimulate.
 Enmew, to coop up.
 Ensconce, to protect as with a fort.
 Enseamed, greasy.
 Enshield, shielded.
 Entertain, to retain in service.
 Entertainment, the pay of an army, admission to office.
 Entreatments, the objects of entreaty.
 Envy, hatred or malice.
 Ephesian, a cant term for a toper.
 Equipage, stolen goods.
 Erewhile, just now.
 Erring, wandering.
 Escoted, paid.
 Esil, a river so called, or vinegar.
 Esperance, the motto of the Percy family.
 Espials, spies.
 Essential, existent, real.

Estimate, price.
 Estimation, conjecture.
 Eterne, eternal.
 Even, calm, equable, temperate, equal, follow.
 Even, to act up to.
 Examined, questioned, doubted.
 Exerement, the beard.
 Excrements, the hair, nails, feathers of birds, &c.
 Executes, to employ, to put to use.
 Execution, employment or exercise.
 Executors, executioners.
 Exempt, excluded.
 Exercise, exhortation, lecture, or confession.
 Exhale, hale or lug out.
 Exhibition, allowance.
 Exigent, eud.
 Exorcist, a person who can raise spirits.
 Expect, expectation.
 Expedient, expeditious.
 Expiate, fully completed.
 Expostulate, to inquire or discuss.
 Exposure, exposure.
 Express, to reveal.
 Expulsed, expelled.
 Exsufficate, contemptible, abominable.
 Extend, to seize.
 Extent, in law, violence in general.
 Extern, outward.
 Extirped, rooted out.
 Extracting, that which draws away from every thing but its own object.
 Extravagant, wandering.
 Extremes, extravagance of conduct, extremities.
 Eyases, young nestlings.
 Eyas musket, infant liliputian.
 Eye, a small shade of colour.
 Eyiads, glances, looks. See Celliads.
 Eyne, eyes.

F.

Face, to carry a foolish appearance.
 Faced, turned up with faicings.
 Facioorous, wicked.
 Fact, guilt.
 Factious, active.
 Faculties, medicinal virtues, office, exercise of power.
 Fadge, to suit or fit.
 Fading, the harden of a song.
 Fain, fond.
 Fair, beauty, complexion, fairness.
 Fair-betrothed, fairly contracted, honourably affianced.
 Faith, fidelity.
 Faithful, not an infidel.
 Faithfully, fervently.
 Fators, traitors, rascals.
 Fall, to let fall, to drop.
 Fall, an ebb.
 False, to make false.
 Falsely, dishonestly, treacherously.
 Falsing, falsifying.
 Familiar, a demon.
 Fancy, love.
 Fancy-free, exempt from the power of love.
 Fang, to seize or gripe.
 Fanged, possessed of fangs.
 Fans, ancient.
 Fantastical, creatures of fancy.
 Fap, drunk.
 Far, extensively.
 Farced, stuffed.
 Fashions, farcens or farcy.
 Fast, determined, fixed.
 Fat, dull.
 Fate, an action predetermined by fate.
 Favour, countenance, features, indulgence, pardon, appearance.
 Fear, the object of fear, danger.
 Fear, to intimidate.
 Feared, frightened.
 Fearful, timorous, formidable.
 Feat, ready, dexterous.
 Feat, an exploit.
 Feated, formed, made neat.
 Feature, beauty in general, cast and make of the face.

- Federary, a confederate.
 Fee-grief, a peculiar sorrow.
 Feeder, an eater, a servant.
 Feere, or Pheere, a companion, a husband.
 Feet, footing.
 Fell, skin.
 Fell-feats, savage practices.
 Fellow, companion.
 Fence, the art of, or skill in defence.
 Feodary, an accomplice, a confederate.
 Fester, to corrupt.
 Festinately, hastily.
 Festival terms, splendid phraseology.
 Fet, fetched.
 Few, in short, in few words.
 Fico, a fig.
 Fielded, in the field of battle.
 Pierce, proud, hasty, vehement, rapid.
 Fig, to insult.
 Fights, clothes hung round a ship to conceal the men from the enemy.
 File, a list.
 Filed, defiled.
 Filed, gone an equal pace with.
 Fills, the shafts.
 Filths, common sewers.
 Fine, the conclusion.
 Fine, full of finesse, artful.
 Fine, to make showy or specious.
 Fineless, boundless, endless.
 Virago for Virago.
 Fire-drake, will-o'-the-wisp, or a fire-work.
 Fire-new, bren-new, new from the forge.
 Firk, to chastise.
 First, noblest, most eminent.
 Fit, a division of a song.
 Fitchew, a polecat.
 Fitly, exactly.
 Fives, a distemper in horses.
 Flap-dragon, a small inflammable substance, which tapers swallow in a glass of wine.
 Flap-jacks, pan-cakes.
 Flask, a soldier's powder-horn.
 Flatness, lowness, depth.
 Flaw, sudden violent gust of wind:
 Flayed, stripped.
 Flecked, spotted, dappled, streaked.
 Fleet, to float.
 Fleeting, inconstant.
 Fleshment, first act of military service.
 Flewed, having the flews or chaps of a hound.
 Flickering, fluttering like the motion of a flame.
 Flight, a sort of shooting.
 Flourish, ornament.
 Flote, wave.
 Flush, mature, ripe.
 Foeman, an enemy in war.
 Foin, to thrust in fencing.
 Foizon, plenty.
 Folly, depravity of mind.
 Fond, foolish, or prized by folly.
 Fonder, more weak or foolish.
 Fondly, foolishly.
 Fools' zanies, baubles with the head of a fool.
 Foot-cloth, a housing covering the body of the horse, and almost reaching to the ground.
 For, for that, since, because.
 Forbid, under interdiction.
 Force, power.
 Force, to enforce, to urge.
 Force, to stuff.
 Forced, false.
 Fordid, destroyed.
 Fordo, to undo, to destroy.
 Foredone, overcome.
 Forfended, prohibited, forbidden.
 Foreign, employed in foreign embassies.
 Forepast, already had.
 Fore-slow, to be dilatory, to loiter.
 Fore-stall, to prevent by anticipation.
 Forgetive, inventive, imaginative.
 Forked, horned.
 Formal, not out of form, regular, sensible, in form, in shape.
 Former, foremost.
 Forspent, wasted, exhausted.
 Forspoke, contradicted, spoken against.
 Forthcoming, in custody.
 Forwearing, worn out.
 Foul, homely, not fair.
 Fox, a cant word for a sword.
 Foxship, mean cunning.
 Frampold, peevish, fretful, or cross.
 Frank, a sty.
 Franklin, a little gentleman or freeholder.
 Free, artless, free from art, generous.
 Fret, the stop of a musical instrument, which regulates the vibration of the string.
 Friend, a lever, a term applicable to both sexes
 paramour.
 Friend, friendship.
 Friend, to befriend.
 Frillery, a shop where old clothes were sold.
 Frize, a cloth made in Wales.
 From, in opposition to.
 Fronted, opposed.
 Frontier, forehead.
 Frontlet, a forehead cloth.
 Frush, to break or bruise.
 Frustrate, frustrated.
 Fulfilling filling till there be no room for more
 Full, complete.
 Fullams, loaded dice.
 Fullest, most complete and perfect.
 Fumiter, fumitory.
 Furnished, dressed.
- G.
- Gabardine, a loose felt cloak.
 Gad, a pointed instrument.
 Gain-giving, misgiving.
 Gainsay, to uctay, deny, contradict:
 Gait, way or steps.
 Galliard, an ancient dance.
 Galliasses, a species of galleys.
 Gallowglasses, heavy armed foot.
 Gallow, to scare or frighten.
 Gallymawfry, a medley.
 Game, sport, jest.
 Gamester, a frolicsome person, a wanton.
 Gaping, shouting or roaring.
 Garboils, commotion, stir.
 Garish, gaudy, showy.
 Garner, to treasure up.
 Gasted, frightened.
 Gaudy, a festival day.
 Gauds, baubles, toys.
 Gaze, attention.
 Gear, a general word for things or matters.
 Geck, a fool.
 General, generality.
 General, compendious.
 Generation, children.
 Generosity, high birth.
 Generous, most noble.
 Gentility, urbanity.
 Gentle, noble, high-minded, belonging to gentry.
 Gentry, complaisance.
 German, akin.
 Germins, seeds begun to sprout.
 Gest, a stage or journey.
 Gib, a cat.
 Gifts, endowments.
 Giglot, a wanton wench.
 Gilder, a coin valued at 1s. 6d. or 2s.
 Gilt, gilding, golden money.
 Gimmel, a ring or engine.
 Ging, a gang.
 Gird, a sarcasm or gibe, emotion.
 Gleek, to joke or scoff, to beguile.
 Glimmering, faintly illuminated by the stars.
 Gloze, to expound, to comment upon.
 Glut, to englut or swallow up.
 Gnarled, knotted.
 Good-deed, indeed, in very deed.
 Good-den, good evening.
 Good-life, of a moral or jovial turn.
 Good-ger, gougere, morbus Gallicus.
 Gorbellied, fat and corpulent.
 Gossips, tattling women who attend lyings-in.
 Gossomer, the white cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather

Government, evenness of temper, decency of manners.
 Gourds, a species of dice.
 Gouts, drops.
 Grace, acceptableness, favour.
 Grace, to bless, to make happy.
 Gracious, graceful, lovely.
 Grained, furrowed like the grain of wood, died in grain or indented.
 Gramercy, grand mercy, great thanks.
 Grange, the farm-house of a monastery, a lone house.
 Graulility, gratuity.
 Gratulate, gratifying, acceptable.
 Grave, to entomb.
 Graves, or greaves, armour for the legs.
 Greasily, grossly.
 Greek, a bawd or pander.
 Green, unripe, not fully formed.
 Greenly, awkwardly, unskillfully.
 Greet, pleases.
 Grief, pain, grievances.
 Grievances, wrongs.
 Grievances, sorrows, sorrowful affections.
 Grieve, to lament for
 Grise, a step.
 Grossly, palpably.
 Groundlings, the frequenters of the pit in the play-house.
 Growing, accruing.
 Guard, defence.
 Guard, to fringe or lace.
 Guarded, ornamented.
 Guards, badges of dignity.
 Guerdon, reward.
 Guerdoned, rewarded.
 Guiled, treacherous.
 Guinea-hen, a prostitute.
 Gules, red, a term in heraldry.
 Gulf, the swallow, the throat.
 Gun-stones, cannon-balls.
 Gurnet, a fish resembling a piper.
 Gust, taste, rashness.
 Gyre, to catch, to shackle.
 Gyves, shackles.

H.

Hack, to become cheap and vulgar.
 Haggard, a species of hawk.
 Haggard, wild.
 Hair, complexion or character.
 Happily, accidentally, fortunately.
 Happy, accomplished.
 Hardiment, bravery, stoutness.
 Harlocks, wild mustard.
 Harlot, a cheat.
 Harp, to touch on a passion.
 Harrow, to conquer, to subdue.
 Harry, to use roughly, to harass.
 Having, estate or fortune, promotion, allowance of expense.
 Haviour, behaviour.
 Haught, haughty.
 Haughty, high, elevated.
 Haunt, company.
 Hay, a term in the fencing-school.
 Head, the source, the fountain.
 Head, body of forces.
 Heart, the most valuable or precious part.
 Heat, heated.
 Heat, violence of resentment.
 Heavy, slow.
 Hebenon, henbane.
 Hefted, heaved.
 Hefts, heavings.
 Hell, an obscure dungeon in a prison.
 Helmed, steered through.
 Hence, henceforward.
 Hechman, a page of honour.
 Hent, seized or taken possession of.
 Hereby, as it may happen.
 Hermits, beadsmen.
 Hest, behest, command.
 High-fantastical, fantastical to the height.
 High-repented, repented to the utmost.
 Hight, called.
 Hilding, a paltry cowardly fellow.
 Hint, suggestion, circumstance.

Hiren, a harlot.
 His, often used for its.
 Hit, to agree.
 Hnist, hoisted.
 Hold, to esteem.
 Holla, a term of the manege.
 Holy, faithful.
 Home, completely, in full extent.
 Honest, chaste.
 Honesty, liberality.
 Honey-stalks, clover flowers.
 Honour, acquired reputation.
 Hoop, a measure.
 Hope, to expect.
 Horologe, clock.
 Hox, to ham-string.
 Hull, to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.
 Humorous, changeable, humid, moist.
 Hungry, sterile, unprolific.
 Hunt-counter, base tyke, worthless dog.
 Hunts-up, the name of a tune, a morning song.
 Hurly, noise.
 Hurtling, merry with impetuosity.
 Husbandry, thrift, frugality.
 Huswife, a jilt.

I.

Ice-brook, a brook of icy qualities in Spain.
 I' fecks, in faith.
 Ignomy, ignominy.
 Ill-inhabited, ill-lodged.
 Ill-nurtured, ill-educated.
 Images, children, representatives.
 Imaginary, produced by the power of imagination.
 Imbare, to lay open or display to view.
 Inhumanity, barbarity, savageness.
 Immediacy, close connection.
 Imp, to supply.
 Imp, progeny.
 Impair, unsuitable.
 Impartial, sometimes used for partial.
 Impawned, wagered and staked.
 Impeach, to bring into question.
 Impeachment, reproach or imputation, hinderance.
 Imperious, imperial.
 Impereverant, perseverant.
 Impetico, to impetticoat or impocket.
 Importance, importunacy.
 Importance, the thing imported.
 Importing, implying, denoting.
 Impose, injunction, command.
 Impositions, commands.
 Impossible, incredible or inconceivable.
 Impress, to compel to serve.
 Impress, a device or motto.
 Impugn, to oppose, to controvert.
 Incapable, unintelligent.
 Incarnardine, to stain of a red colour.
 Incensed, incited, suggested.
 Inclining, compliant.
 Inclip, to embrace.
 Include, to shut up, to conclude.
 Inclusive, enclosed.
 Incony, or kony, fine, delicate.
 Incorrect, ill-regulated.
 Increase, produce.
 Indent, to bargain and article.
 Index, something preparatory.
 Indifferent, sometimes for different, impartial.
 Indite, to convict.
 Induction, entrance, beginning, preparations.
 Indurance, delay, procrastination.
 Infinite, extent or power.
 Ingaged, sometimes for unengaged.
 Ingraft, rooted, settled.
 Inhabitable, not habitable.
 Inherit, to possess.
 Inhibit, to forbid.
 Inhooped, enclosed, confined.
 Inkhorn-mate, a book-mate.
 Inkle, a kind of tape, crewell or worsted.
 Inland, civilized, not rustick.
 Insane, that which makes insane.
 Inseance, to fortify.
 Insculped, engraven.

Inseparate, inseparable.
 Instance, example, proof.
 Instances, motives.
 Insult, solicitation.
 Intend, to pretend.
 Intending, regarding.
 Intendment, intention or disposition.
 Intenible, incapable of retaining.
 Intention, eagerness of desire.
 Intently, with full attention.
 Interested, interested.
 Intergatories, interrogatories.
 Intermission, pause, intervening time.
 Intrenchant, that which cannot be cut.
 Intrinsic, intrinsic.
 Invention, imagination.
 Inwardness, intimacy, confidence.
 Iron, clad in armour.
 Irregularous, lawless, licentious.
 Issues, consequences, conclusions.
 Iteration, citation or recitation.

J.

Jack, a term of contempt.
 Jack-a-lent, a puppet thrown at in Lent.
 Jack guardant, a jack in office.
 Jaded, treated with contempt, worthless.
 Jar, the noise made by the pendulum of a clock.
 Jauncing, jaunting.
 Jesses, straps of leather by which the hawk is held on the fist.
 Jest, to play a part in a mask.
 Jet, to strut.
 Jovial, belonging to Jove.
 Journal, daily.
 Jump, to agree with, to put into agitation.
 Jump, hazard, to venture at.
 Jump, just.
 Justicer, justice, judge.
 Jut, to encroach.
 Jutty, to project.
 Juveal, a young man.

K.

Kam, awry, crooked.
 Keck, a solid lump or mass.
 Keel, to cool.
 Keep, to restrain, to dwell, to reside.
 Keisar, Cæsar.
 Kernes, light-armed Irish foot.
 Key, the key for tuning, a tuning-hammer.
 Kicksy-wicksy, a wife.
 Kiln-hole, a place into which coals are put under a stove.
 Kind, nature, species.
 Kindless, unnatural.
 Kindly, naturally.
 Kindly, kindred.
 Kinged, ruled by.
 Kinsman, near relative.
 Kirtle, part of a woman's dress.
 Knave, servant.
 Knife, a sword or dagger.
 Knots, figures planted in box.
 Know, to acknowledge.
 Know of, to consider.

L.

Labras, lips.
 Laced matton, a woman of the town.
 Lackeying, moving like a lackey or page.
 Lag, the meanest persons.
 Lances, lance-men.
 Land-damn, to destroy in some way.
 Lands, landing-places.
 Lapsed, time suffered to slip.
 Large, licentious.
 Lass-lorn, forsaken of his mistress.
 Latch, to lay hold of.
 Latched, or latched, licked over.
 Late, lately.
 Lated, belated, benighted.
 Latten, thin as a lath.
 Lavoltas, a kind of dances.
 Lann, lawn.
 Lay, a wager.

Leager, the camp.
 Leasing, lying.
 Leather-coats, a species of apple.
 Leave, to part with, to give away.
 Leech, a physician.
 Leer, feature, complexion.
 Leet, court-leet, or court of the manor.
 Legerity, lightness, nimbleness.
 Leges, alleges.
 Leiger, resident.
 Leman, lover, mistress.
 Lenten, short and spare.
 L'envoy, moral, or conclusion of a poem.
 Let, to hinder.
 Let be, to desist.
 Lethe, death.
 Lewd, ignorant, idle, wicked.
 Lewdly, wickedly.
 Libbard, or lubbar, a leopard.
 Liberal, licentious or gross in language.
 Liberty, libertinism.
 License, an appearance of licentiousness.
 Lie, to reside, to be imprisoned.
 Liefert, dearest.
 Lieger, an ambassador at a foreign court.
 Lifter, a thief.
 Light o' love, a dance tune.
 Lightly, commonly, in ordinary course.
 Lightness, levity.
 Like, to compare.
 Likelihood, similitude.
 Likeness, specious or seeming virtue.
 Liking, condition of body.
 Limbeck, a vessel used in distilling.
 Limbo, a place supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell.
 Lime, bird-lime.
 Lime, to cement.
 Limed, entangled or caught as with bird-lime.
 Limit, appointed time.
 Limited, appointed, regular, orderly.
 Limits, estimates, calculations.
 Line, genealogy.
 Lined, delineated.
 Link, a torch of pitch.
 Linstock, the staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired.
 List, the bound or limit.
 Lither, flexible, yielding.
 Little, miniature.
 Livelihood, appearance of life.
 Livery, a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures.
 Living, estate, property.
 Living, speaking, manifest, actual.
 Loach, a small fish.
 Lob, looby, a term of contempt.
 Lockram, some kind of cheap linen.
 Lode-star, the leading or guiding star.
 Lodged, laid by the wind.
 Loffe, to laugh.
 Loggats, a game played with pins of wood.
 Longing, longed for.
 Longly, longingly.
 Loof to bring a vessel close to the wind.
 Loon, or lown, a base fellow.
 Lop, to cut the branches.
 Lot, a prize.
 Lottery, allotment.
 Lover, a mistress.
 Lown. See Loon.
 Lowted, treated with contempt.
 Lowts, clowns.
 Lozel, worthless, dishonest.
 Lubbar. See Libbard.
 Lullaby, sleep in house, i. e., cradle.
 Lunas, lunacy, frenzy.
 Lurch, to win.
 Lure, a thing stuffed to tempt the hawk.
 Lush, rank, luscious.
 Lust, inclination, will.
 Lustick, lusty, cheerful, pleasant.
 Lusty, saucy.
 Lxurjous, lascivious.
 Luxuriously, wantonly.
 Luxury, lust.
 Lym, a species of dog.

M.

Mace, a sceptre.
 Mad, wild, inconstant.
 Made, enriched.
 Magnificent, glorying, boasting.
 Magnifico, a chief man or grandee at Venice.
 Mailed, wrapped up, covered with.
 Main-top, top of the main-mast.
 Make, to bar, to shut.
 Makest, dost.
 Malkin, a scullion, a coarse wench.
 Mall, Mrs. alias Mary Frith, or Moll Cutpurse.
 Mallecho, mischief.
 Mammering, hesitating.
 Mammets, puppets.
 Mammoth, to cut in pieces.
 Man, to tame a hawk.
 Manacle, a handcuff.
 Manage, conduct, administration.
 Mandrake, a root supposed to have the shape of a man.
 Mankind, masculine.
 Marches, the borders, limits, or confines.
 Marchpane, a species of sweet meat.
 Martial-hand, a careless scrawl.
 Martlemas, the latter spring.
 Match, an appointment, a compact.
 Mate, to confound.
 Mated, amated, dismayed.
 Meacock, a dastardly creature.
 Mealed, sprinkled or mingled.
 Mean, the tenor in music.
 Mean, the middle.
 Means, interest, pains.
 Measure, the reach.
 Measure, a stately solemn dance.
 Measure, means.
 Meazels, lepers.
 Medal, portrait.
 Meddle, to mix with.
 Medicine, a she-physician.
 Meed, reward.
 Meed, merit, desert, excellence.
 Meet, a match.
 Meiny, people, domesticks.
 Memories, memorials, remembrances.
 Memorized, made memorable.
 Memory, memorial.
 Mephistophilus, the name of a spirit or familiar.
 Mercatanté, a merchant.
 Mere, exact, entire, absolute.
 Mered, mere.
 Mermaid, siren.
 Messes, degrees about court.
 Metal, temper.
 Metaphysical, supernatural.
 Mete-yard, measuring-yard.
 Mewed, confined.
 Micher, a truant, a lurking thief.
 Miching, playing truant, skulking about.
 Mien, countenance.
 Mince, to walk with affected delicacy.
 Minding, calling to remembrance, reminding.
 Mineral, a mine.
 Minnow, a small river fish, a term of contempt.
 Minstrelsy, office of minstrel.
 Misconceived, misconceivers.
 Miscreate, ill-begotten, illegitimate.
 Misloubt, to suspect.
 Miser, a miserable creature.
 Misery, avarice.
 Misprised, mistaken.
 Misprising, despising or undervaluing.
 Missives, messengers.
 Mistaken, misrepresented.
 Mistempered, angry.
 Misthink, to think ill.
 Mistress, the jack in bowling.
 Mobled or mabled, veiled, closely covered.
 Mode, the form or state of things.
 Model, image, representative, copy.
 Modern, trite, common, meanly pretty.
 Modesty, moderation.
 Module, model, pattern.
 Moe, or mowe, to make mouths.
 Moiety, a portion.

Mollification, pacification, softening.
 Mome, a dull stupid blockhead.
 Momentary, momentary.
 Month's mind, a popish anniversary.
 Mood, anger, resentment, manner.
 Moody, melancholy.
 Moon-calf, an inanimate shapeless mass.
 Moonish, variable.
 Mope, to appear stupid.
 Moral, secret meaning.
 Morrisco, Moor or Moorish or morris.
 Morris-pike, Moorish pike.
 Mortal, murderous, fatal.
 Mortal-staring, that which stares fatally.
 Mortified, ascetic, religious.
 Most, greatest.
 Motion, a kind of puppet-show.
 Motion, divinity agitation.
 Motion, desires.
 Motions, indignation.
 Motive, assistant or mover, that which contributes to motion.
 Mould, earth.
 Mouse, to mammoth, to tear to pieces.
 Mouse, a term of endearment.
 Mouse-hunt, a weasel.
 Mowe. See Moe.
 Moy, a piece of money or a measure of corn.
 Much, an expression of disdain.
 Much, strange, wonderful.
 Muck-water, drain of a dung-hill.
 Muffler, a kind of dress for the lower part of the face.
 Mulsters, mulesters.
 Mull'd, softened and dispirited.
 Multiplied, multitudinous.
 Multiplying, multiplied.
 Multitudinous, full of multitudes.
 Mummy, the balsamic liquor of mummies.
 Mundane, worldly.
 Mure, a wall.
 Murky, dark.
 Murrain, a plague in cattle.
 Muse, to admire, to wonder.
 Must, a scramble.
 Mutine, to rise in mutiny.
 Mutines, motineers.

N.

Napkin, handkerchief.
 Napless, threadbare.
 Native, formed by nature.
 Nature, natural parent.
 Nay-word, a watch-word or by-word.
 Neat, finical.
 Neb, or nih, the mouth.
 Need, needle.
 Neif, fist.
 Nephew, a grandson or any lineal descendant.
 Nether-stocks, stockings.
 Newness, innovation.
 Newtown, the east.
 Next, nearest.
 Nice, silly, trifling.
 Nick, reckoning or count.
 Nick, to set a mark of folly on.
 Nighted, made dark as night.
 Night-rule, frolick of the night.
 Nine men's morris, a game.
 Nobility, distinction, eminence.
 Nobless, nobleness.
 Noddy, fool, a game at cards.
 Noise, music.
 Nonce, on purpose, for the turn.
 Nook-shotten, that which shoots into capes.
 Northern man, vir borealis, a clown.
 Note, notice, information, remark.
 Novice, a youth.
 Novum, some game at dice.
 Nourish, to nurse.
 Nowl, a head.
 Nurture, education.
 Nuthook, a thief.

O.

Obligations, bonds.
 Observed, paid respective attention to.

Observing, religiously attentive.
 Obsequious, serious, as at funeral obsequies, careful of.
 Obsequiously, funereally.
 Obstacle, obstinate.
 Occupation, men occupied in business.
 Occurents, incidents.
 Oe, a circle.
 Oeiliads, casts or glances of the eye. See Eyllads.
 O'erdi'd, died too much.
 O'er-looked, slighted.
 O'er-parted, having too considerable a part.
 O'er-raught, over-reached.
 O'er-wrested, wrested beyond the truth.
 Of, through.
 Offering, the assailant.
 Office, service.
 Offices, culinary or servants' apartments.
 Old, frequent, more than enough.
 Old age, ages past.
 Once, sometime.
 Oneyers, accountants, bankers.
 Opal, a precious stone of almost all colours.
 Open, publicly.
 Operant, active.
 Opinion, obstinacy, conceit, character.
 Opposite, adverse, hostile, adversary.
 Opposition, combat.
 Or, before.
 Orbs, circles made by the fairies on the ground.
 Orchard, a garden.
 Order, measures.
 Ordinance, rank.
 Orgulous, proud, disdainful.
 Osprey, a kind of eagle.
 Ostent, show, ostentation.
 Ostentation, show, appearance.
 Over-blow, to drive away, to keep off.
 Overture, opening or discovery.
 Ounce, a small tiger, or tiger-cat.
 Ouph, fairy, goblin.
 Ousel-cock, the cock blackbird.
 Out, begone.
 Out, full, complete.
 Outlook, to face down.
 Outvied, a term at the game of gleek.
 Outward, not in the secret of affairs.
 Owe, to own, possess, govern.
 Ox-lip, the great cowslip.

P.

Pack, to bargain with.
 Pack, combined, an accomplice.
 Packing, plotting, underhand contrivance.
 Paddock, toad.
 Pagan, a loose vicious person.
 Pageant, a dumb show.
 Paid, punished.
 Pain, penalty.
 Pains, labour, toil.
 Palabras, words.
 Pale, to empale, encircle with a crown.
 Pall, to wrap, to invest.
 Palled, vapid.
 Palmers, holy pilgrims.
 Palmy, victorious.
 Falter, to juggle or shuffle.
 Paper, to write down, or appoint by writing.
 Paper, written securities.
 Parcel, to reckon up.
 Parcel-gilt, gilt only on certain parts.
 Parish-top, a large top formerly kept in every village to be whipped for exercise.
 Paritor, an apparitor, an officer of the bishop's court.
 Parle, parley.
 Parlous, perilous.
 Parlous, keen, shrewd.
 Part, to depart.
 Partake, to participate.
 Partaker, accomplice, confederate.
 Parted, shared.
 Parted, endowed with parts.
 Participate, participant, participating.
 Partizan, a pike.
 Parts, party.
 Pash, a head.
 Pash, to strike with violence.
 Pashed, bruised, crushed.
 Pass, to decide, to assure or convey.
 Pass, to exceed, to go beyond common bounds.
 Passed, excelling, past all expression or bounds.
 Passes, what has passed.
 Passing, eminent, egregious.
 Passion, suffering.
 Passionate, a prey to mournful sensations.
 Passioning, being in a passion.
 Passy-measure, a dance.
 Pastry, the room where pastry was made.
 Patch, a term of reproach.
 Patched, in a parti-coloured coat.
 Path, to walk.
 Pathetical, deeply affecting.
 Patient, to make patient, to compose.
 Patine, a dish used with the chalice in the administration of the Eucharist.
 Pattern, instance, example.
 Pavin, a dance.
 Pavaus, few.
 Pay, to beat, to hit.
 Peat, a word of endearment.
 Pedasculc, a pedant.
 Peer, to come out, to appear.
 Peevish, foolish.
 Peize, to balance, to keep in suspense, to wail down.
 Pelting, paltry, petty, inconsiderable.
 Pennons, small flags.
 Penthesilea, Amazon.
 Perch, a measure of five yards and a half.
 Perdurable, lasting.
 Perdy, par Dieu, a French oath.
 Perfect, certain, well informed.
 Perfections, liver, brain, and heart.
 Perjure, a perjured person.
 Periapts, charms sewed up and worn about the neck.
 Perspectives, certain optical glasses.
 Pervert, to avert.
 Pew-fellow, a companion.
 Pheere. See Feere.
 Pheeze, to tease or beat, to comb or curry.
 Pia mater, the membrane covering the substance of the brain.
 Pick, to pitch.
 Picked, nicely dressed, foppish.
 Pickers, the hands.
 Picking, piddling, insignificant.
 Picket-hatch, a place noted for brothels.
 Piece, a word of contempt for a woman.
 Piel'd, shaven.
 Pight, pitched, fixed.
 Pilcher, a pilche, the scabbard.
 Pilled, pillaged.
 Pin and web, disorders of the eye.
 Pinnacle, a small ship of burthen.
 Pix, a small chest in which the consecrated host was kept.
 Placket, a petticoat.
 Plague, to punish.
 Plain song, the chant, in plano cantu.
 Plainly, openly.
 Plaited, complicated, involved.
 Planch'd, made of brands.
 Plant, the foot.
 Platforms, plans, schemes.
 Plausible, gracious, pleasing, popular.
 Pleached, folded together.
 Plot, piece or portion.
 Point, a metal hook fastened to the hose or breeches: the utmost height.
 Point-de-vice, with the utmost possible exactness.
 Points, tags to the laces.
 Poize, weight or moment.
 Polled, bared, cleared.
 Pomander, a ball made of perfumes.
 Pomewater, a species of apple.
 Poor-john, hake dried and salted.
 Popinjay, a parrot.
 Popularity, plebeian intercourse.
 Port, external pomp, figure.
 Port, a gate.

Portable, bearable.
 Portance, carriage, behaviour.
 Possess, to inform, to make to understand.
 Possessed, acquainted with, fully informed.
 Possessed, afflicted with madness.
 Petch, to push violently.
 Potents, potentates.
 Pouncet-box, a small box for perfumes.
 Power, forces, an army.
 Practice, unlawful or insidious stratagem.
 Practise, to employ unwarrantable arts.
 Practisants, confederates in stratagems.
 Prank, to adorn, to dress ostentatiously, to plume.
 Precedent, original draft.
 Precept, a justice's warrant.
 Precisian, a great pretender to sanctity.
 Prefer, to recommend, to advance.
 Pregnancy, readiness.
 Pregnant, ready, plain, evident, apposite.
 Pregnant enemy, the enemy of mankind.
 Premised, sent before the time.
 Prenominate, already named.
 Pre-ordinauce, ordinance already established.
 Presence, the presence-chamber, a publick room.
 Presence, dignity of mien, form, figure.
 Prest, ready.
 Pretence, design, intention.
 Pretend, to intend, design.
 Pretended, purposed or intended.
 Prevent, to anticipate.
 Prick, the point on the dial.
 Pricks, prickles, skewers.
 Pride, haughty power.
 Prig, to filch.
 Prime, youth, the vigour of life.
 Prime, prompt.
 Primer, more urgent, more important.
 Primero, a game at cards.
 Principality, the first or principal of women.
 Principals, rafters of a building.
 Princox, a coxcomb, or a spoiled child.
 Probal, probable.
 Process, summons.
 Procure, to bring.
 Prodigious, portentous ominous.
 Proface, much good may it do you.
 Profane, love of talk, gross of language.
 Profession, end and purpose of coming.
 Progress, a royal journey of state.
 Project, to shape or form.
 Prompture, suggestion, temptation.
 Prone, sometimes humble.
 Prone, forward.
 Proof, confirmed state of manhood.
 Propagate, to advance or improve.
 Propagation, getting.
 Proper, well-looking, handsome.
 Proper-false, proper or fair, and false or deceitful.
 Propertied, taken possession of.
 Properties, incidental necessities to a theatre.
 Property, due performance.
 Property, a thing quite at disposal.
 Propose, to image, to imagine.
 Proposing, conversing.
 Propriety, regular and proper state.
 Prorogue, to lengthen or prolong.
 Provand, provender.
 Provencal, Provencal, from Provence.
 Provincial, belonging to one's province.
 Provost, sheriff or gaoler.
 Prune, to plume.
 Puck, hobgoblin in fairy mythology.
 Pugging, thievish.
 Pun, to pound.
 Purchase, stolen goods.
 Purchased, acquired by unjust methods.
 Purlieu, border, enclosure.
 Pursuivants, heralds.
 Put to know, compelled to acknowledge.
 Patter-on, one who instigates.
 Potter-out, one who places out money at interest.
 Putting on, spur, incitement.
 Paddock, a degenerate species of hawk.

Q.

Quail, to faint, languish.

Quaint, fantastical, graceful.
 Quaint-mazes, a game running the figure of eight.
 Quaked, thrown into trepidation.
 Qualify, to lessen, moderate.
 Quality, confederates.
 Quality, profession, condition of life.
 Quarrel, a quarreller, the cause of a quarrel.
 Quarry, the game after it is killed.
 Quart d'ecu, fourth part of a French crown.
 Quarter, the allotted posts, station.
 Quat, a pimple.
 Queasy, squeamish, delicate, unsettled.
 Quell, to murder, to destroy.
 Quench, to grow cool.
 Quern, a hand-mill.
 Quest, inquest or jury, search, expedition.
 Question, conversation.
 Questrist, one who goes in search of another.
 Quests, reports.
 Quick, lively, spritely, living.
 Quicken, to animate.
 Quiddits, subtilities.
 Quillets, law chicane.
 Quintain, a post set up for various exercises.
 Quips, reproaches and scoffs.
 Quire, to play in concert.
 Quit, quitted.
 Quit, to requite or answer.
 Quittance, return of obligations.
 Quiver, nimble, active.
 Quote, to observe.

R.

Rabato, an ornament for the neck.
 Rabbet-sucker, a sucking rabbit.
 Race, original disposition, inborn qualities, a smack or flavour.
 Rack, wreck.
 Rack, to exaggerate.
 Rack, to harass by exactions.
 Rack, the flitting away of the clouds.
 Racking, in rapid motion.
 Rag, an opprobrious epithet.
 Ragged, rugged.
 Rake, to cover.
 Rank, rate or pace.
 Rank, grown up to a great height and strength.
 Rapt, rapturously affected.
 Rapture, a fit.
 Rarely, curiously, happily.
 Rascal, applied to lean deer.
 Rash, heady, thoughtless, quick, violent.
 Rash remonstrance, premature discovery.
 Rated, chided.
 Ravin, to devour eagerly.
 Ravin, ravenous.
 Ravined, glutted with prey.
 Raught, reached.
 Raw, ignorant, unripe, unskilful.
 Rawly, hastily, unskilfully.
 Rayed, bewrayed.
 Razed, slashed, raised.
 Rear-mouse, a bat.
 Reason, discourse.
 Reason, to talk, to argue for.
 Rebeck, an old musical instrument.
 Receiving, ready apprehension.
 Receipt, receptacle.
 Recheate, a sound by which the dogs are called back.
 Reck, to care for, to mind, to attend to.
 Reckless, careless, heedless.
 Recollected, studied or often repeated.
 Record, to sing.
 Recorder, a kind of flute or flageolet.
 Recure, to recover.
 Red-lattice, the sign of an ale-house.
 Reduce, to bring back.
 Reechy, discoloured by smoke, smoky, greasy.
 Refel, to refute.
 Refer, to reserve to.
 Regard, look.
 Regiment, government, authority.
 Regreet, exchange of salutation.
 Reguerdon, recompense, return.
 Relative, nearly related or connected.

Remembered, remembering.
 Remembrance, admonition.
 Remorse, pity, tenderness of heart.
 Remotion, removal or remoteness.
 Removed, remote, sequestered.
 Render, to describe.
 Render, a confession, an account.
 Renegue, to renounce.
 Repair, to renovate.
 Repeat, to recall.
 Reports, reporters.
 Reproof, confutation.
 Repugn, to resist.
 Reputing, boasting of.
 Requiem, a mass for the soul of a person deceased.
 Resolve, to be firmly persuaded, satisfied.
 Resolve, to dissolve.
 Respect, consideration, caution.
 Respective, respectable, respectful, formal.
 Respective, cool, considerate.
 Respectively, respectfully.
 Retailed, handed down.
 Retire, to draw back.
 Reverb, to reverberate.
 Revolts, revolvers.
 Rib, to enclose.
 Rid, to destroy.
 Rift, split.
 Riggish, wanton.
 Right, just, even.
 Right-drawn, drawn in a right cause.
 Rigol, a circle.
 Ringed, environed, encircled.
 Ripe, come to the height.
 Rivage, the bank or shore.
 Rivalry, equal rank.
 Rivals, partners.
 Rive, to burst, to fire.
 Road, the haven where ships ride at anchor.
 Rogues, vagrants.
 Romage, rummage.
 Ronyon, a scurvy woman.
 Rood, the cross.
 Rook, to squat down.
 Ropery, roguery.
 Rope-tricks, abusive language.
 Round, a diadem.
 Round, rough, unceremonious.
 Rounded, whispered.
 Rounding, whispering.
 Roundel, a country-dance.
 Roundure, a circle.
 Rouse, a draught of jollity.
 Royal, due to a king.
 Royalize, to make royal.
 Royalty, nobleness, supreme excellence.
 Roynish, mangy or scabby.
 Ruddock, the redbreast.
 Ruff, the folding of the tops of boots.
 Ruffle, to riot, to create disturbance.
 Ruffling, rustling.
 Ruin, displeasure producing ruin.
 Rule, a method of life.
 Ruth, pity, compassion

S.

Sacred, accursed.
 Sacrificial, worshipping.
 Sad, grave or serious.
 Sadly, seriously.
 Sadness, seriousness.
 Safe, to render safe.
 Sagg, or swagg, to sink down.
 Salt, tears.
 Sanded, of a sandy colour.
 Satisfy, rest with satisfaction.
 Savage, sylvan, uncultivated, wild.
 Savageness, wildness.
 Saucy, lascivious.
 Saw, anciently, not a proverb, but the whole tenor of any discourse.
 Say, silk.
 Say, a sample, a taste or relish.
 Scaffoldage, the gallery part of a theatre.
 Scald, a word of contempt, poor, filthy.
 Scale, to disperse, to put to flight.

Scaled, over-reached.
 Scaling, weighing.
 Scall, an old word of reproach.
 Scamble, to scramble.
 Scan, to examine nicely.
 Scant, to be deficient in, to contract.
 Scantling, measure, proportion.
 Scares of wit, sallies, irregularities.
 Scared, frightened.
 Scarfed, decorated with flags.
 Scath, destruction, harm.
 Scath, to do an injury.
 Scathful, mischievous, destructive.
 Sconce, the head, a petty fortification.
 Scotched, cut slightly.
 Scrimers, fencers.
 Scrip, a writing, a list.
 Scroyles, scabby fellows.
 Sculls, great numbers of fishes swimming toget.
 Scutched, whipt, carted.
 Seal, to strengthen or complete.
 Seam, lard.
 Sear, to stigmatise, to close. See Sere.
 Season, to temper, to infix, to impress.
 Seasoned, established or settled by time.
 Seat, throne.
 Seated, fixed, firmly placed.
 Sect, a cutting in gardening.
 Securely, with too great confidence.
 Seal, to close up.
 Seeling, blinding.
 Seeming, specious, hypocritical.
 Seeming, seemly.
 Seen, versed, practised.
 Seld, seldom.
 Self-bounty, inherent generosity.
 Semblably, in resemblance, alike.
 Seniors, seniority.
 Sennet, a flourish or sounding.
 Sense, reason, natural affection, feeling, sens passion.
 Sensible, having sensation.
 Septentrion, the north.
 Sequestration, separation.
 Sere, or sear, dry.
 Serjeant, a bailiff or sheriff's officer.
 Serpigo, a kind of tetter.
 Serve, to fulfil.
 Serve, to accompany.
 Set, seated.
 Setebos, a species of devil.
 Several, separated, appropriated.
 Sewer, an officer who placed the dishes on the table.
 Shame, to disgrace.
 Shame, modesty.
 Shard-borne, borne by shards or scaly wings.
 Shards, the wings of a beetle.
 Shards, broken pots or tiles.
 Sharked, picked up as a shark collects his prey.
 Sheen, shining, splendour, lustre.
 Sheer, pellucid, transparent.
 Shent, scolded, rebuked, ashamed, disgraced.
 Shent, to reprova harshly.
 Sheriff's-post, a large post set up at the door that officer for affixing proclamations, &c.
 Shive, a slice.
 Shot, shooter.
 Shovel-board, a game.
 Shoughs, shocks, a species of dog.
 Shouldered, rudely thrust into.
 Shrewd, having the qualities of a shrew.
 Shrift, confession.
 Shrive, to confess, to call to confession.
 Shut-up, to conclude.
 Side-sleeves, long sleeves.
 Siege, stool, seat, rank.
 Sight, the perforated part of a helmet.
 Sightless, unsightly.
 Sign, to show, to denote.
 Silly, simple or rustick.
 Silly, sooth, plain, simple truth.
 Sincere, honest.
 Sinew, strength.
 Single, weak, debile, small, void of duplicity or guile.
 Sink-a-pace, cinque-pace, a dance.
 Sir, the designation of a parson.

- Sir-reverence, a corruption of save-reverence.
 Sith, since.
 Sithence, thence.
 Sizes, allowances of victuals.
 Skains-mates, loose companions.
 Skirr, to scour, to ride hastily.
 Slack, to neglect.
 Slave, to treat as a slave.
 Sleeve, the ravelled knotty part of the silk.
 Sledged, riding in a sled or sledge.
 Sights, arts, subtle practices.
 Slips, a contrivance of leather to start two dogs at the same time.
 Sliver, to cut a piece or slice.
 Slops, loose breeches or trowsers, tawdry dress.
 Slough, the skin which the serpent annually throws off.
 Slower, more serious.
 Slubber, to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly, to obscure.
 Smilingly, with signs of pleasure.
 Smirched, soiled or obscured.
 Smooth, to stroke, to caress, to fondle.
 Sneap, to check or rebuke, a rebuke.
 Sneaping, nipping.
 Sneak-up, a cant phrase, go hang yourself.
 Snauff, hasty anger.
 Snuffs, dislikes.
 Soil, spot, turpitude, reproach.
 Solely, alone.
 Solicit, courtship.
 Solicit, to excite.
 Soliciting, information.
 Solidares, an unknown coin.
 Sometimes, formerly.
 Sooth, truth.
 Sooth, sweetness.
 Sorriest, worthless, vile.
 Sorry, sorrowful or dismal.
 Sort, to choose out.
 Sort, a company, a pack, ranks and degrees of men.
 Sort, to happen, to agree.
 Sort, the lot.
 Sort and suit, figure and rank.
 Sot, a fool.
 Soul-fearing, soul-appalling.
 Sound, to declare or publish.
 Sound, soundly.
 Sow, to pull by the ears.
 Sowter, perhaps the name of a hound.
 Spanned, measured.
 Specialty, particular rights.
 Sped, the fate decided.
 Speed, event.
 Sperr, to shut up, defend by bars, &c.
 Spleen, humour, caprice, spirit, resentment.
 Spleen, violent hurry, tumultuous speed.
 Spleens, inclination to spiteful mirth.
 Spot, stain or disgrace.
 Spotted, wicked.
 Sprag, or spack, apt to learn.
 Spread, to stand separately.
 Sprighted, haunted.
 Sprights, spirits.
 Springhalt, a disease incident to horses.
 Springing, blooming, in the spring of life.
 Sprightly, ghostly.
 Spurs, the longest and largest roots of trees.
 Square, to quarrel.
 Square, regular, equitable, just, suitable.
 Square, compass, comprehension, complement.
 Squarer, a quarrelsome fellow.
 Squash, an immature peascod.
 Squiny, to look askint.
 Squire, a square or rule.
 Staggers, delirious perturbation.
 Stafe, a bait or decoy to catch birds.
 Stale, a pretence.
 Stale, to allure.
 Stand, to withstand, to resist.
 Standing bowls, bowls elevated on feet.
 Stannal, the common stone-hawk.
 Star, a scar of that appearance.
 Stark, stiff.
 Starkly, stiffly.
 Starred, destined.
- State, a chair with a canopy over it.
 State, official state, dignity.
 States, persons of high rank.
 Station, the act of standing.
 Statist, statesman.
 Statue, a portrait.
 Staves, the wood of the lances.
 Stay, a hinderer, a supporter.
 Stead, to assist or help.
 Sticking-place, the stop in a machine.
 Sticklers, arbitrators, judges, sidesmen.
 Stigmatical, marked or stigmatized.
 Stigmatick, one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity.
 Still, constant or continual.
 Stilly, gently, lowly.
 Stint, to stop, to retard.
 Stith, an anvil.
 Stoccata, a thrust or stab with a rapier.
 Stock, a term in fencing.
 Stock, stocking.
 Stomach, passion, pride, stubborn resolution, constancy, resolution.
 Stoop, a measure somewhat more than half a gallon.
 Stover, a kind of thatch.
 Stoup, a kind of flagon.
 Strachy, probably some kind of domestick office.
 Straight, immediately.
 Strain, descent, lineage.
 Strain, difficulty, doubt.
 Strait, narrow, avaricious.
 Straited, put to difficulties.
 Strange, odd, different from.
 Strange, alien, becoming a stranger, a stranger.
 Strangely, wonderfully.
 Strangeness, shyness, distant behaviour.
 Strauger, an alien.
 Strangle, to suppress.
 Stratagem, great or dreadful event.
 Strict, hard.
 Strive, to contend.
 Stuck, a thrust in fencing. See Stoccata, Stock.
 Stuff, baggage.
 Stuff, substance or essence.
 Stuffed, plenty, more than enough.
 Subscribe, to agree to.
 Subscribe, to yield, to surrender.
 Subscription, obedience.
 Submerged, whelmed under water.
 Subtily, deception.
 Subtle, smooth, level.
 Success, succession.
 Successive, belonging to the succession.
 Successively, by order of succession.
 Sudden, violent.
 Sufficiency, abilities.
 Suggest, to tempt, to prompt, to instigate.
 Suggestion, hint.
 Suggestions, temptations.
 Suited, dressed.
 Sullen, obstinately troublesome.
 Summer-swelling, that which swells or expands in summer.
 Summoners, summoning officers.
 Sumpter, a horse that carries necessaries on a journey.
 Superstitious, serving with superstitious attention.
 Supposed, counterfeited, imagined.
 Sure, safe, out of danger, surely.
 Sur-reined, over-worked or ridden.
 Suspire, to breathe.
 Swaggerer, a roaring, fighting fellow.
 Swart, or swarth, black or dark brown.
 Swarth, or awath, as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe.
 Swashing, noisy, bullying.
 Swath, the dress of a new-born child.
 Sway, the whole weight, momentum.
 Sweeting, a species of apple.
 Swinge-bucklers, rakes, rioters.
 Swoop, the descent of a bird of prey.

T.

- Table, the palm of the hand extended.
 Table, a picture.
 Tables, table-books, memorandums.
 Tabourine, a small drum.

Tag, the lowest of the populace.
 Taint, to throw a slur upon.
 Take, to strike with a disease, to blast.
 Take-in, to conquer, to get the better of.
 Take-up, to contradict, to call to an account.
 Take-up, to levy.
 Tall, stout, bold, courageous.
 Tallow-keech, the fat of an ox or cow.
 Tame, ineffectual.
 Tame snake, a contemptible fellow.
 Tamed, flat, spiritless.
 Tarre, to stimulate, to excite, provoke.
 Tartar, Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.
 Task, to keep busied with scruples.
 Tasked, taxed.
 Taurus, sides and heart in medical astrology.
 Tawdry, a kind of necklaces worn by country girls.
 Taxation, censure or satire.
 Teen, sorrow, grief.
 Temper, to mould like wax.
 Temperance, temperature.
 Tempered, rendered pliable.
 Tend, to attend upon, to wait for.
 Tender, to regard with affection.
 Tend'ring, watching with tenderness.
 Tent, to take up residence.
 Tercel, the male hawk.
 Termagant, the god of the Saracens.
 Termagant, furious.
 Tested, brought to the test.
 Testern, to gratify with a tester or sixpence.
 Tetchy, touchy, peevish, fretful.
 Tharborough, thirdborough, a peace officer.
 Theme, a subject.
 Theurick, theory.
 Thewes, muscular strength.
 Thick, in quick succession.
 Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven.
 Thill, the shafts of a cart.
 Thirdborough. See Tharborough.
 Thought, melancholy.
 Thrasonical, boastful, bragging.
 Thread, fibre or part.
 Thread, to pass through.
 Three-man-beetle, an implement used for driving piles.
 Three-pile, rich velvet.
 Thrift, a state of prosperity.
 Throes, emits as in parturition.
 Thrum, the extremity of a weaver's warp.
 Thrummed, made of coarse woollen cloth.
 Tib, a strumpet.
 Tickle, ticklish.
 Tickle-brain, some strong liquor.
 Tight, handy, adroit.
 Tightly, cleverly, adroitly.
 Tilly-valley, an interjection of contempt.
 Tilt, tillage.
 Timeless, untimely.
 Tinct, tincture.
 Tire, head-dress.
 Tire, to fasten, to fix the talons on.
 Tire, to be idly employed on.
 Tired, adorned with ribands.
 Tod, to yield or produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds.
 Tokened, spotted as in the plague.
 Toll, to enter on the toll-book.
 Tolling, taking toll.
 Tomboy, a masculine forward girl.
 Topless, that which has nothing above it, supreme.
 Topple, to tumble.
 Touch, sensation, sense, feeling.
 Touch, exploit or stroke.
 Touch, a spice or particle.
 Touch, touchstone.
 Touches, features.
 Touched, tried.
 Toward, in a state of readiness.
 Toys, rumours, idle reports, fancies, freaks of imagination.
 Toze, to pull or pluck.
 Trace, to follow.
 Trade, a custom, an established habit.
 Traditional, adherent to old customs.
 Trail, the scent left by the passage of the game.

Traitress, a term of endearment.
 Tranect, a ferry.
 Translate, to transfer, to explain.
 Trash, a hunting phrase, to correct.
 Travel, to stroll.
 Traverse, a term in military exercise.
 Traversed, across.
 Tray-trip, some kind of game.
 Treachers, treacherous persons.
 Trenched, cut, carved.
 Trick, peculiarity of voice, face, &c.
 Trick, smeared, painted, in heraldry.
 Tricking, dress.
 Tricky, clever, adroit.
 Triumphs, masques, revels, public exhibitions.
 Trojan, cant word for a thief.
 Troll, to dismiss trippingly from the tongue.
 Trol-my-dames, a game.
 Trossers, trowsers.
 Trow, to believe.
 Tucket, or tucket sonnance, a flourish.
 Turlygood, or Turlupin, a species of gypsy.
 Turn, to become acescent.
 Turquoise, a precious stone.
 Twangling, an expression of contempt.
 Twiggung, wickered.
 Tyed, limited, circumscribed.
 Type, distinguishing mark, show or emblem.
 Tything, division of a place, a district.

V.

Vail, to condescend to look, to lat down, to bow, to sin
 Vailing, lowering.
 Vain, vanity.
 Vain, light of tongue, not veracions.
 Valanced, fringed with a beard
 Validity, value
 Vantage, convenience, opportunity, advantage.
 Vantbrace, armour for the arm.
 Varlet, a servant or footman to a warrior.
 Vast, waste, dreary.
 Vavot, the avant, what went before.
 Vaward, the fore part.
 Velure, velvet.
 Veneu, a hout, a term in fencing
 Vengeance, mischief.
 Vent, rumour, matter for discourse.
 Ventages, the holes of a disc.
 Venys, hits in fencing.
 Verbal, verbose, full of talk.
 Verify, to bear true witness.
 Very, immediate.
 Via, a cant phrase of exultation.
 Vice, the fool of the old moralities.
 Vice, to advise.
 Vice, grasp.
 Vie, to contend in rivalry.
 Vied, bragged.
 Viewless, unseen, invisible.
 Villain, a worthless fellow, a servant.
 Virginalling, playing on the virginal, a spinnet.
 Virtue, the most efficacious part, valour.
 Virtuous, salutiferous.
 Virtuous, belonging to good breeding.
 Vixen, or fixen, a female fox.
 Vizaments, advisements.
 Voluntary, voluntarily.
 Votarist, suppliant.
 Vouchsafed, vouchsafing.
 Vux, tone or voice.
 Vulgar, common.
 Vulgarly, publickly.

U.

Umbur, a dusky yellow-coloured earth.
 Uumberd, discoloured by the gleam of fire.
 Unaccustomed, unseemly, indecent.
 Unaneled, without extreme unctio.
 Unavoided, unavoidable.
 Unbarbed, untrimmed, unshaven.
 Unbated, not blunted.
 Unbolt, to open, explain.
 Unbolted, coarse.
 Unbookish, ignorant.
 Unbreathed, unexercised, unpractised.
 Uncape, to dig out, a term in fox-hunting.

Uncharged, unattacked.
 Unclew, to draw out, to exhaust.
 Uncoined, real, unrefined, unadorned.
 Unconfirmed, unpractised in the ways of the world.
 Under generation, the antipodes.
 Undergo, to be subject to.
 Under-skinker, a tapster, an under-drawer.
 Undertaker, one who takes upon himself the quarrel of another.
 Underwrite, to subscribe, to obey.
 Under-wrought, under-worked, undetermined.
 Undeserving, undeserved.
 Unearned, not deserved.
 Uneath, scarcely, not easily.
 Unexpressive, inexpressible.
 Unhappy, mischievously waggish, unlucky.
 Unhidden, open, clear.
 Unhoused, free from domestick cares.
 Unhouselled, not having received the sacrament.
 Unimproved, not guided by knowledge or experience.
 Union, a species of pearl.
 Unkind, contrary to kind or nature.
 Unmastered, licentious.
 Unowned, that which has no owner.
 Unpregnant, not quickened.
 Unproper, common.
 Unqualified, unmanned, disarmed of his faculties.
 Unquestionable, unwilling to be conversed with.
 Unready, undressed.
 Unrespective, inattentive to consequences.
 Unrest, disquiet.
 Unrough, smooth-faced, unbearded.
 Unsisisted, untried.
 Unsisisting, always opening, never at rest.
 Unsmirched, clean, not defiled.
 Unsquared, unadapted to their subject.
 Unstanch'd, incontinent.
 Untempering, not tempering, not softening.
 Untraced, singular, not in common use.
 Untrimmed, undressed.
 Untruth, disloyalty, treachery.
 Unvalued, invaluable.
 Upspring, upstart.
 Urchins, hedge-hogs, or perhaps fairies.
 Usance, usury.
 Use, to make a practice of.
 Use, interest.
 Used, behaved.
 Usurping, false.
 Utis, a merry festival.
 Utter, to vend by retail.
 Utterance, a phrase in combat, extremity.

W.

Waft, to beckon.
 Wage, to fight, to combat, to prescribe to.
 Wages, is equal to.
 Waist, the part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle.
 Waist, the middle.
 Walk, a district in a forest.
 Wannion, vengeance.
 Ward, posture of defence.
 Ward, guardianship.
 Warden, a species of pears.
 Warder, guard, sentinel.
 Warn, to summon.
 Wassels, meetings of rustick mirth.
 Watch, a watch-light.
 Water-work, water-colours.
 Wax, to grow.
 Waxen, increased.
 Wealth, advantage, happiness.
 Wear, the fashion.

Wee, little.
 Weeds, clothing.
 Ween, to think, to imagine.
 Weet, to know.
 Weigh, to value or esteem, to deliberate.
 Welkin, the colour of the sky, blue.
 Well-found, of acknowledged excellence.
 Well-liking, plump, enbonpoint.
 Wen, swollen excrescence.
 Wend, to go.
 Welked, varied with protuberances.
 Whe'r, whether.
 Where, whereas.
 Whiffer, an officer who walks first in processions.
 Whiles, until.
 Whip, the crack, the best.
 Whipstock, a carter's whip.
 Whirring, hurrying away.
 White, the white mark in archery.
 White death, the chlorosis.
 Whiting-time, bleaching time, spring.
 Whitsters, the bleachers of linen.
 Whittle, a species of knife.
 Whooping, measure or reckoning.
 Wide, remotely from, wide of the mark.
 Wilderness, wildness.
 Will, wilfulness.
 Wimple, a hood or veil.
 Winter-ground, to protect against the inclemency of winter.
 Wis, to know.
 Wit, to know.
 Witch, to charm, to bewitch.
 Wits, senses.
 Wittol, knowing, conscious of.
 Witty, judicious, cunning.
 Woe, to be sorry.
 Woman, to affect suddenly and deeply.
 Woman-tired, hen-pecked.
 Wondered, able to perform wonders.
 Wood, crazy, frantic.
 Woodman, an attendant on the forester.
 Woolward, a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries.
 Words, dispute, contention.
 Workings, labours of thought.
 World, to go to the, to be married.
 Worth, wealth or fortune, the value, full quota or proportion.
 Worts, cabbage.
 Wot, to know.
 Wound, twisted about.
 Wreak, resentment.
 Wreak, to revenge.
 Wrest, an instrument for tuning the harp.
 Wrested, obtained by violence.
 Writ, writing, composition.
 Writhled, wrinkled.
 Wrongs, the persons who wrong.
 Wrongs, injurious practices.
 Wrought, worked, agitated.
 Wrung, pressed, strained.

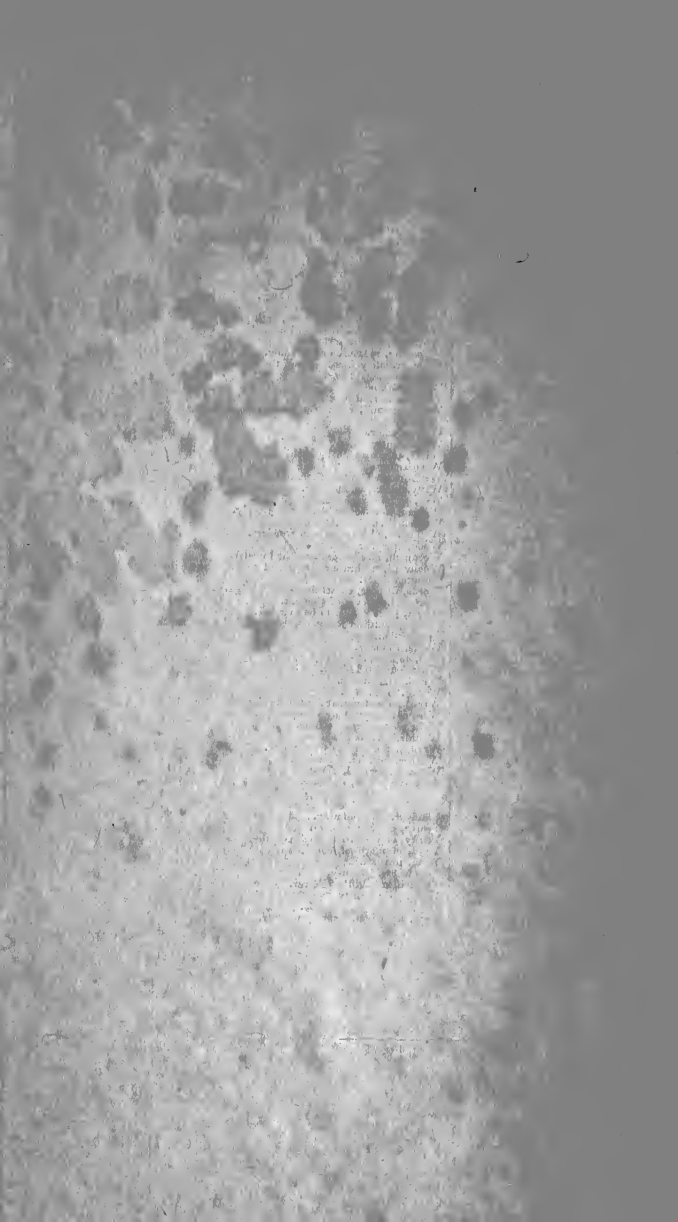
Y.

Yarely, readily, nimbly.
 Yearns, grieves or vexes.
 Yeasty, or yesty, foaming or frothy.
 Yeild, to inform of, condescend to.
 Yeild, to reward.
 Yellowness, jealousy.
 Yeoman, a bailiff's follower.
 Yesty, See Yeasty.

Z.

Zany, a buffoon, a merry-andrew.





IMPORTANT WORKS PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM PICKERING.

CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO THE KING.

LORD BACON'S WORKS, edited by Basil Montagu, Esq. in 12 vols. 8vo. price 8s. each to subscribers.

This edition will be accurately collated by the Original editions, and will contain translations as well as the Original Text of the Latin works.

One hundred copies only are printed upon imperial paper, price £1. 11s. 6d. to subscribers, forming a magnificent library edition.

OXFORD ENGLISH CLASSICS.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S WORKS, in 11 vols. 8vo. beautifully printed on superfine laid paper, embellished with a fine portrait, price £4. 8s. in extra boards.

Seventy-five copies only are printed upon large paper, price £1. 1s. each volume.

DR. ROBERTSON'S WORKS, in 8 vols. 8vo. uniform with the above, price £3. 4s. embellished with portraits of the Author, James VI., Mary Queen of Scots, Charles V., and Christopher Columbus.

In the press,

HUME AND SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, in 13 vols. embellished with 38 Portraits of the Kings—printed upon superfine laid paper, price 9s. 6d. each volume.

Fifty copies only will be printed upon Large Paper, uniform with Johnson and Robertson's Works.

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, in 8 vols. 8vo. price 8s. each.

Fifty copies only will be printed upon Large Paper.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON, 4 vols. 8vo. price 8s. each in extra boards.

PUBLI OVIDII NASONIS OPERA OMNIA, e textu Burmanni; cum notis Harlessii, Gierigii, Burmanni, Lemairi, necnon quibusdam Bentleii hactenus ineditis, atque aliorum selectissimis.

This edition is beautifully printed upon a superfine paper, in demy octavo, and will be comprised in 5 vols. price 12s. each, two of which are already published.

A few copies are printed upon Large Paper, at £1. 1s. per volume.

A variorum edition of the Works of Ovid has long been a desired object with the literary World. The text of Burmann forms the basis of the one adopted in the present edition, which has been most carefully collated and revised. The researches of the most distinguished commentators, ancient and modern, have been resorted to for the illustration of this interesting poet; and a considerable number of notes by BENTLEY, not hitherto published, has been added from the Manuscripts in the British Museum.

IL DECAMERONE DI BOCCACCIO, con un Discorso Critico da UGO FOSCOLO, in 3 vols. crown 8vo. printed upon laid paper, embellished with a portrait, and ten beautiful engravings, by Mr. Fox, from designs by T. Stothard, esq. R. A. price £2. 12s. 6d. in extra boards.

A few copies, upon Large Paper, with proof impressions of the plates, price £4. 14s. 6d.

"In this new and beautifully printed edition of the Decameron, the text has been carefully revised by Signor Foscolo, whose prefatory essay on the genius of Boccaccio will afford great pleasure and instruction to the admirers of the old Italian novelist. The designs illustrative of the delicious introductions and endings of the different days into which the Decameron is divided, are considered by many to be Stothard's best work. In the first print, which represents the Crowning of Pampinea, as queen for the day, the party of "seven ladies and three gentlemen" are exquisitely grouped round a fountain in the midst of the court of a stately palace "angirt with galleries, halls, and chambers." Nothing can be more graceful than the action of Pampinea, who is shrinking from the proffered honour of the crown; nothing finer than the old sequestered Italian building, with its distant gardens seen through the pillars; and the whole effect of the design is like a placid dream of the leisure and enjoyment of other times. The second print shews us the party seated in the heart of a deep glade, telling their stories. What a landscape! and what a group! The women are the perfection of female loveliness. The bathing in the Valley of Ladies (sixth print) is very delicately and yet voluptuously managed; the sunny brilliance of the eighth design, with its flowers, birds and tender trees, shooting up into the blue air, is a piece of finished luxury, though of a different kind from the sixth subject. All the prints, indeed, are more or less delightful; but the most charming of all is, in our opinion, the ninth, (a night-scene) where the party are supping out of doors. The banquet is spread in the most removed and secret nook of the garden; the tapers cast a tender light over the fair company, but reach no further, for the trees hang heavily, in deep masses, in the gloom and sultriness of the nocturnal air; a thin, crescent moon just makes the "darkness of the heavens visible;" there are no stars to break the repose of the firmament with their sparkling,—no noise save the drip of a small fountain. The talk of the party has evidently subsided, and given place to happy thoughts; and the ladies, who have no doubt been coquetish enough all day, seem now amiably impressed with the languor and luxury of the scene and hour."

"We have no room here to expatiate upon the other prints, but to such of our readers as are fond of the gentler exercises of art, we earnestly recommend these illustrations of the Decameron, which, it appears, are published separately as well as in the book."

New Monthly Mag. Oct. 1825.

STOTHARD'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DECAMERON, 10 plates, engraved by Augustus Fox, from pictures by Thomas Stothard, esq. R. A.

Prints, 8vo. price £1.—Proofs, 4to. £2.—India Proofs, small folio, £3. Of these very few were taken.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY W. PICKERING.

- CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES**, by Tyrwhitt, 5 vols. Crown 8vo. with Portrait, and a reduction of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, by Worthington, price £2. 12. 6d. upon large paper, only 50 printed, price £5. 5s.
- SPENSER'S POETICAL WORKS**, in 5 vols. Crown 8vo. with portrait, price £2.
- SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND POEMS**, in 11 vols. Crown 8vo. with portrait, price £4. 8s.
- MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS**, in 3 vols. Crown 8vo. price £1. 4s. (in the press) uniform with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Spenser.
- HERRICK'S (ROBERT) POETICAL WORKS**, with portrait, 2 vols. Crown 8vo. price £1. 1s.
- "Herrick possesses a vigour of fancy, a warmth of feeling, a soundness of sense, and an ease of versification, sufficient to rank him very high in the scale of English poets."
- Quarterly Rev. Aug. 1810.*
- "The amatory poems of Herrick unite the playful gaiety of Anacreon with the tender sweetness of Catullus, and are altogether devoid of that mythological allusion, and cold conceits which, in the pages of Waller, so frequently disgust the reader. There is a vein of rich description in his poems, undiscoverable in the productions of Carew or Waller, which resembles the best manner of Milton's *Minor* and Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd*." *Drake.*
- DAVISON'S (WALTER AND FRANCIS) POETICAL RHAPSODY**, edited by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. (in the press.)
- MARLOWE'S (KIT.) POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS**, 2 vols. Crown 8vo. price £1. 1s. (in the press.)
- FOOTE (SAMUEL) DRAMATIC WORKS**, 3 vols. Crown 8vo. (in the press.)
- HERBERT (RICHARD) DIVINE POEMS**, Crown 8vo. (in the press.)
- BOURNE (VINCENT) POEMATA**, Crown 8vo. (in the press.)
- COLERIDGE (S. T.) POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS**, in 4 vols. Crown 8vo. (in the press.)
- BACON (LORD) ADVANCEMENT AND PROFICIENCY OF LEARNING**, a new edition revised, with the quotations translated, an Analysis and General Index—printed upon laid paper, Crown 8vo. price 10s. 6d.
- SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS**, in one very small Pocket Volume, printed by Corral, and embellished with a vignette of "Shakespeare between Tragedy and Comedy," and a Portrait by Stothard, price £1. 1s. in extra boards, or illustrated with 38 Engravings, price £2. 2s.
- This Volume is printed upon Paper of a fine silky texture, with diamond Type of a clear and elegant form; which, combined with beautiful press work, render the Volume a chef-d'œuvre of typographic art, hitherto unequalled by any of the presses of Europe.
- ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE**, a few proof impressions of the Engravings (39) principally from Designs by Stothard, may be had for the Portfolio, or to embellish other Editions of Shakespeare, upon French paper 8vo. price £2.
- MINIATURE CLASSICS.**
- Dedicated with permission to Earl Spencer.
- HORATIUS**, 48mo. 6s.
- VIRGILIUS**, 48mo. 8s.
- TERENTIUS**, 48mo. 6s.
- CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, et PROPERTIUS**, 48mo. 6s.
- CICERO DE OFFICIIS DE AMICITIA et DE SENECTUTE**, 48mo. 5.
- DANTE**, 2 vols. 48mo. 10s.
- TASSO**, 2 vols. 48mo. 10s.
- PETRARCA**, 48mo. 6s.
- This collection of favourite Latin and Italian Classics, beautifully printed by CORRAL, with Diamond Type, forms the smallest Edition ever published; being less than the *SEDAN*, *ELZEVIR*, or *LOUVRE*, which it will be found to excel in purity of text, literal accuracy, and typographical elegance. From their portability, these Miniature Classics will recommend themselves as convenient Manuals for the Scholar, the Traveller, and the juvenile Student. Complete sets in 10 vols. boards, price £2. 17s.; or bound in morocco, by Hering, £4. 7s.
- SIGNOR FOSCOLO'S ITALIAN POETS**. To be published by subscription, A Series of Classic Italian Poets, with notes and illustrations by Ugo Foscolo, comprising Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso and Berni, in 21 vols. Crown 8vo. beautifully printed, price 12s. each to Subscribers, and upon large paper, price 18s.
- DANTÉ**. Vol. I. Containing "Discorso critico sul testo di Dante," is just published. The following volumes will appear on the first of each alternate month.
- Dedicated with permission to Earl Spencer.
- THE DIAMOND SHAKESPEARE**, beautifully printed by CORRAL, in 9 vols. 48vo., embellished with a portrait, and thirty-seven Engravings from designs principally by Stothard, price £2. 17s. in extra boards.
- This Edition of Shakespeare is printed uniformly with the Miniature Latin and Italian Classics, and forms the most elegant Edition ever published, and is so portable, that a volume may be carried in a card case.
- WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER**, beautifully printed with Diamond Type, 48vo. uniform in size with Shakespeare, with engraved title and frontispiece from original designs by Stothard; also wood-cuts of the fish. price 6s.
- This is the smallest edition of Walton's Angler ever published.
- DR. JOHNSON'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY**, printed with Diamond Type, in a very small Pocket volume, with portrait, price 3s.
- This edition contains many thousand more words than in any abridgement of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.
- CICERO'S TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS**, in English, 8vo. price 8s. bds.
- BURNET'S (BISHOP) LIVES OF SIR MATTHEW HALE, AND THE EARL OF ROCHESTER**, with Portraits, 4s. bds.
- "Sir Matthew was, for the brightness and solidity of his genius, the variety and elegance of his learning, and the politeness of his manners, the delight and envy of his contemporaries; his Life, by Burnet, cannot be too often read." *Chalmers.*
- "Burnet's Life of Rochester, the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety." *Dr. Johnson.*
- BENTHAM (JEREMY) INTRODUCTION to the Principles of Morals and Legislation**, 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, £1. 1s. bds.
- BENTHAM (JEREMY) FRAGMENT ON GOVERNMENT**, being a Critique on Sir W. Blackstone's Commentaries, 8vo. 8s. bds.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY W. PICKERING.

BUTT'S (Rev. J. M.) NEW INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH BOTANY, intended to open the Linnean System and Language, and call attention to such of our Native Plants as are most easily obtained, 12mo. bds. 6s.

GREEK MEDAL OF LORD BYRON.

This Medal presents an exquisitely finished and authentic portrait of the illustrious Poet, in high relief, and is struck upon the principle of the celebrated Syracusan Medals of Antiquity by Mr. A. J. Stothard.

The fidelity of the Medal has been acknowledged by his Lordship's intimate friends, whose advice and assistance during its progress by the loan of private busts, pictures, &c. the work has been rendered worthy of a place among the finest productions of modern art. Price, in bronze, £1. 1s; size, two and a half inches diameter.

JOHN GILPIN.

An **ENGRAVING** of the **CELEBRATED PICTURE**, painted by T. Stothard, esq. R. A. from the well-known humorous poem of Cowper, engraved in the first style by Mr. Worthington. Size, 20 and a half inches by 7.

Prints, £1. 1s.—Proofs, on French paper, £2. 2s.—India proofs, £2. 12s. 6d.—A very few Etchings have been taken, £1. 1s.

WORTHINGTON'S ROYAL PORTRAITS.

PORTRAITS of the **SOVEREIGNS** of **ENGLAND** from William the Conqueror to his present Majesty, George the fourth, including the Protector, and Mary Queen of Scots; consisting of 36 Portraits, engraved in the line manner by W. H. Worthington. Proof impressions, royal 4to. half bound in morocco, price £6. 6.—India proofs, 4to. £9. 9s.

Twenty-five copies only are taken off in folio on India paper, corresponding in size with Bowyer's edition of Hume, price £12. 12s.

This important series of portraits forms a most desirable accompaniment and illustration to Hume and Smollet, Sharon Turner, Lingard, and other histories of England; also to illustrate Pennant's London, Shakespeare, &c.

BAXTER (RICHARD) DIVINE POEMS, 18mo. with Portrait, price 4s. 6d. bds.

MIGAULT (JOHN) NARRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS OF A FRENCH PROTESTANT FAMILY, at the period of the Edict of Nantes; now first translated from the original manuscript, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

MAHONY (Miss) Minstrels Hours of Song, and other poems, 12mo. 7s.

In the press.

ANDREWES (LANC.) Episcopi Wintoniensis Proces Privatæ quotidianæ, Gr. et Lat. 18mo.

“For some time before his death, the MS. was scarce ever out of his hands. It was found worn in pieces by his fingers, and wet with his tears.”
Zouch.

THOMAS A KEMPIS, de Imitatione Christi, 18mo.

Preparing for publication.

BISHOP JEWELL'S Works, edited by the Rev. J. M. Butt, in 5 vols. 8vo. to be published by subscription.

Preparing for publication.

WALTON AND COTTON'S Complete Angler, with designs by T. Stothard, Esq. R. A.

This edition will be printed in the first style, and will be embellished with numerous original designs by Mr. Stothard; also portraits of the fish drawn from living subjects, and actual views of places mentioned in the work from drawings made on the spot by the same celebrated Artist.

The text will be revised throughout, and original biographical notices of the authors will be given; in the appendix will be printed entire the celebrated treatise of Fysshing with an Angle, by Juliana Barnes, from the Book of St. Albans.

Names of Subscribers, and other communications will be received by the publisher, W. Pickering, Chancery Lane, where Specimens of the illustrations may be seen.

A few Copies will be printed upon Large Paper for the purpose of illustration.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

DATE: [illegible]

TO: [illegible]

FROM: [illegible]

SUBJECT: [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]







